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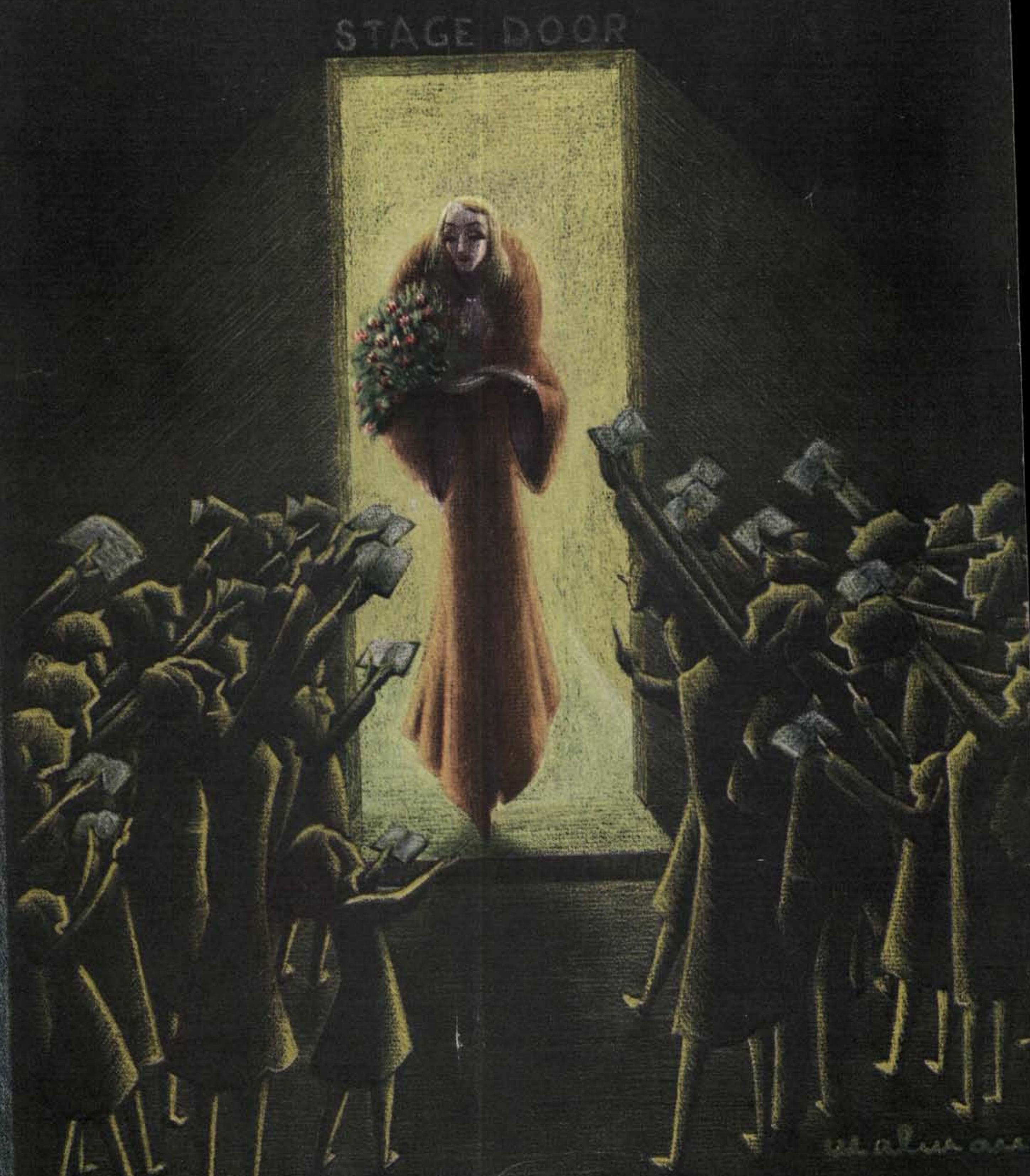
THE NEW YORKER



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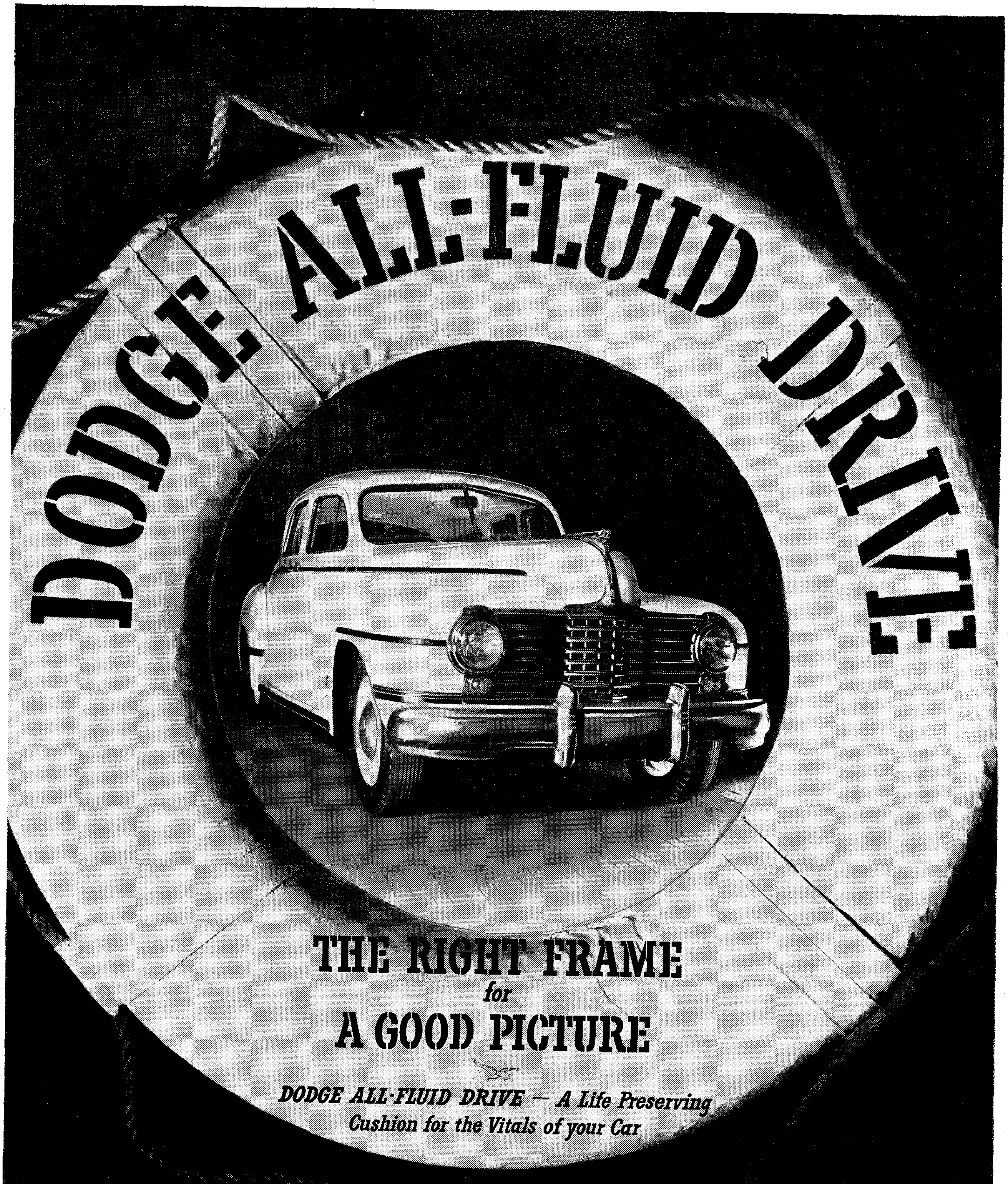
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9,
THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama, now in its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are involved in the dirty work. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West's own version of Russian history. Miss West's new tendency to confuse herself with Duse rather spoils what might have been a funny show. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Embezzled Heaven—An adaptation of the Werfel novel, which comes out pretty badly in spite of Ethel Barrymore's majestic presence. The cast includes Albert Basserman, Eduard Franz, and Sanford Meisner. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Something about a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give brilliant performances. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's touching and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both magnificent. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Perfect Marriage—Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory as a couple who find matrimony gets a little wearing after the first ten years. Samson Raphaelson has written much better comedies than this. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Snafu—A rather broad and uneven comedy about a sixteen-year-old soldier back from the Pacific. Billy Redfield, however, is fine in the principal rôle. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken up with another one, this time about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott and Myron McCormick. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Onslow Stevens. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical The cast includes George Givot and Paul Haakon, and Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin plays a statue that turns into a beautiful girl, and John Boles and Paula Laurence are among those who admire her. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music. Agnes de *Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets.* (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—A handsome operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., Nov. 12, at 8:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

Star Time—Lou Holtz in charge of a collection of vaudeville acts, including Benny Fields, the De Marcos, and Connee Boswell. A few bright spots but on the whole pretty routine and dull. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Robin Hood—A revival of the operetta by Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith, with Barbara Scully and Robert Field. Staged and produced by R. H. Burnside. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

In Bed We Cry—Ilka Chase in an adaptation of her novel, with Frederick Tozere, Paul McGrath, and Ruth Matteson. Staged and produced by John C. Wilson. Opens Tues., Nov. 14. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. *Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)*

Sadie Thompson—June Havoc in a musical comedy by Howard Dietz, Rouben Mamoulian, and Vernon Duke, based on Somerset Maugham's "Rain." Staged by Mr. Mamoulian and produced by A. P. Waxman. Opens Thurs., Nov. 16. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Streets Are Guarded—A play by Laurence Stallings, with Phil Brown and Jeanne Cagney. Staged by John Haggott and produced by John C. Wilson. Opens Fri., Nov. 17. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. *Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves.,* except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Night of Stars—The annual benefit for the United Jewish Appeal, with entertainment by any number of Broadway stars and other celebrities: Tues., Nov. 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "The Wizard of Oz" and a musical revue with Jerry, the puppet: Sat., Nov. 11 and 18, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

BALLET

Ballet International—Tentative programs—"Bolero," "Constantia," and "Memories," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 9. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Sebastian," "Sentimental Colloquy," and "Memories," Fri. Eve., Nov. 10. . . . "Swan Lake," "Pictures at an Exhibition," and "Memories," Sat. Aft., Nov. 11. . . . "Swan Lake," "Sebastian," and "Memories," Sat. Eve., Nov. 11. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Sebastian," and "Constantia," Sun. Aft., Nov. 12. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Sebastian," "Sentimental Colloquy," and "Memories," Sun. Eve., Nov. 12. . . . "Memories," "The Last Flower," and "Pictures at an Exhibition," Tues. Eve., Nov. 14. . . . "Constantia," "Brahms Variations," and "Bolero," Wed. Eve., Nov. 15. . . . "Constantia," "Sebastian," and "Pictures at an Exhibition," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 16. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

Mute Wife," "Caucasian Holiday," and "Constantia," Fri. Eve., Nov. 17. . . . "Swan Lake," "The Last Flower," and "Memories," Sat. Aft., Nov. 18. . . . "Constantia," "The Mute Wife," and "*Brahms Variations*," Sat. Eve., Nov. 18. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, or other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra supplying polite dance music in the dignified old Trianon Room.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice show constructed around the pink and beautiful Joan Hyldoft. Enoch Light's orchestra for dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, Mildred Bailey, and Ed Hall's orchestra, and how could you do any better?

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has jazz by Benny Morton's orchestra and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Night life in a Greyhound Bus terminal. Joe E. Lewis supplies *the humor for a rather incoherent show, and* there is Abe Lyman's orchestra to dance to. . . . The Copa Bar has Adrian Rollini's Trio to listen to and Choo Choo Johnson to look at.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Raymon's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The very young Navy is now dancing here (after dinner) to the cheerful music of Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—All dressed up in the Monte Carlo idea of autumn colors (blue and banana). Ralph Rotgers' rumba band and Dick Gasparre's orchestra play nonstop music.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Dr. Giovanni, the eminent pickpocket, who is at work in the Cotillion Room, will be replaced by Russell Swann, the magician, on Thurs., Nov. 16. Stanley Melba's orchestra will continue to play for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is back at her song-and-prance act in the Persian Room, and there's also Bob Grant's orchestra, which is sweet but not cloying, and Mark Monte's ensemble, which is ditto.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Fred Miller's orchestra is in the Iridium Room, which also offers a small show headed by John Sebastian at his harmonica. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is Tommy Dowd, the comic magician; Dorothy Shay, who sings entertainingly; and inconspicuous dance music.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge presents lush dance music with a bit too many vocal choruses. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Frank Sinatra in the Wedgwood Room after the theatre, singing as if his little heart would break. Mischa Borr's band is *around then, too.* Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for dancing throughout the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a show headed by Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey, those bright if slightly disconnected comedians, with the capable assistance of Day, Dawn, and Dusk and the Cedric Wallace Trio. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): merry lampooning by the Bernard Brothers and merry (mostly) music by Maxine Sullivan, the *Herman Chittison Trio,* and Pearl Bailey. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, with her little numbers about what shouldn't happen to a dog. . . . **I-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 *(PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with* Ted Hunter's piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; George Morris's orchestra after 11 P.M. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske singing (if that's the word for it) at the supper hour and Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band playing for dancing throughout the evening. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Lee Castle's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): fairly Spanish, with a show and, as you might expect, a rumba band. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a big show, decorated almost entirely by Rosario and Antonio.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): James P. Johnson's new band, which includes Wilbur and Sidney de Paris; Max Kaminsky's band; and Willie the Lion Smith at the piano; dancing. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): grade-A jazz by Stuff Smith's trio and Barney Bigard's quintet. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): yard-wide listening material by Slam Stewart's quartet and Eddie Heywood's orchestra. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's harp providing the *high (and hot) spots of the band behind the bar.* . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' band, which includes Trummie Young; Tiny Grimes' Trio; and (through Fri., Nov. 10) Billie Holiday's sombre songs; par for any course. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a lively trio; dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just an old hole in the ground, but there's the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

ART

Allied Artists of America—Oils, water colors, and sculpture in the thirty-first annual show: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 26.

Stuart Benson—Heads and some other sculpture: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 17.

The Blue Four—Work by a group of non-Germans who were active in Germany after the last war—Feininger, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and Klee: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 25.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—European paintings of the Renaissance and nineteenth and twentieth centuries, from the permanent collection *(through Jan. 1); also, water colors of the oil* industry by Reginald Marsh, Adolf Dehn, David Fredenthal, and Millard Sheets (through Sun., Nov. 12). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

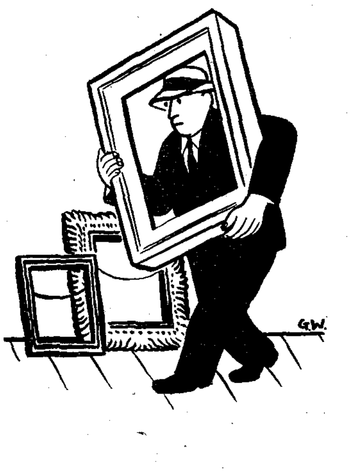
Donald Burns—Misty, low-keyed water colors, a few oils, and drawings: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Gertrude Cato—Cozy Surrealist paintings of cats, flowers, and other subjects; also, sculpture by Mark Friedman: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 11); through Sat., Nov. 11.

Marc Chagall—Recent paintings and gouaches: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 25.

Minna Citron—Twenty small paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Eugène Delacroix—Paintings and drawings; a benefit for the Quaker Emergency Service: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.



Drawings—The annual exhibition of work by masters of the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Europeans—At the **67 GALLERY,** 67 E. 57: twenty moderns, including Utrillo, Chirico, and Lipchitz. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 2. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: paintings by Braque, Picasso, and Matisse. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Joseph Floch—Paintings which are realistic in a simplified and stylized way: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

David Fredenthal—Water colors and drawings of the New Britain campaign: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Maurice Freedman—Expressionist oils and gouaches of farms, sea scenes, and an occasional city sight: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Emil Ganso—A retrospective exhibition: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; *through* Sat., Nov. 11.

William Glackens—The annual memorial exhibition of his work: 10 W. 9. Daily 2 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 26.

Graphic Art—A large collection of prints, including most important modern French artists: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Groups—At the **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce, Fletcher Martin, and William Thon. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: drawings by Gifford Beal, Russell Cowles, Louis Bouché, and other contemporaries. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11. . . . **BRANDT,** 15 E. 57: thirty paintings by thirty artists, including Paul Mommer, Adolph Gottlieb, Ossip Zadkine, and William Hayter. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: water colors by Carmen D'Avino, Aurelio Cordaro, and Frances Pratt. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 17. . . . **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: new work by twenty-four *sculptors, among whom are Hugo Robus, Chaim* Gross, and José de Creeft. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Carl Holty—Large abstract paintings: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Rudolf Jacobi—Recent oils: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 17.

Käthe Kollwitz—A large show of black-and-whites: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Walter Kuhn—Recent clown pictures, still lifes, and landscapes of Maine: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Florence Landy—Violently patterned landscapes: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A hundred and *fifty paintings of the American scene, from the* recent competition sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company and Artists for Victory. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 3.

Robert Motherwell—Semi-abstract paintings with philosophic and other meanings: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large showing of work by Lyonel Feininger and Marsden Hartley (through Jan. 14); also, American battle paintings, from 1776 to 1918 (through Sun., Nov. 12); and about a hundred water colors and drawings by Soviet children (through Nov. 19). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry *Bertoia, Emil Bisttran, and a good many others.* Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—A *good-will exhibition, sent here from* Great Britain, of painting, sculpture, and black-and-whites by contemporary artists; sponsored by Artists for Victory. (Benefit for the Red Cross; Thurs., Nov. 9.) Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Newark Museum, 49 Washington Pk. W., Newark—A huge collection of paintings and sculpture from the Museum's collection of American art, with special emphasis on contemporary work. Tues. through Sat., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M. (also Wed. and Thurs. Eves., 7 to 9:30); Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Pascin and Modigliani—Oils and drawings: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 2.

Patricia Phillips—Recent oils and water colors:

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Picasso—Color reproductions of sixteen paintings done between 1939 and 1943: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Henry Varnum Poor—Drawings, paintings, and water colors: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Romantic American—Nineteen nineteenth-century landscapes in the usual manner: John Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Harold Sterner—A Surrealist painter with a humorous eye and a bent for architecture, usually Italian: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Jefferson Tester—New York street scenes and a few of California: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

Turko Trajan—A selection from twenty years of the sculptor's work: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

John Tunnard—Subtle and severe abstractions; also, wood montages by Louise Nevelson: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., Nov. 16.

Yun Gee and Richmond Barté—Paintings and sculpture: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Pierre Monteux conducting: Thurs., Nov. 9, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 10, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Nov. 11, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., Nov. 12, at 3 P.M. Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Nov. 16, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Nov. 17, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Michael Rosenker, violin, Nov. 11-12; Kerstin Thorborg, contralto; and Charles Kullman, tenor; Nov. 16-17.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolf Ganz conducting, Sat., Nov. 18, at 11 A.M.

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—Carnegie Hall: Wed., Nov. 15, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., Nov. 18, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700): Fri., Nov. 17, at 8:30 P.M.

New York City Center Opera—"Manon Lescaut," Thurs. Eves., Nov. 9 and 16. . . . "La Bohème," Fri. Eves., Nov. 10 and 17. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., Nov. 11. . . . "La Traviata," Sun. Eve., Nov. 12, and Sat. Eve., Nov. 18. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Tues. Eve., Nov. 14, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 18. . . . "Tosca," Wed. Eve., Nov. 15. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:15. Mat. at 2:15.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. Fri., Nov. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Ray Lev—Piano. Fri., Nov. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

New Friends of Music—The Lener String Quartet, assisted by William Primrose, viola; and Joseph Singer, French horn. Sun., Nov. 12, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. Sun., Nov. 12, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

John Kirkpatrick—Piano. Mon., Nov. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Roman Totenberg—Violin. Mon., Nov. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Bach Circle of New York—Chamber music program, with Jean Carlton, soprano; Orrea Pernel, violin; and Yella Pessl, harpsichord. Mon. and Tues., Nov. 13 and 14, at 8:45 P.M. (Metropolitan Museum. For tickets, call CI 7-5534.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. Tues., Nov. 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Marcella Denya—Soprano. Tues., Nov. 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Janet Fairbank—Soprano. Thurs., Nov. 16, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Lea Karina and Isidor Achron—Mezzo-soprano and piano. Fri., Nov. 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Ballad singer. Sat., Nov. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Grace Moore—Soprano. Sat., Nov. 18, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Sammy Angott vs. Jimmy McDaniels, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 10; Johnny Greco vs. Bobby Ruffin, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 17. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Football—College games: Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium, Sat., Nov. 11, at 2 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. Swarthmore, Ohio Field, Sat., Nov. 11, at 2:30 P.M.; Columbia vs. Brown, Baker Field, Sat., Nov. 18, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Professional game: Brooklyn Tigers vs. Washington Redskins, Ebbets Field, Sun., Nov. 12, at 2 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Toronto, Thurs., Nov. 9; Rangers vs. Detroit, Sat., Nov. 11; Rangers vs. Boston, Sun., Nov. 12; Rangers vs. Detroit, Sat., Nov. 18; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series games: Sun., Nov. 12, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

Racing—Victory Meeting at Belmont, a post-season war-relief benefit; weekdays at 1:15 P.M., through Wed., Nov. 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. from 11:20 A.M. to 1:20 P.M., and Sat. from 10:45 A.M. to 1:25 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **chrysler bldg.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **museum of science and industry**, R. C. A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 15. . . . **461 5 ave.**, at 40: photographs captured from Nazi soldiers, showing scenes of terrorism and destruction in occupied countries; sponsored by Russian War Relief, Inc. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Wed., Nov. 15.

Flower Show—Chrysanthemums and orchids, along with more modest blooms: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Thurs., Nov. 9, from 2 to 9 P.M., and Fri., Nov. 10, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Autograph manuscripts of American authors, including Poe's "Annabel Lee," Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," and preliminary drafts of Whitman's "Ode to Washington." Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Early American furniture, Lowestoft porcelain, Staffordshire ware, and other items from the collection of the late Mrs. J. Amory Haskell: Thurs. through Sat., Nov. 9-11, at 2 P.M. . . . Books from the library of Frederick S. Peck: Tues. and Wed., Nov. 14-15, at 8:15 P.M.

Note—The Post Office Department urges that whenever possible Christmas gifts be mailed by Dec. 1.

ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Pierre Monteux conducting, Sun., Nov. 12, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Nov. 11 and 18, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Nov. 11 and 18, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Nov. 12, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., Nov. 12, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Nov. 11 and 18, at 1:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . New York City Center Opera: "La Traviata," Sun., Nov. 12, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Alexander Schneider, violin; and Ralph Kirkpatrick, piano, Sun., Nov. 12, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Nov. 12, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR.

Sports—Boxing: Sammy Angott vs. Jimmy McDaniels, Fri., Nov. 10, at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Football, Sat., Nov. 11, at 1:45 P.M.: Army vs. Notre Dame, WABC, WEAF, WJZ; Cornell vs. Navy, WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., and Wed. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer (from Paris), Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Sumner Welles, Wed. at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Dangerous Journey—Travel picture from Africa and Asia, somewhat better done than usual. Strictly prewar. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Nov. 10. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Nov. 15. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 10-13. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42, Sun. and Mon., Nov. 12-13.)

Dragon Seed—Hollywood does nobly if unevenly by Pearl Buck's account of the Chinese war effort. With Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Katharine Hepburn, and others. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Nov. 15. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 11-14. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. through Fri., Nov. 13-17. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Nov. 14-18.)

Going My Way—Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as two rather different types of Catholic clergymen, both wrestling with financial and other kinds of problems in a New York parish. The cast also includes Risë Stevens and Jane Heather. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Wed., Nov. 12-15.)

Hail the Conquering Hero—A funny comedy of Marines adrift in politics, written and directed by Preston Sturges and nicely played by Eddie Bracken. William Demarest, Freddie Steele, and others. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Nov. 11. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 11-14.)

The Hairy Ape—William Bendix and Susan Hayward in a version of O'Neill's play that you won't recognize but might enjoy. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., Nov. 9. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Nov. 11. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 10-12. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. and Sun., Nov. 11-12.)

Home in Indiana—A fine, easygoing movie about life in the Midwestern harness-racing belt. Walter Brennan, Lon McCallister, and Jeanne Crain. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Nov. 10.)

The Impatient Years—The skillful operations of Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, and Charles Coburn are a great help to this comedy of the perils of marrying service men in a hurry. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Nov. 13. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Nov. 15.)

Kismet—Another Hollywood excursion to Bagdad with Marlene Dietrich and Ronald Colman being picturesque in Technicolor. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

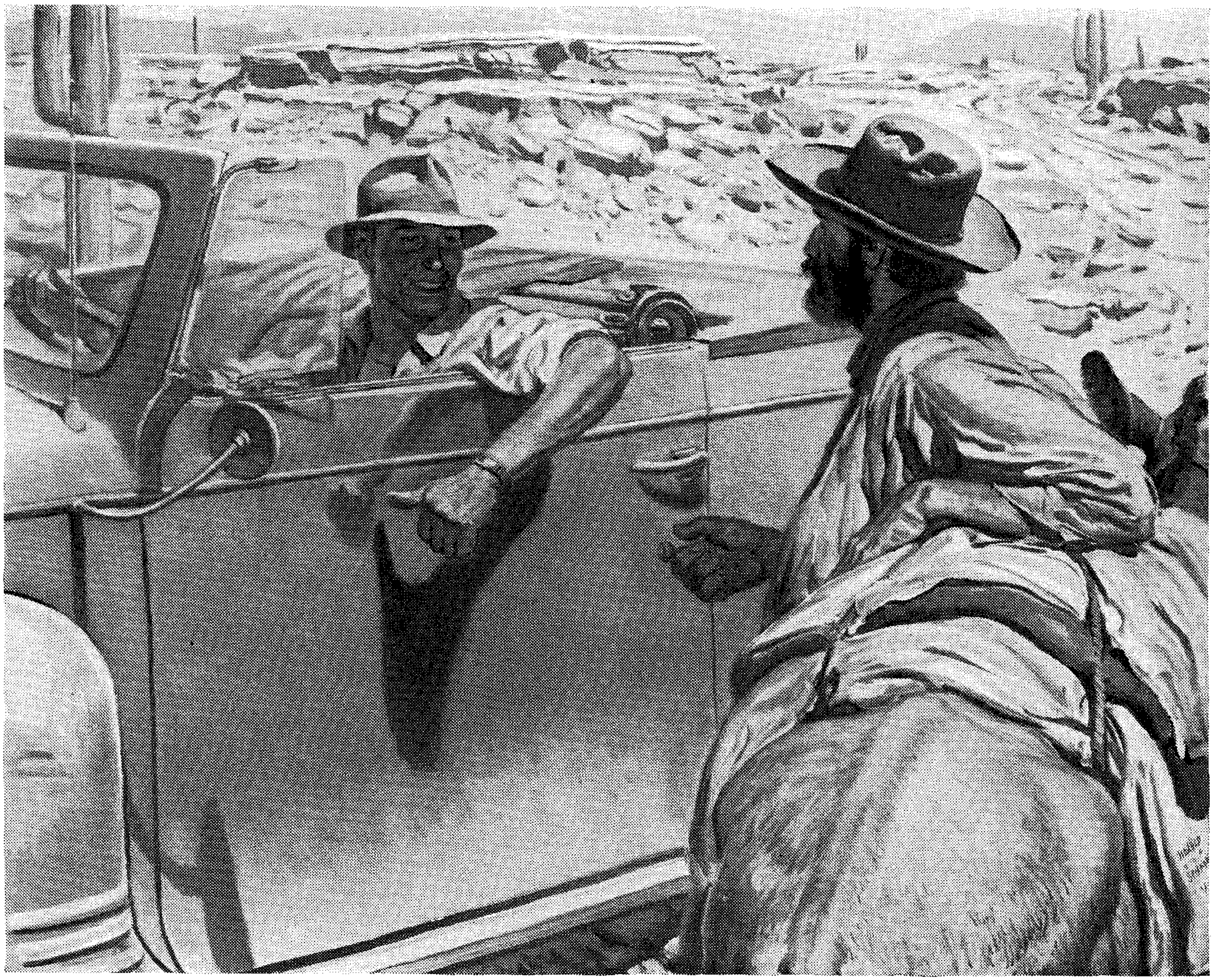
The Mask of Dimitrios—A slow but workmanlike version of an Eric Ambler thriller. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Nov. 9.)

The Master Race—A study of Nazi plans to leave us a dead or divided Europe, hastily and superficially done but not without a few powerful scenes. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

Mrs. Parkington—The financial morality is a little complicated here, but the nineteenth-century American mounting is rich and Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon are steady on their feet. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The Pearl of Death—Conan Doyle's "Adventure of the Six Napoleons" has been sabotaged somewhat, but the results are not too painful. With Nigel Bruce and Basil Rathbone. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 11-13. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 14-15.)

The Rainbow—A Russian film, with English titles,



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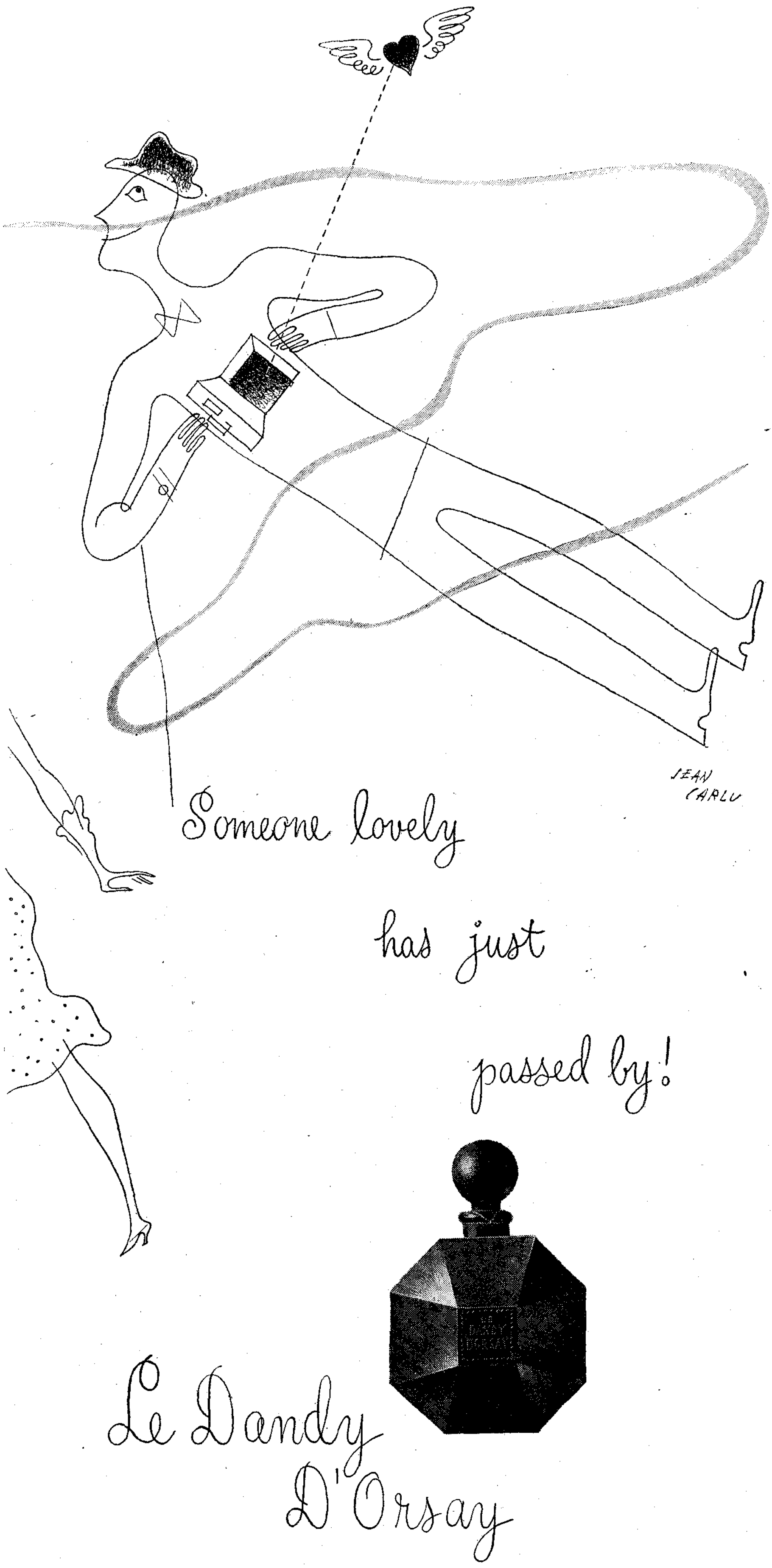

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about German tyranny in a village in the Ukraine. Well and restrainedly done. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—Fictionized account of the Navy Doctor's heroism on Java, handicapped by too much fiction but exciting at times. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Nov. 11. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Nov. 13.)

Thunder Rock—Michael Redgrave and a good cast in a fantasy about defeatists dead and living. An English job and a not unattractive one. (World, 153 W. 49; through Wed., Nov. 15.)

To Have and Have Not—Not much like the Hemingway novel, but a good war melodrama, with Humphrey Bogart, Walter Brennan, and Lauren Bacall. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Wilson—Darryl Zanuck's life of Woodrow Wilson, running more to length than depth but cataloguing the phrases and characters of the time with neat showmanship. Alexander Knox is the President. In Technicolor. (Victoria, B'way at 46. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; and Carlton, B'way at 100; through Fri., Nov. 10. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., Nov. 15. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. through Wed., Nov. 13-15. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 14-16.)

Wing and a Prayer—An all-male cast, including Don Ameche and Charles Bickford, does well by this stirring if not very novel treatment of Navy fliers on a carrier in the Pacific. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 12-14. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 14-16. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 15-17.)

Note—"Battle for the Marianas," a short Marine Corps documentary film, made up of terse and vivid action pictures photographed by combat cameramen, will be shown at the Belmont, 121 W. 48, through Sun., Nov. 12.

REVIVALS

Alice Adams (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., Nov. 11.)

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 10-13. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 11-13.)

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers as a misunderstood shopgirl. With David Niven. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., Nov. 10. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 14-16.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Nov. 11.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in a musical with Cole Porter songs. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., Nov. 11.)

I Married a Witch (1942)—About a man who married a witch. Veronica Lake and Fredric March. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Nov. 9.)

In Name Only (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Nov. 10.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Nov. 10.)

Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Thalia, B'way at 95.)

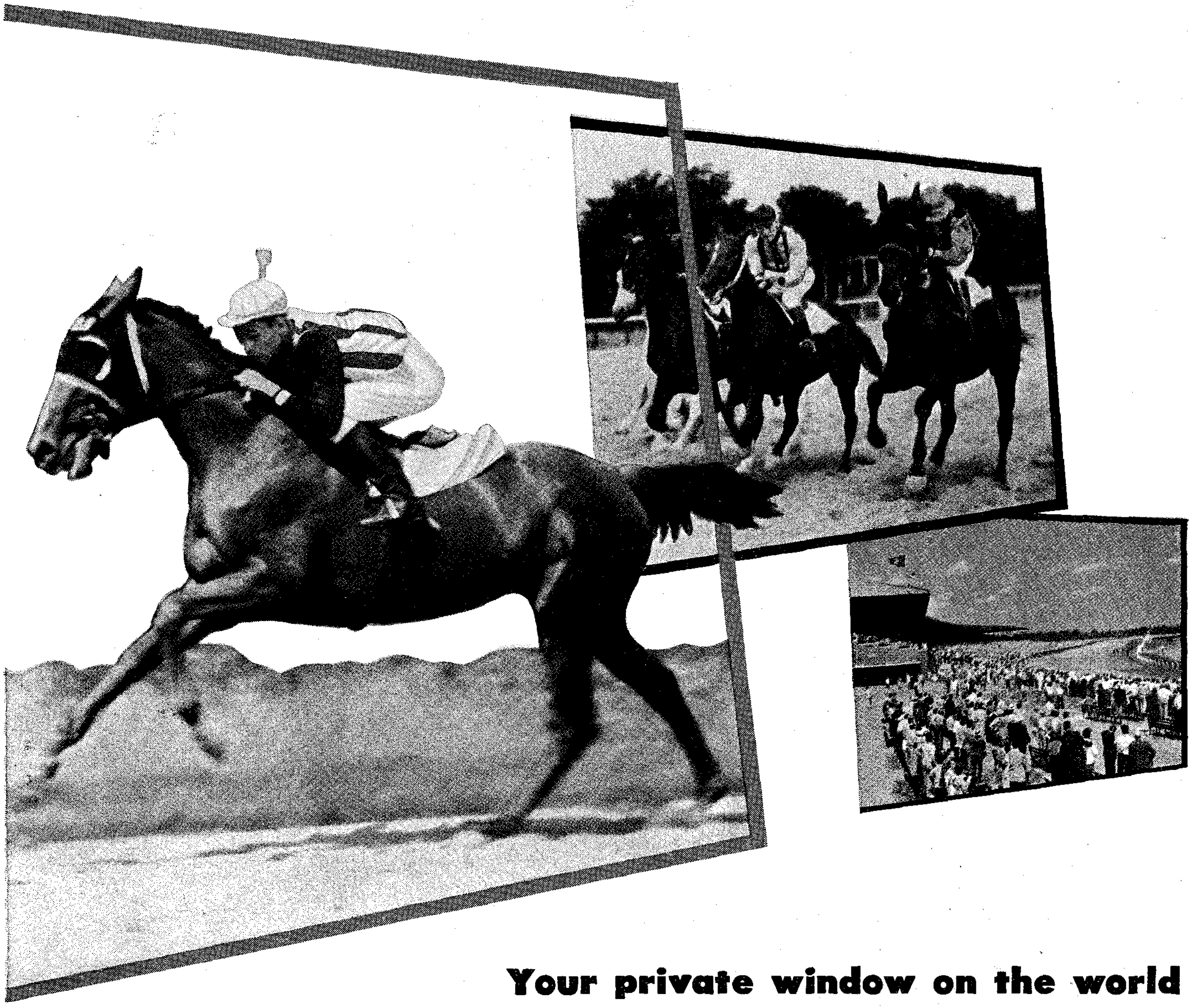
Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Nov. 13-14.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Nov. 10.)

This Is the Army (1943)—Irving Berlin's soldier show, with a cast of soldiers, Hollywood civilians, and Irving Berlin. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 14-16.)

Tom, Dick, and Harry (1941)—Ginger Rogers and boy trouble. With George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshal. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Nov. 9.)

Topper (1937)—The Thorne Smith novel. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and



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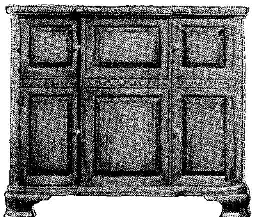

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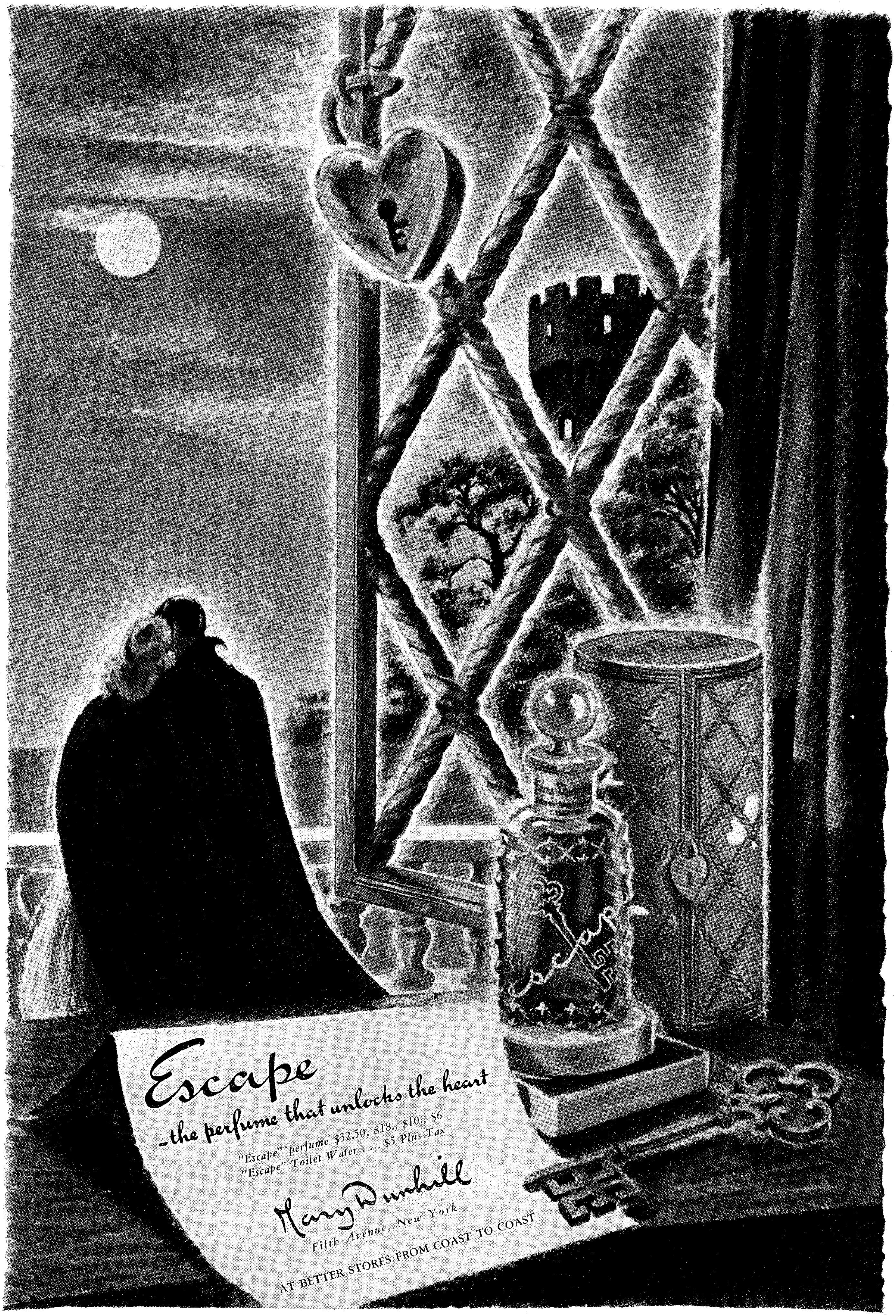

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AT BETTER STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 14-15.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30 and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: **THROUGH SUN., NOV. 12:** "Captains Courageous" (1937), with Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore, and Freddie Bartholomew. . . . **FROM MON., NOV. 13:** "The Good Earth" (1937), with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): men to take a short training course and then serve eight hours a week, during the late afternoon and evening, in the City Patrol Corps; men and women to put in at least one afternoon or evening a week as group leaders in recreation centres for school-age children. . . . **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a short course and then work at least two half days a week in the Red Cross Canteen Service; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 11 E. 58: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores (PL 3-6487). . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to serve at least six daytime hours a week as dietary, clinic, ward, or surgical-supply aides.

Sixth War Loan Drive—The War Bond campaign will begin on Nov. 20, and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487), and the C.D.V.O., 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, small games, radios, records, and pool and tennis tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487). The last two have also appealed for pocket-size books, hard candy, cigarettes, toilet articles, and other items for Christmas kits for service men in this country. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in Manhattan hospitals; contributions should be sent to the Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370).

Young-Timers radiant rayon satin . . . captures the merry glow of party nights!

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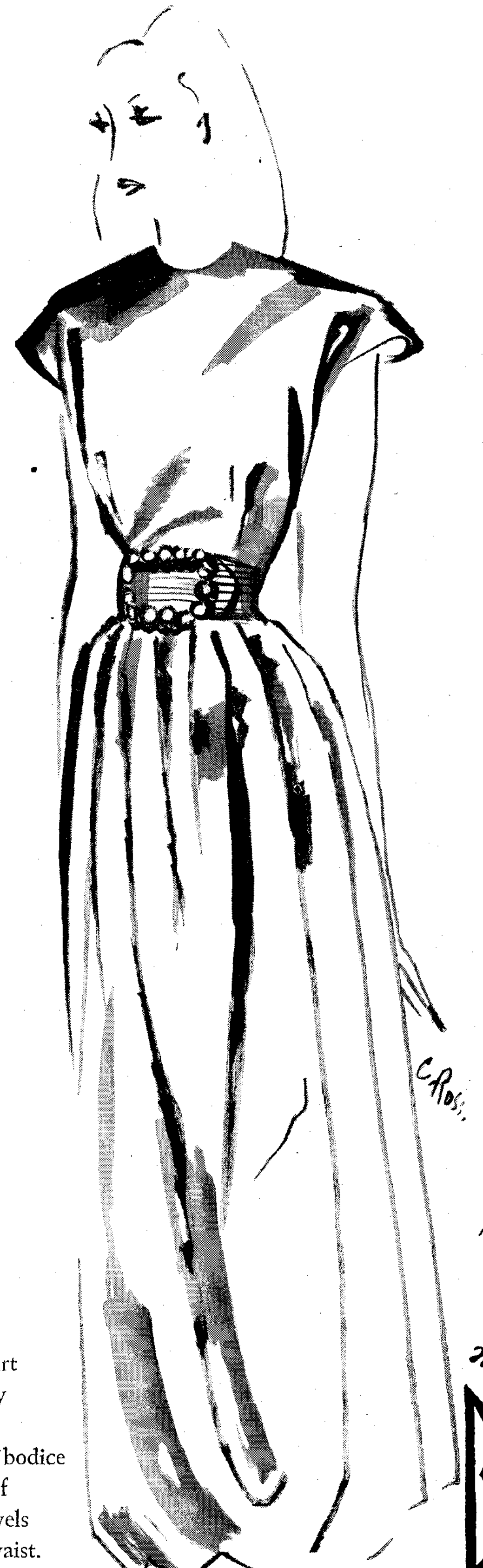

Softly pleated skirt
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Fuchsia, emerald, light blue.
Sizes 10 to 16.

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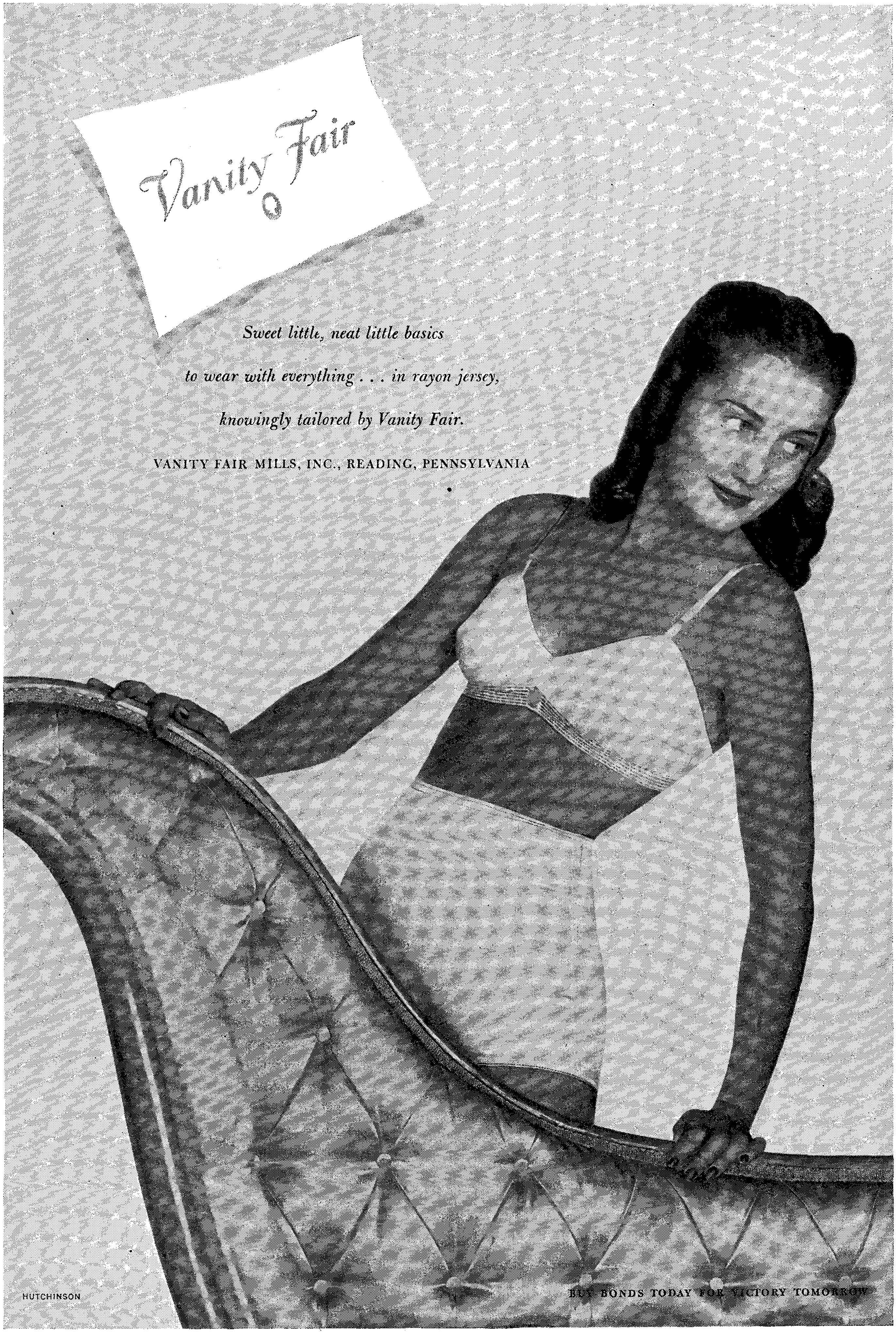

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to wear with everything . . . in rayon jersey,

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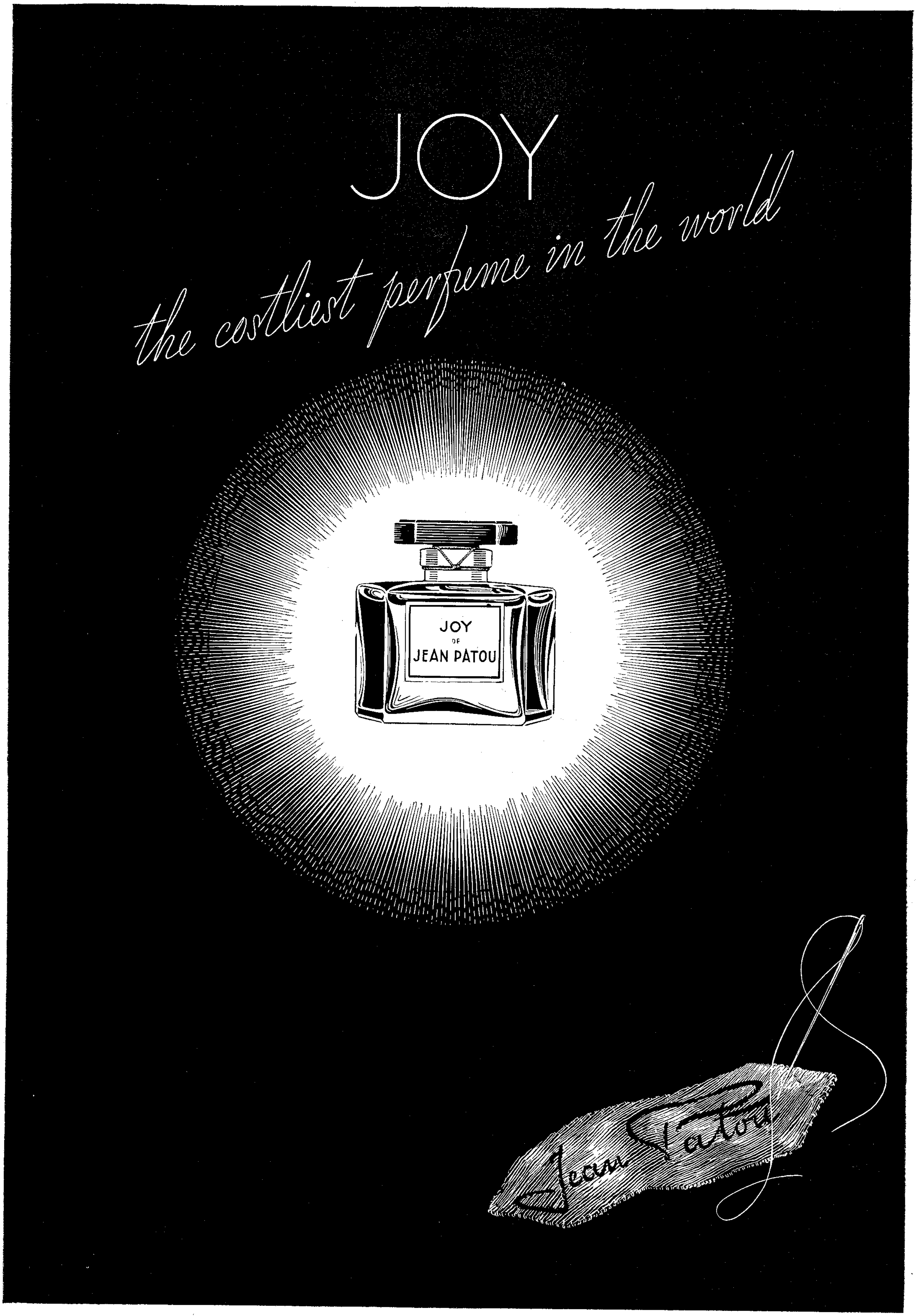
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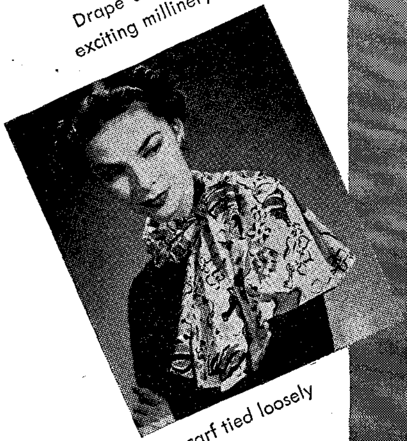
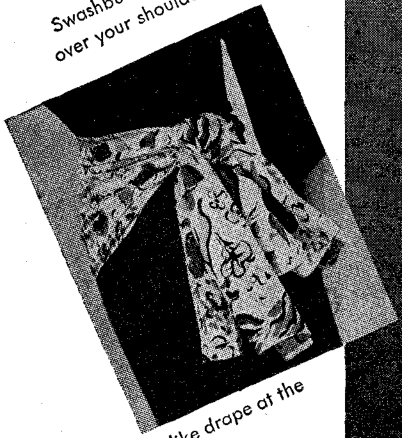
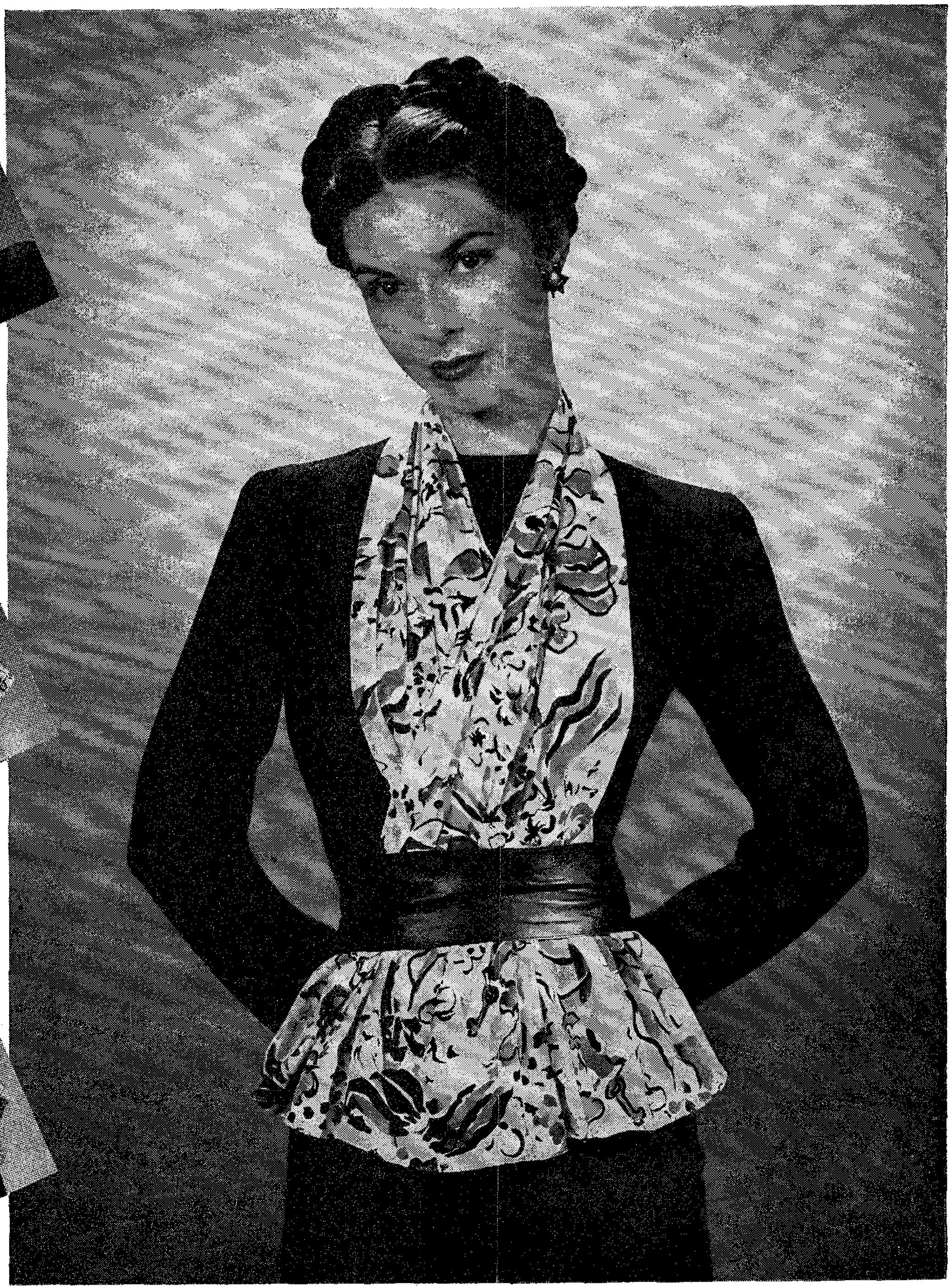
Drape a turban . . . this year's exciting millinery news



Swashbuckling scarf tied loosely over your shoulder



A sarong like drape at the hip . . . very 1945



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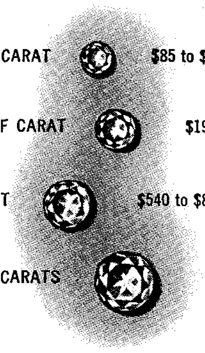
Of absence and fond hearts

See on her finger—the ringset star that guides his thoughts in swift succession to her 'round the earth's great curve. Today its steadfast light reflects their love and confidence while he is distant. Tomorrow it will flame with the joy of their reunion.

"MARY ELLEN," BY JERRY FARNSWORTH, FROM THE DE BEERS COLLECTION



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An engagement diamond that has stood this bright watch between young heart and absent heart can never be replaced or duplicated; it becomes their talisman for all the future—the more-than-precious treasure of all their life to be.

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Industrial Diamonds — a key priority for high-speed war production—come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Thus, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

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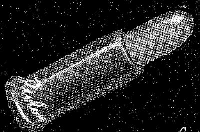
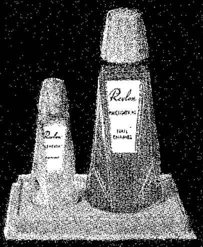
"Pink Lightning" costume from Nettie Rosenstein





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It's Revlon's wonderful color idea . . . to give you an utterly new look.
'Pink Lightning" lipstick . . . and more intense "Pink Lightning" nail enamel!
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White with Gilt is a new Young Colony fashion! Botany flannel, soft and beautiful, appliqued with sprays of gilt leaves. Left, one-piece high necked, short sleeved dress. Right, two-piece suit-dress, young round neckline. Sizes 9 to 15. Each 25.00. Also in powder blue.

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FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Note from a Madison Avenue Foxhole: The Monte Carlo, planning to open its new Casino Room on Election Night, boasted in a publicity release that "in the redoing of this exclusive room in the hotspot of Babylonian luxury, expense has not been considered. Everything is made of the most impossible to procure wartime scarcities."

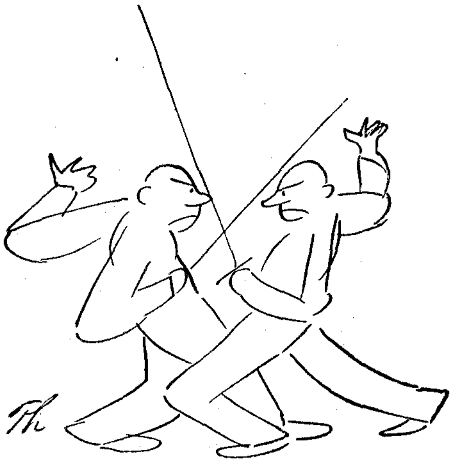
Civic Pride Note: The Annual Conference of the New Jersey State League of Municipalities will be held in New York City this year, at the Hotel New Yorker.

Corporate Courtesy Note: While waiting at the telephone for Information to look up a number for him, a friend of ours sneezed, whereupon Information said, "*Gesundheit!*"

The other day we briefly devoted our restless attention to the current, or "Beauty and the Bride," number of a women's magazine named *Charm*, and, as far as we could make out, the honorable old custom of girls' marrying civilians has entirely disappeared. In a hundred and fifty-eight pages of picture layouts, advertisements, and illustrated articles about weddings, not one girl married a civilian, or even had a date with one. Worse than that, the *Charm* girls were almost totally indifferent to enlisted soldiers and sailors. Of the five bridegrooms pictured in the editorial contents, one was a first lieutenant in the Signal Corps, one an Air Forces lieutenant, one an infantry lieutenant, and one a naval officer with three service ribbons, rank impossible to recognize. The fifth was the exception, a quartermaster third class in the Navy, who we assume got by some lax editor because he is called a petty officer. One picture spread, about an Army bride in Texas, didn't show the bridegroom at all, but mention of the fact that he flew a P-40, combined with the information that the happy pair spent their Sunday afternoons at the local country club, made it evident that he was no corporal.

The worrisome part of this situation is that the armed forces include only about seventeen per cent of the male population and the commissioned officers only ten per cent of that. If *Charm* is on the beam, only about two out of every hundred of the current American girls are going to get a mate. Within a generation or two our population will be down to the level it was three hundred years ago, and we will be a pushover for any prolific foreign aggressor that comes along, or even for our own reconstructed Indians. It seems silly to win a war on the field of battle and lose it on the pages of the women's magazines.

We haven't read Russell Davenport's recently published sixty-two-page poem, "My Country," yet, but we read a twenty-one-line clump of it that Orville Prescott reprinted in his review in the *Times*, and it looked mighty strange to us. After three careful rereadings we figured out what the trouble was. Mr. Prescott had reprinted not a twenty-one-line passage, as it seemed, but two ten-line passages, separated by a line of his own critical comment: "There is a splendid drive in lines like these." The compositor had taken this for one of the lines of the poem and had run it in with the rest, in the same type, without quotation marks, where it made enough sense to fool the proofreaders and keep the ultimate reader guessing. This is the sort of error that can happen to the best-run publications, including, in theory at least, even *Fortune*. We trust the mix-up will not be accepted as an oblique comment on the stylistic nature of Mr. Davenport's poem, which, as we had previously learned from an advertisement, was published in a whopping edition by Simon & Schuster and was definitely "not written in a garret." From our experience, we'd say that in most poems, good or bad, written in or out of a garret, an extraneous sentence from another pen could be safely buried without anyone's noticing it.



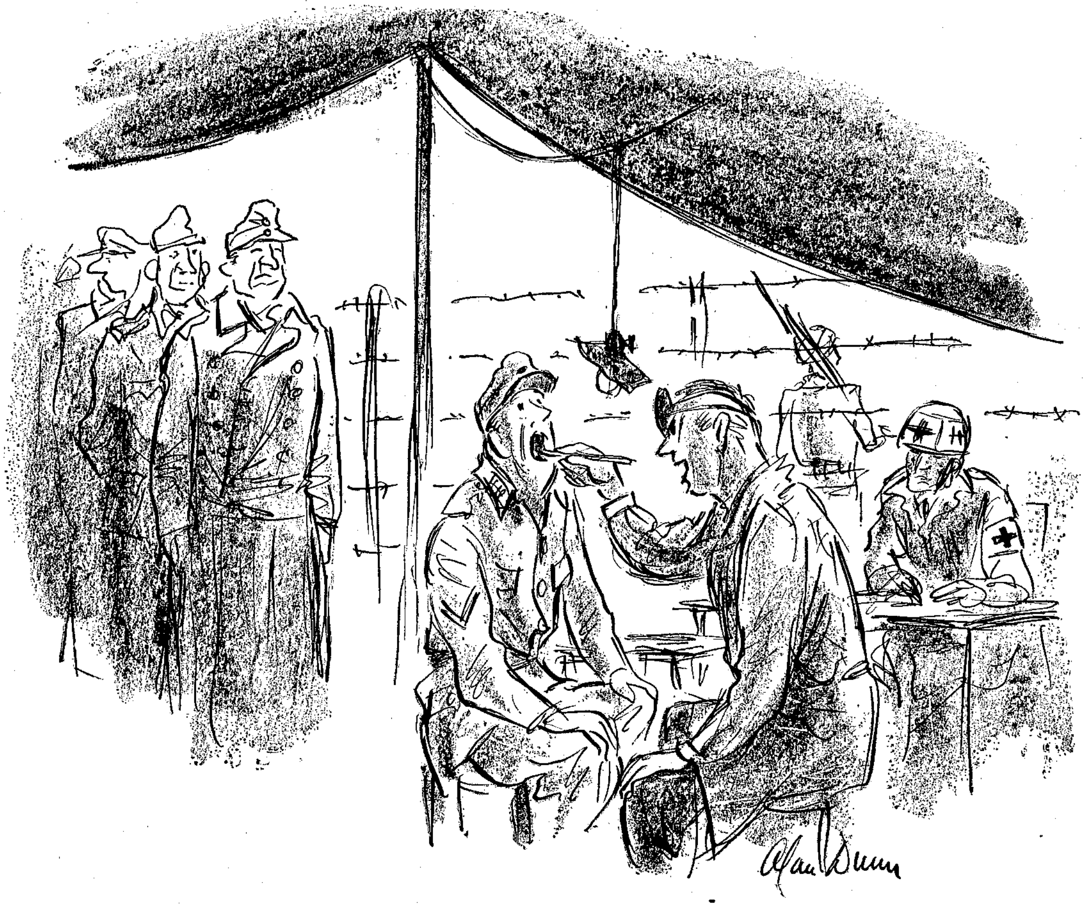
We have tended to think of writers as persons who go about their work in a haphazard and disorderly way, arriving at their destination through a mixture of pluck and luck. We're beginning to suspect, however, that this may not be the case. Take our Infatuation with Sound of Own Words department, in which we occasionally present examples of literary repetition. Evidence is now at hand that these repetitions are intentional and that the writer is completely in control of the situation. In a book called "This Fiction Business," by H. Bedford Jones, we find the following instructions to writers: "Introduce your characters as briefly, yet in as vividly striking words as possible. 'Stevens had close-set, nervous eyes, pinched features always at high tension.' Well and good. Now, all through the rest of the story, use those same adjectives on Stevens—don't merely introduce him once and think the reader will remember his appearance! Every time Stevens comes into the story, qualify him with one of those originally used adjectives. 'His close-set eyes blinked nervously.' 'The strained, tense look of his pinched etc.' " Guess the joke is on us; writers know what they're up to.

Our Own Baedeker

LEADING off with the most striking fact we were able to dig up about Borneo, we will note that one of her biggest peacetime enterprises was exporting edible birds' nests to China. The Chinese gourmets consider that no other bird's nest on earth is equal to one built by a swift in a limestone cavern in Borneo. Borneo's other exports included camphor, sugar cane, pearls, rubber, dammar (a resin), bamboo, tobacco, dried fish, timber, coal, gutta-percha, iron, oil, and gold. The oil is so pure that it can be poured into an engine without refining, and the gold is as pure as it's possible to be. There are diamonds, too, but nobody ever bothers about them. The natives think they're ugly. Everybody in Borneo has malaria, dysentery, cholera, leprosy, ringworm, yaws, smallpox, hookworm, or beriberi. The flora and fauna are, as you might suppose, extreme: the tapang tree, which grows to a height of two hundred and fifty feet; rafflesia, the largest flower in the world—three feet across; thirty-foot pythons; six-foot ant-eaters; elephants and rhinoceroses; flying frogs; and deer no bigger than jack rabbits. It rains for nine months of the year.

The government of Borneo (forgetting the Japs for the moment) is a kind of hodgepodge. There's Dutch Borneo, British North Borneo, and the Sultanates of Brunei and Sarawak. The Dutch part is just a colony, but the British part is governed, except in matters of foreign policy, by a chartered company, the British North Borneo Company. This started back in the eighteen-sixties, when an American sharpie named Torrey got a ten-year lease on all the trading concessions from the local sultan; when this lease expired, a couple of English empire builders outbid Torrey, got themselves Ltd., and the company has been doing business at the same stand ever since. The name of Sarawak probably has a familiar ring to most of our readers; it's the place that has the white rajah, Brooke. The original Brooke, granduncle of the present Rajah, was an English Army officer who was sent out to Borneo on some kind of diplomatic mission. He undertook to quell a rebellion in Sarawak, and the grateful rajah promised him his throne if he did. Later on the rajah tried to weasel out of it, but Brooke was able to convince him that this was hardly cricket. The rajah then retired on an annual allowance of twenty-five hundred dollars.

The natives belong to two big groups, the Dyaks and the Mohammedan Malays. The Malays are relative newcomers, having arrived in the thirteenth century A.D., at which time the Dyaks were already well established. The Wild Men of Borneo, who used to be part of every circus sideshow, were Dyaks. Left to themselves, the Dyaks would go in for head hunting. The Dutch governors, however, have arranged for this urge to be sublimated; the natives now use for their ceremonies some old skulls that the Dutch lend them. That is generally regarded as superb colonial administration. Dyak women who are pregnant are not supposed to sleep while it is raining. This is one hell of a problem in Borneo. The Borneo Malays' vice used to be piracy. They made the China Sea so dangerous during the first half of the nineteenth century that the British Navy had to be sent to clean them out. This also has been sublimated. The Malays, though somewhat glum, make good deckhands and shipbuilders. The Malay women lie around in blue sarongs and drink port wine.



"Say 'Aachen.'"

Critique

PROBABLY a lot of interesting things were said during the recent outdoor art show on Washington Square, but we happen to have been told about only one of them. A neighborhood youth, after giving the exhibition a rapid once-over, remarked to his friend, in a rather jaded tone, "Artists all make the same thing. They all make flowers."

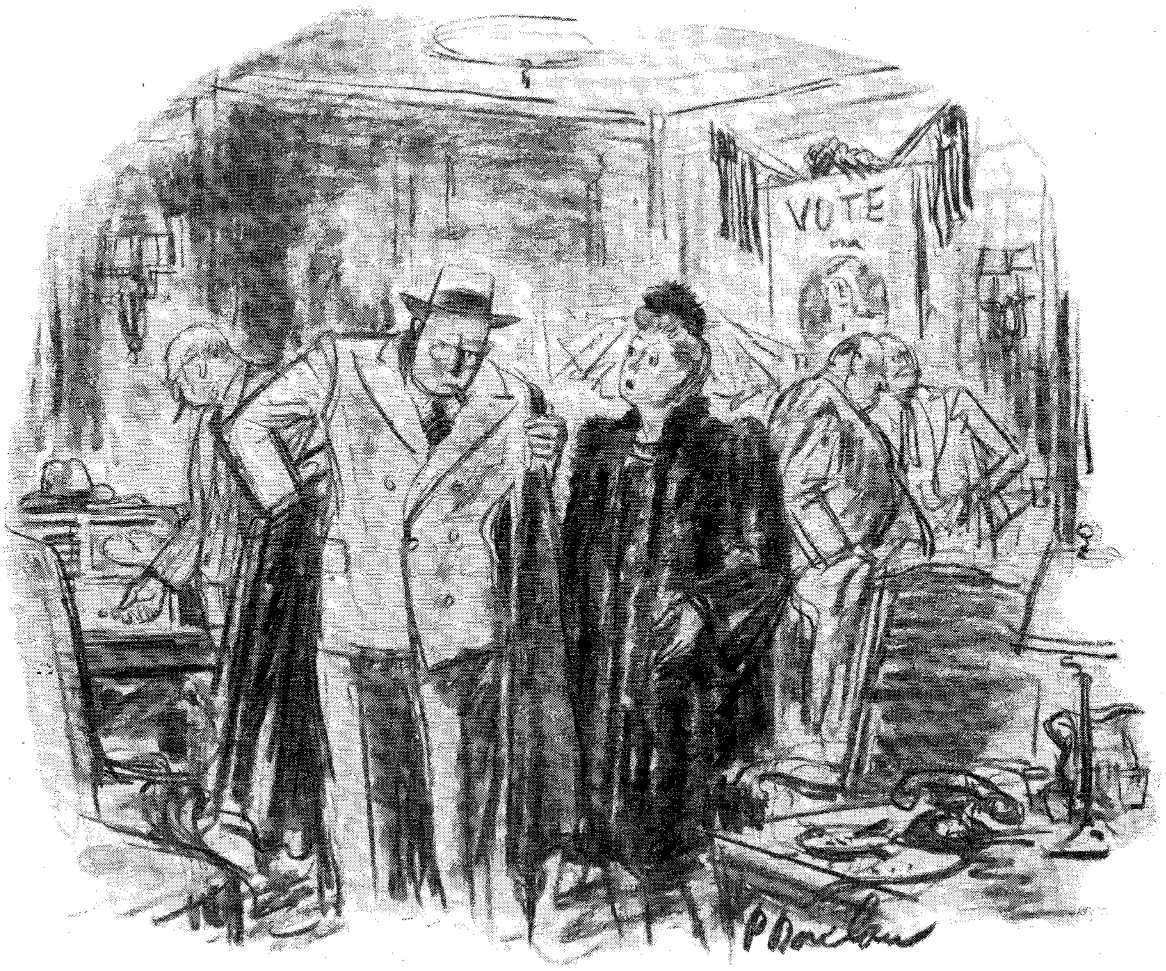
The Man Nobody Knows

WHEN we learned the other day that Bruce Barton has a brother who is a second cook in the Merchant Marine and a member of the C. I. O. to boot, we went right down to the

Y. M. C. A. Seamen's House, on West Twentieth Street, to see what the renegade had to say for himself. His name is Charles William Barton and he is a quiet, weathered man of fifty-six with gray hair and a black mustache. He put to sea for the first time more than two years ago, after a long and blameless life as the publisher of a string of newspapers in Wyoming. While we were probing into his past—he attended Amherst College, holds the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy from the University of Chicago, and was once an official in the *Morning Telegraph's* advertising department—he kept fidgeting. "I try to keep my past quiet these days," he said. "I go under the name of Bill Barton now. My shipmates think I'm an old-time sailor and God knows what they'd think if they ever knew about Bruce."

Barton joined the Merchant Marine, he informed us, not long after Pearl Harbor. "I've got a son-in-law who's a full lieutenant in the Navy," he said, "and I realized that if I didn't do something I'd have to spend the rest of my life listening to him and my nephews tell me what they did in the war. I was a pilot in Naval Aviation in the last war, but the only thing I could get into this time was the Merchant Marine, so I joined that." For a few months Barton served on a sand barge on Lake Michigan. Then the lake froze up and he came to New York. Here he found that the quickest way he could get to sea was as a cook, but he didn't know any more about cooking than the average newspaper publisher. He set about qualifying himself by getting a job at Childs' as a baker's helper and kitchen handyman. "So help me," he said, "the restaurant they put me to work in was in Bruce's building. I used to see him going through the lobby—of course, he eats at the Ritz—but he never saw me. He didn't even know I was in town, and it was a long time before I got around to telling him I was in the service." We asked Bill how Bruce reacted to the news. "Well," he said uneasily, "I think he got a kick out of it. He's never mentioned my C. I. O. card, though."

The service suits Barton fine. "It's kind of like the old dormitory life at college," he said. "I play the mandolin and the guitar and the accordion and the mouth organ and the tin whistle. We do a lot of singing." Barton is the oldest of the crew of ninety-nine on his Liberty ship. Also, he is one of the dozen members of the crew who have worked up enough courage to dive into the ocean from the upper deck, a distance of about forty feet. He was captain of the swimming team at Amherst. His ship has been in all the important Mediterranean ports and carried troops to St. Tropez during the invasion of southern France. "It's a funny thing," he said. "The first month of a voyage everybody in the crew is a good fellow. Along about the third month the ship begins to fill up with sons of bitches. At the end of five or six months you never knew there was so much temperament in the world. Everybody jumps if you look at him." The last voyage of Barton's ship lasted six months, which gave him ample time to grow a full black beard. He showed us a picture of himself with the beard and we thought he looked rather like Ernest Hemingway but older. He cut it off before he came ashore, a couple of weeks ago. Barton said it is true that most sailors hit for the nearest bar when they get back to a home port, but that he gets a room at Seamen's House, takes a hot bath, gets a haircut, shampoo, massage, manicure, and shine, takes a Turkish bath, drinks a lot of milk, and then cuts loose on five-dollar dinners. "It's a pleasure to be waited on," he remarked.



"I wouldn't be so disappointed, dear. It would have been simply impossible to find a place to live in Washington."

• •

Labor Trouble

TWO men were hurrying down Lexington Avenue the other morning, engaged in a not-too-amicable discussion. One was a calm, prosperous-looking party with a derby and a gardenia and the other was frowsy and excited, plainly the aggrieved one. He was flourishing his hands and shouting, "Listen, I din nast ya for a bawlin' out—I yast ya fa more dough."

Off Leash

FOLLOWING a brief workout with the A.S.P.C.A. and the Encyclopædia Britannica, we are prepared to tell you what we know about rabies. As the newspapers have already reported, some thirty rabid dogs have been found in New York in recent weeks, and at least one person bitten by a rabid dog has died from the disease. The trouble began when a rabid dog wandered down from Westchester into the Bronx and, before being corralled, bit three or four dogs; those dogs bit other dogs, and *those* dogs bit other dogs, and so on. The A.S.P.C.A. is not overly frightened by the situation, but, in coöperation with the Board of Health, is doing its best to impound all stray dogs and to warn dog owners to keep their pets on leash. Failure to keep a dog on leash in New York City is a misdemeanor, punishable by fines, imprisonment, or—in the cold, statutory phrase—both, but no one pays much attention to the law until a minor crisis like this develops.

To supplement this law, the Board of Health has issued an ultimatum saying that any dog found off leash will be taken to one of the five A.S.P.C.A. shelters around town, held there for forty-eight hours, and then, if no one claims it, destroyed. If the dog is claimed, its owner must pay for keeping it under observation in a veterinary hospital for six months, a stay made necessary by the fact that the incubation period is still unknown. The ultimatum is apparently having an effect, since the A.S.P.C.A. is finding fewer stray dogs on the streets, and no new cases of rabies, which can be spread only by direct contact, have been reported in a couple of weeks.

Rabies used to be called hydrophobia, but that was a misnomer. Dogs suffering from the disease do not dread water; instead, owing to the increasing constriction of their jaws, they are unable to swallow it. The newer name, from a Latin verb meaning "to rave," is now generally used. Rabies can be contracted by such widely assorted animals as human beings, sheep, and skunks, but is confined chiefly to dogs. The disease, unless arrested, runs its course, in dogs, in about a week. Contrary to legend, a mad dog does not usually foam at the mouth; he becomes uneasy, sexually aroused, tends to snap at his master, and is enraged by the sight of other dogs. After several days of violent paroxysms, paralysis and coma set in, inevitably followed by death.

The disease, which is communicated only if the saliva of an infected animal enters a wound or abrasion of the skin, takes much the same course in men as in dogs. As all followers of Paul Muni know, Pasteur worked out a method of preventing the development of the disease. This involved injecting graduated doses of the virus into a person who had been bitten by a rabid dog and thus immunizing him. A more recent method is to vaccinate the possible rabies victim, human or animal, once a year with an anti-rabic serum; then, if he, or it, should be bitten, further injections are given. This is known as passive immunization, and is, we're told, in common use among kennelled dogs and kennel keepers. Neither method is always successful. The city health authorities say that rabies will continue to be a menace locally for quite a while. They also say that anyone bitten by a dog should wash the wound instantly and get to a doctor, who will decide whether the victim needs anti-rabic treatment, which plenty of local hospitals are prepared to give. Back around 1900, and without the aid of Paul Muni, the disease was practically wiped out in England by the enforcement of a law requiring all dogs to be muzzled. In this country, where no over-all control has ever been set up, outbreaks of rabies continue here and there from year to year. As an official of the A.S.P.C.A. told us rather sadly, "After all, if men won't coöperate, you can hardly blame the dogs. The Board of Health notices aren't addressed to them. When people learn to use their brains as well as dogs do, we'll be able to wipe out rabies everywhere."

Second Choice

FOR all we know, this little story, which comes to us from an Army captain in the Southwest Pacific, is chock-full of significance. Anyway, it seems that the captain wound up an interview with a Japanese prisoner in the routine way by asking the man if there was anything he wanted. "I would like to be permitted to destroy myself," the soldier replied. The captain explained that he couldn't grant a request like that. The prisoner reflected a moment. "Then," he said, "I would like to have my hair cut."

Flash Gordon

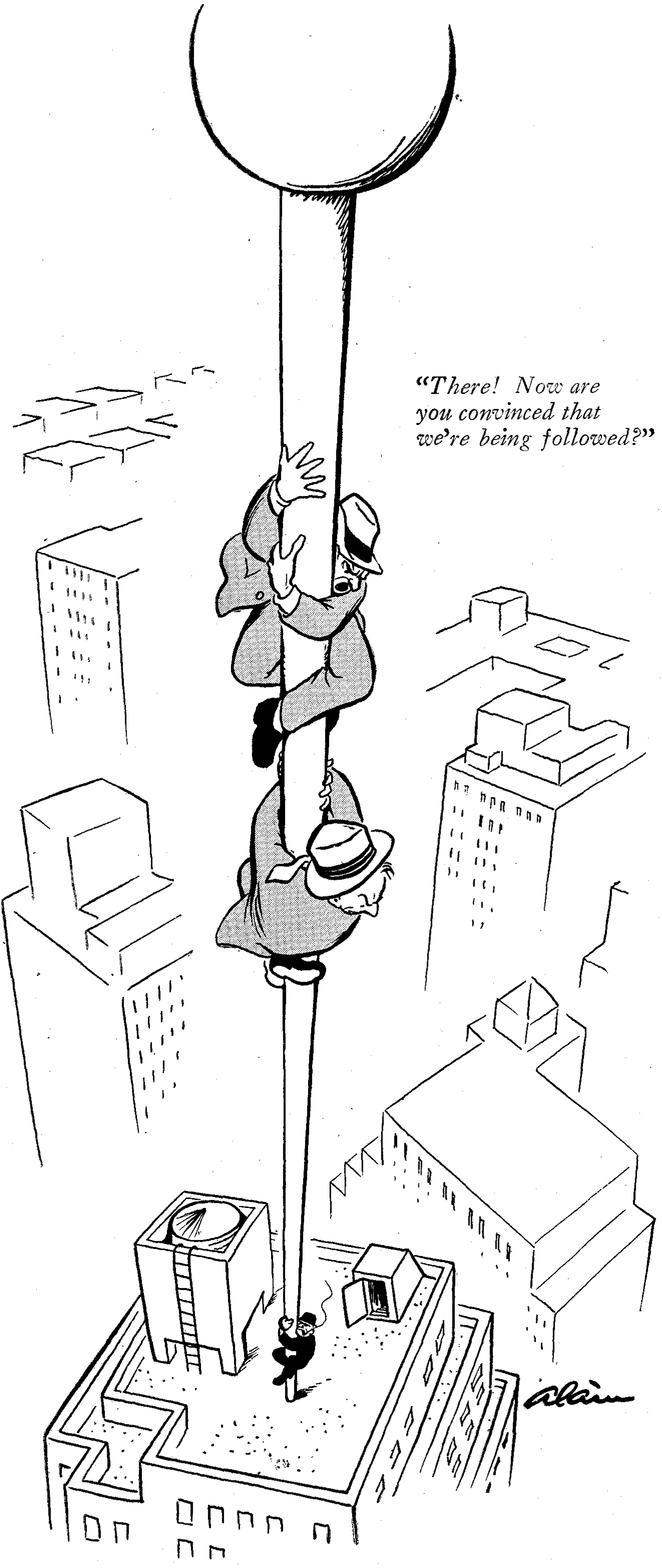
NOVEMBER 11th is not only Armistice Day, it's the fifty-ninth birthday of Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr. We have rounded up a few facts, legends, and bits of biographical data to celebrate the occasion. In the first place, though he calls himself George Smith Patton, Jr., he's actually a III, and his son, now at West Point, who calls himself III, is actually IV. There was a Colonel George Smith Patton in the Confederate Army; that's the General's grandfather. He was killed at the battle of Cedar Creek. His son, our Patton's father, went through V.M.I. and then entered the law and went West. He married the daughter of Benjamin Wilson, who was the first mayor of Los Angeles and for whom Mount Wilson was named. Wilson left a large ranch to his daughter, and there the General was born. He grew up in the saddle, as the saying goes, and was an accomplished polo player at eleven. He entered V.M.I. at eighteen and the next year went to West Point, where he was a poor student but a terrific athlete. Soon after his arrival, he boasted that he would be cadet captain (the highest cadet post) and that after graduation he would become the first general officer of his class, 1909. As things worked out, he was cadet adjutant, the second highest post, and the second general officer.

Patton has always been a formidable fencer. In his youth, his most awesome feat with a sabre was to charge, blindfolded, and knock an apple from the head of a trusting friend ten paces away. One of his first jobs after getting his commission was to design an improved cavalry sabre which was better for a thrusting than a cutting attack. He represented the United States in the modern pentathlon at the 1912 Olympic Games in Stockholm and finished fifth in a field of more than thirty. The four men ahead of him were all Swedes, and since the pentathlon was a specialty of Swedish athletes, it was a sort of moral victory for Patton. Of the five pentathlon events—swimming, riding, shooting, fencing, and running—he did the worst with a pistol, finishing twenty-first. For some reason, his misses weren't even on the target. He has since improved to the extent that he can shoot from the hip, even on horseback or in a moving car, and bring down a small animal. He has kept on being athletic; he has been the polo star of every Army post he has been stationed at and a master of such varied accomplishments as skeet shooting, squash racquets, tennis, game fishing, and riding to hounds. He and Mrs. Patton are both interested in sailing; they and their eight-year-old son once sailed a fifty-seven-foot schooner-rigged yacht to Honolulu with the assistance of only one deckhand.

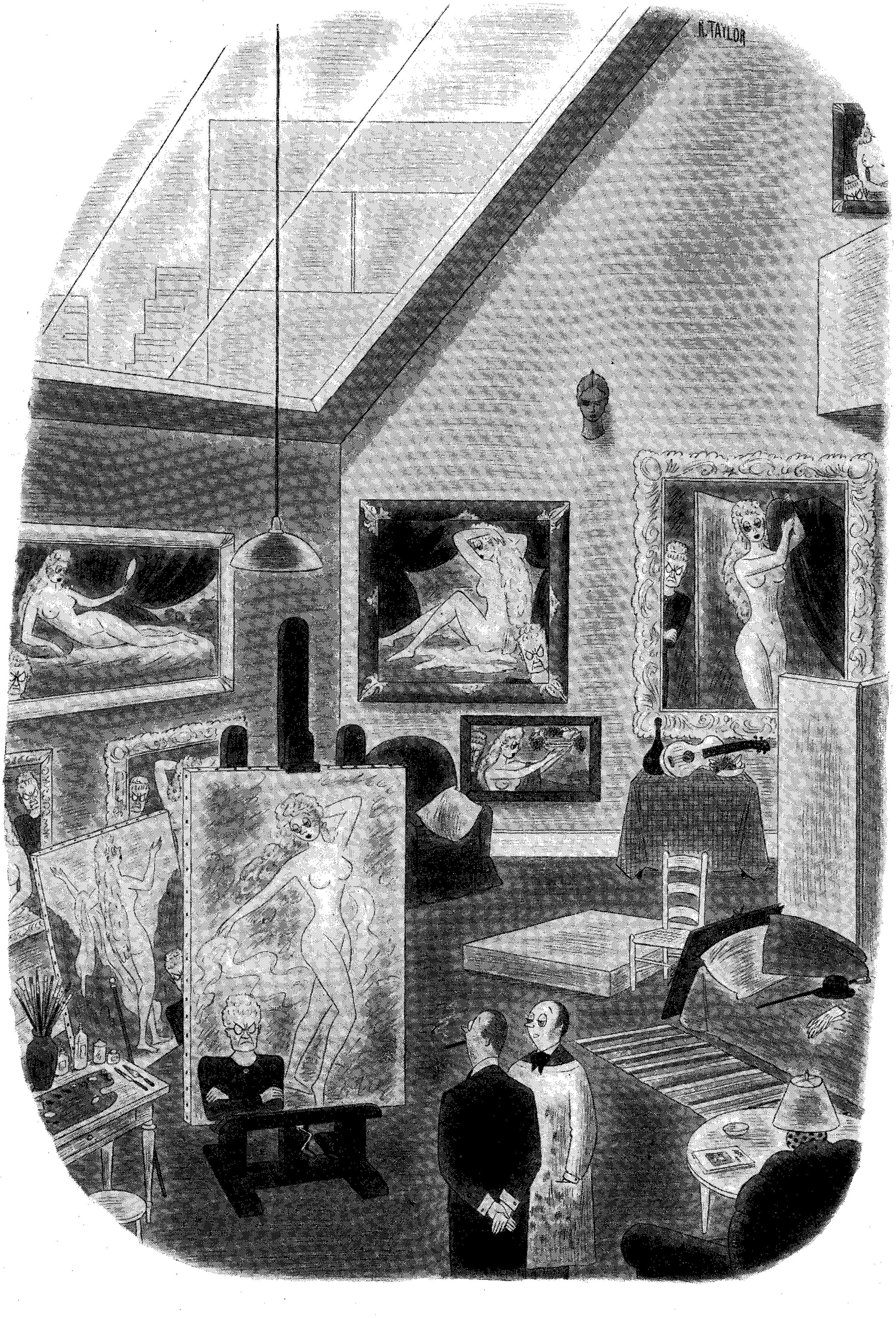
Patton has accumulated one of the largest and best military libraries in the world, and is considered an authority on military history—"from Genghis Khan to yesterday afternoon," one of his admirers told us. During the Normandy campaign he spent all his spare time reading a lengthy history of the Norman conquest of England. Aside from military writings, his taste runs to Kipling, Robert Burns, and Shakespeare, and he can quote long passages from them. He has composed two volumes of poetry, which are to be published posthumously; the subject matter is said to be exclusively military and the style, naturally, epic. He has several times composed poems to read to his men on special occasions, and, as you probably know, one was printed last year in the *Woman's Home Companion.* One of Patton's nicknames, Flash Gordon, dates from the time he designed an outfit he thought should be worn by men in tanks, patterned after a fencer's costume. It was green with black stripes and had white buttons, and it included a gilded, futuristic helmet. The Army rejected the design, except for the helmet (without the gilt), but Patton continued to wear the model he had had made up, and even his well-wishers could not deny that he looked like somebody from Mars. Patton has always been clothes-conscious. For instance, he customarily showed up at Army horse shows in civilian dress clothes and at civilian shows in a dress uniform. If we had the space, we could tell you a lot about Mrs. Patton, who is a worthy wife —an heiress, a collector of fossils, a yachtswoman, a novelist, and the composer of a march for the Tank Corps.

Radical

WE'VE heard, by the way, of a nice suburban lady who announced recently to her friends that her son, who is in the Army, was being subjected to Communist doctrine. "They're always telling him, 'Think for yourself,' " she said.



"There! Now are you convinced that we're being followed?"



"She was an excellent model, but her mother simply couldn't learn to trust me."

THE MOUTH OF THE TURTLE

THE three women came out of the theatre with the crowd and stopped under the marquee long enough to light their cigarettes. It was a late afternoon in October and a cold wind off the river caught them the instant they stepped onto the sidewalk. Each of them rearranged her mink coat. They were from Chicago.

"What was the name of it?" Helen asked.

" 'The Mouth of the Turtle,' " Ruth said.

" 'The Voice of the Turtle,' 'The Voice of the Turtle,' not 'The Mouth of the Turtle,' " Mildred said.

"Let's go to that place where Mr. Fowler took us for dinner and have a drink," Helen said.

"It was banned, wasn't it?" Ruth said.

"I guess it must have been banned," Helen said. "But if it was banned, how could we go and see it?"

"It was banned in Boston," Mildred said.

"I don't think there was anything dirty about it," Ruth said. "I think it was a beautiful play."

They hailed a cab and gave the driver the address of a Fifty-second Street restaurant. They found three stools at the bar and they each ordered Scotch-and-water with a twist of lemon peel, a drink they had learned to like since their arrival in New York. The bar was crowded and noisy, but the women were still too deeply moved by the play they had seen to notice their surroundings.

"Do you think the girl did right to do what she did with the sergeant?" Ruth asked the others.

"Of course it was right," Mildred said emphatically. "Even if they never got married it was right, it was so beautiful."

"I would have done it myself," Helen said quietly. "We're only human, after all."

They were all women in their late forties. Ruth was fat, Mildred had a long, square face, and Helen's prettiness was fading, but the play had reminded them of their youth, when their waists were small and their hair was fair and the night air was powerful. Each of them could remember a man she had denied a quarter of a century ago, and each of them regretted it.

"I think I'll telephone Charlie tonight," Mildred said. The play had made her lonely as well as reminiscent. She felt suddenly that she had spent too much of her husband's money, and the thought of his generosity in letting her come East on a shopping trip with her two friends filled her with sadness.

"I may call Harry," Helen said.

"I don't think I want any dinner," Ruth said. "Another Scotch-and-water, Gene," she told the bartender, reading his name off the jacket he wore.

"We've been every place on our list but that French place," Helen said. "I'd sort of like to go there."

"Just three women together isn't much fun," Ruth said.

"That's the way I feel," Mildred said. "I'd just as soon have a few more drinks and then go back to the hotel and have them bring something up to the room."

"Another Scotch-and-water," Helen said.

"Don't look now," Mildred told Ruth, "but there's a sergeant and he looks just like the sergeant in the play."

The three women turned and saw three young sergeants standing a little way down the bar. Each of them wore several cellophane-covered ribbons.

"He does look something like Elliott Nugent," Ruth whispered.

"I think he's better-looking," Mildred said. "He's younger."

"I think that's the strangest coincidence I ever heard of," Helen said. "We were just talking about sergeants, weren't we, and there they are."

"Let's buy them a drink," Ruth said.

"I don't know whether we should or not," Mildred said. "They might think we're forward."

"We only live once," Helen said. "We may never come to New York alone again. Do you realize that?"

"They might think we're cheap," Mildred said.

"It's wartime," Helen said. "Everybody speaks to everybody in wartime. You ask them, Ruth."

"No, you ask them," Ruth said.

"You're standing next to them," Helen said.

"All right," Ruth said. "I'll ask them." She leaned forward over the bar so that the sergeants could see her. "We're from out of town and I guess you're from out of town, too," she said, "and we'd like to buy you a drink. We're from Chicago."

"We'll drink anything you buy us," one of the sergeants said pleasantly.

"My name is Ruth," Ruth said. "These are my friends, Mildred and Helen."

"My name is Sergeant Bellows," the sergeant said. "This is Sergeant Mitchell and Sergeant Spencer."

"We're from Chicago," Mildred called down the bar.

"They know that already," Helen said.

"Give the sergeants whatever they're drinking," Ruth told the bartender.

"I'm sorry," the bartender said, "but you're not allowed to buy drinks."

"What do you mean, we're not allowed to buy drinks?" Mildred said.

"I'm very sorry," the manager said. He had been watching them and was now standing behind them. "I'm very sorry, but you're not allowed to buy drinks for anyone outside your own party."

"You mean we're not welcome here? Is that what you mean?" Ruth said, and she colored.

"I never heard of such a thing," Mildred said. "I always thought New York was a friendly place."

"Shut up," Helen said. "Shut up and let's get out of here." They left the bar and started for the door. Ruth spoke to the sergeants. "We'd still like to give you boys a drink," she said, "but we're not welcome here any more, so if you want a drink, come up to our suite. It's 2316." She gave them the name of one of the big hotels and followed her friends out of the restaurant.

"I DON'T think they'll come," Helen said after they had been waiting in their hotel suite for three-quarters of an hour.

"I know they'll come," Ruth said. "I could just tell by the way he looked at me. They're just as lonesome as we are, the poor boys."

"Funny things happen in wartime, don't they?" Mildred said. "They looked like such nice boys to me. The blond one reminded me of a boy I used to know in Wichita. I guess they must be lonesome."

A few minutes later the doorbell rang and they heard men laughing and talking in the corridor. "They're here!" Mildred shouted. Helen made for the bathroom, where she went to work on her hair and her makeup. Ruth got a bottle of Scotch out of the pantry and Mildred opened the door. "Here we are!" one of the sergeants shouted. "And where in hell is the booze?" The three of them pushed past Mildred into the living room. Sergeant Bellows went directly to the window to look at the view. Sergeant Mitchell stooped down to feel the carpet with his fingers. "Deeper and harder to walk in than soft dirt," he said. Sergeant Spencer unbuckled his belt and let his pants drop down around his ankles. Still hobbled by his pants, he paraded up and down the room, shouting, "Women! White women! No more goddam Arabs and wops!"

"Tell your friend to put on his pants," Mildred said to Bellows.

"Look at this goddam menu," Mitchell said, and he took a menu off the table. "Chicken, lobster, roast beef, steak. They never knew there was a war on."

"Put on your pants," Helen said when she came out of the bathroom. Mitchell went into the bathroom and closed the door. Bellows opened the bottle of Scotch and poured powerful drinks for himself and Spencer.

"Put on your pants," Mildred said to Spencer.

"Leave him alone," Bellows said. "He won't do no harm."

"Women! White women! White American women!" Spencer said. "I once went out with an Englishwoman and she walked me fourteen miles in a heavy rain."

"You people don't know how lucky you are," Bellows said. "In Italy you can travel all day and all night and you won't see a house with enough roof on it to keep out the rain."

"I seen Arab women that would turn your hair gray," Spencer said. "Once you smell an Arab woman, you never forget it."

Through the bathroom door came the sound of running water. Mitchell had begun to fill the tub. Mildred pounded on the bathroom door. "Come out of that bathroom right now!" she shouted. "Come right out of there! Don't you dare take a bath!"

"I haven't sat down in a bathtub for three years," Mitchell shouted, "and I'll be god-damned if anybody is going to keep me from sitting down in one now!"

"Come right straight out of there!" Helen shouted, and she joined Mildred in pounding on the door.

"We're all making too much noise!" Ruth shouted. "We had a terrible time getting these rooms, and now you're making so much noise we'll get kicked out!"

"Come to me, white woman," Spencer said. "Come to my arms, white woman," and, coming up behind Helen, he put his arms around her and kissed her vigorously on the back of the neck. She continued to pound on the door and to shout at Mitchell. "If you don't come out, we'll come in!"

"Come ahead!" Mitchell shouted happily, and he began to sing.

"Can't you make your friends keep quiet?" Ruth asked Bellows. "It's so confused. We just wanted to buy you a drink and have a good time."

"They'll quiet down," Bellows said. "They been away too long."

"If you don't get out of the bathtub, I'm going to call the house detective!" Mildred shouted.

" 'You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,' " Mitchell sang. " 'You make me happy when skies are gray.' "

The telephone rang. Ruth answered it. She covered the mouthpiece with her hands and shouted, "Shut up, shut up! It's Chicago calling! It's Harry calling you, Helen."

Helen went to the telephone. Spencer was seated in a deep chair, studying the menu. "Seventy-five cents for an order of string beans," he said.

"Hello, Harry," Helen said into the telephone. "Hello, sweetheart. Yes, I'm fine. We're leaving on Sunday. We'll get there Monday afternoon. . . . Yes, we're all coming back together. . . . We had a wonderful time. We went to a matinée this afternoon and saw a banned play."

SERVICE and DELIVERIES
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Alan Dunn

Mitchell appeared in the bathroom doorway, wrapped in a towel. "What's everybody so quiet about?" he asked.

"Shut up," Mildred said bitterly. "Helen's talking with her husband long distance."

"Ask her husband what's keeping him out of uniform," Mitchell said.

"Keep quiet," Ruth said.

"Three seventy-five for a jumbo squab!" Spencer exclaimed.

"They're some friends of Mildred's," Helen said into the telephone.

"You liar!" Mildred said. "They're no friends of mine. I didn't ask them up here. Now he'll tell Charlie and I'll never hear the end of it."

"No, we're not going anywhere tonight," Helen said. "These friends of Mildred's are just leaving. We're going to finish up our shopping tomorrow. . . . I don't know who they are. . . . They're some old friends of Mildred's."

"They're no friends of mine," Mildred repeated.

"If we're no friends of theirs, let's get the hell out of here," Mitchell said, and withdrew into the bathroom and slammed the door.

"I'll see you on Monday," Helen said. "Goodbye, sweetheart. . . . Of course I miss you."

"The joint's dead," Spencer said. He dropped the menu, stood up, and pulled up his trousers.

"Let's get out of here," Bellows said. "Let's go over to that place on Third Avenue Burnsey told us about and see if they'll give us a drink."

"We're moving up, Mitch!" Spencer shouted to the closed bathroom door, and Mitchell came out, tucking his shirt into his trousers.

"Follow me, men!" Bellows shouted. He gave a loud whistle and the hand signal to advance, and they followed him out of the suite and down the corridor to the elevators.—JOHN CHEEVER

•

8½ acres, 7 under water, 4 room house. Fully equipped for chickens. Bargain. Write P. O. Box 72, Cornville.—*Adv. in the Prescott (Ariz.) Evening Courier.*

Remodel it for ducks and we'll think it over.

FAIR IN THE CREUSE

“H*UU, cocotte! Allons, ma Jeannette! Allons, ma Jeannetou!* A little effort, now! Name of a name! Have I hitched a snail and not an ass to the carriage?”

It was Aristide, my husband, speaking to la Jeannette, the family donkey. There were five of us in the donkey cart—Aristide; Marcelle, his sister-in-law; Dédé, her eleven-year-old daughter; René, her little boy; and myself. This was the second summer that I had visited Aristide's family on their farm at St. Yrieix-la-Montagne, in the Creuse, and we were on our way to the county fair at Royère. We had left la Mère Christine, my mother-in-law, to mind the babies.

La Jeannette answered only with a flick of her ears. She was deliberate not because we were a heavy load but because she was born so and had made it a point of honor to remain so. Her strong, compact little body, her polished sabots, and her white nose maintained a dignified reserve, but with a flick of her ears, softly furred and sensitive as a moth's antennae, she could express a rich inner life. Derision, disgust, boredom, incredulity, and ribald humor flashed over the semaphore of la Jeannette's ears.

Behind us loped Titou the shepherd dog, who looked like a blond and amiable wolf. It was the first day off I had ever known Titou to have. He was a worker, skilled at his job and proud of it, a servant without thought of gain or self. He kept the cows, and could do it all alone; he had little need of the human who accompanied him, but it was one of his masters and therefore beloved.

Titou and la Jeannette were friends, although la Jeannette looked askance at Titou's joy in service and Titou shook his head at la Jeannette's scornful self-sufficiency. But all friends have these blind spots. Dog and donkey were loyal to each other in work and in play. A meeting of the ages of faith and reason, I thought them. In Titou there burned the ardent wolf who crouched before St. Francis; in the eye of la Jeannette was a glint of that reasonable skeptic Voltaire.

It was early morning, and in the fields beside the road was a fresh crop of the shepherd mushroom, standing tall and white, its caps flecked with brown. As we skirted a grove of trees, la Jeannette threw up her head and heehawed, and from behind the trees there was a shrill answer. “That's L'Ainé's farm we are passing,” said Marcelle. “La Jeannette has a friend there. She hardly ever sees him, but she knows he is there. The other day she ran off and we found her up there with him.”

“Son âne avait les quatre pieds blancs,”

sang Aristide,

“Et les oreilles en rabattant,
Et le bout du nez sale, Martin,
Pour aller au moulin.
Et au p'tit trot, p'tit trot, p'tit trot . . .”

“Did you ever hear, Marie,” Marcelle asked me, “about the time Great-Uncle Matthieu took the two donkeys to the fair at Royère?” And when I shook my head, she went on, “Well, he was riding one and leading the other. He was nearly there when the donkey he was leading suddenly felt playful. So he rose up in the air on his hind legs. In those days the men all wore long coats with great, deep pockets. And the donkey's two front feet came down one in each of Matthieu's pockets. And he couldn't get loose and neither could the donkey. So he had to go on like that, the donkey walking on two legs behind him, until someone came along and set him free. People haven't stopped laughing about it yet!”

We scrambled out of the cart to walk up a particularly steep hill. “What do you want at the fair, Marcelle?” said Aristide.

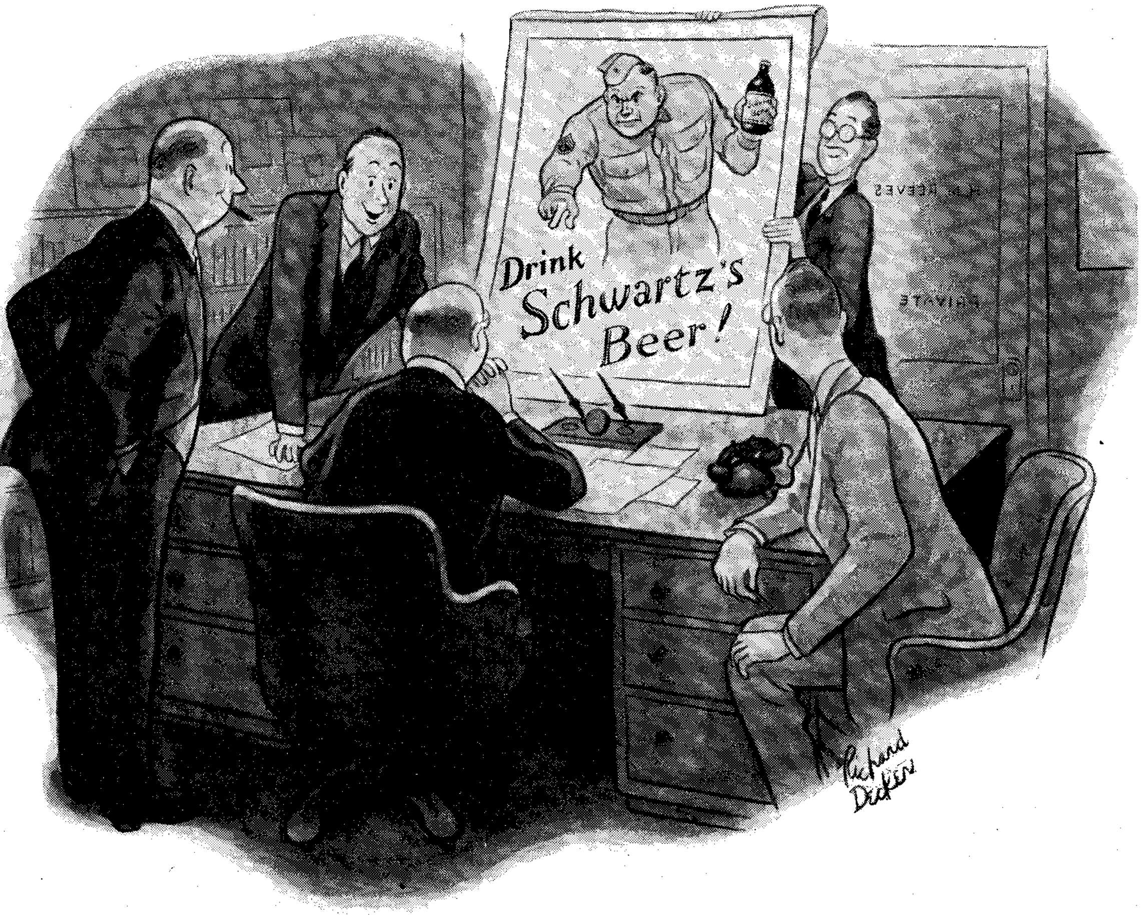
“I want to dance,” said Marcelle. “When I was a girl in Royère, I danced at all the fairs.” She tossed her short black hair.

“And you, Dédé?” said Aristide.

“*Sais pas, Tonton,*” said Dédé shyly.

“And you, Marie?”

“Oh, just something new and different,” I said vaguely. Dédé shot me a glance. We understood each other. Dédé knew that there would be many fine things to buy, but it wasn't just that that she asked of the fair. She, too, wanted something different from what she saw every day; something she could take out of her mind and


Drink Schwartz's Beer!

“You have to admit, J.B., it has impact value.”

look at when she was keeping the cows.

On we went, past fairgoers on foot, in their Sunday best, for this was no ordinary market day but the big fair of the summer. "Good day! Good fair, Cousins!" they called to us and we to them. More and more often we heard it as we neared the fair.

We stopped for a minute by the *fiérau*, a field outside Royère where livestock was bought and sold, to look at the sheep huddled together in their separate flocks, with dogs to help keep the silly things apart, and their backs chalked with the owners' mark in bright ochre or blue. Titou trotted in with the air of a responsible farmer, giving the sheepdogs' work his critical attention, and circling with an admiring eye a fine yoke of oxen. A group of la Jeannette's friends were tethered to a rail, and as we drove by all the semaphores became immensely active.

At last we drove through the square in front of the church, where fairgoers were turning over the wares laid out on the ground or on rude trestle tables, and pulled up at the village inn, kept by Marcelle's family, the Faures. Aristide unharnessed la Jeannette and tied her in the stable, and we left her eating her fill, waving her ears morosely. Then we entered the dark, low front room of the inn, which buzzed with flies and smelled of the lees of wine. Jean Faure, innkeeper and clerk of the court, was behind the bar. He was a little, shrunken, pale man, with a constant smile and nervous fingers. We had a glass with him and his stout, plain wife, Josephine, but we were impatient to be off. Dédé tied her sous in her handkerchief and teetered at the door.

AND now the fair sucked us all outdoors, and we wandered off by ourselves to explore, be tempted, and fall. I bought oranges, small and tart, from the Majorcan fruit vendor, a tiny pair of sabots for the baby, and a broom for la Mère Christine, although I could already hear her scolding me, "And didn't 'Tide make me one out of twigs? Why waste your money?" And I saw a strange sight—a long, closed truck, whose side had been lifted and folded back; beneath a wire netting the truck floor was covered with writhing tendrils of spotted coral and yellow, mottled brown and gold. These were vipers, to be sold for their venom to the Institut Pasteur; the driver had stopped to see the fair.

"But don't you remember, Mr. Harringer? You promised me the next banana."

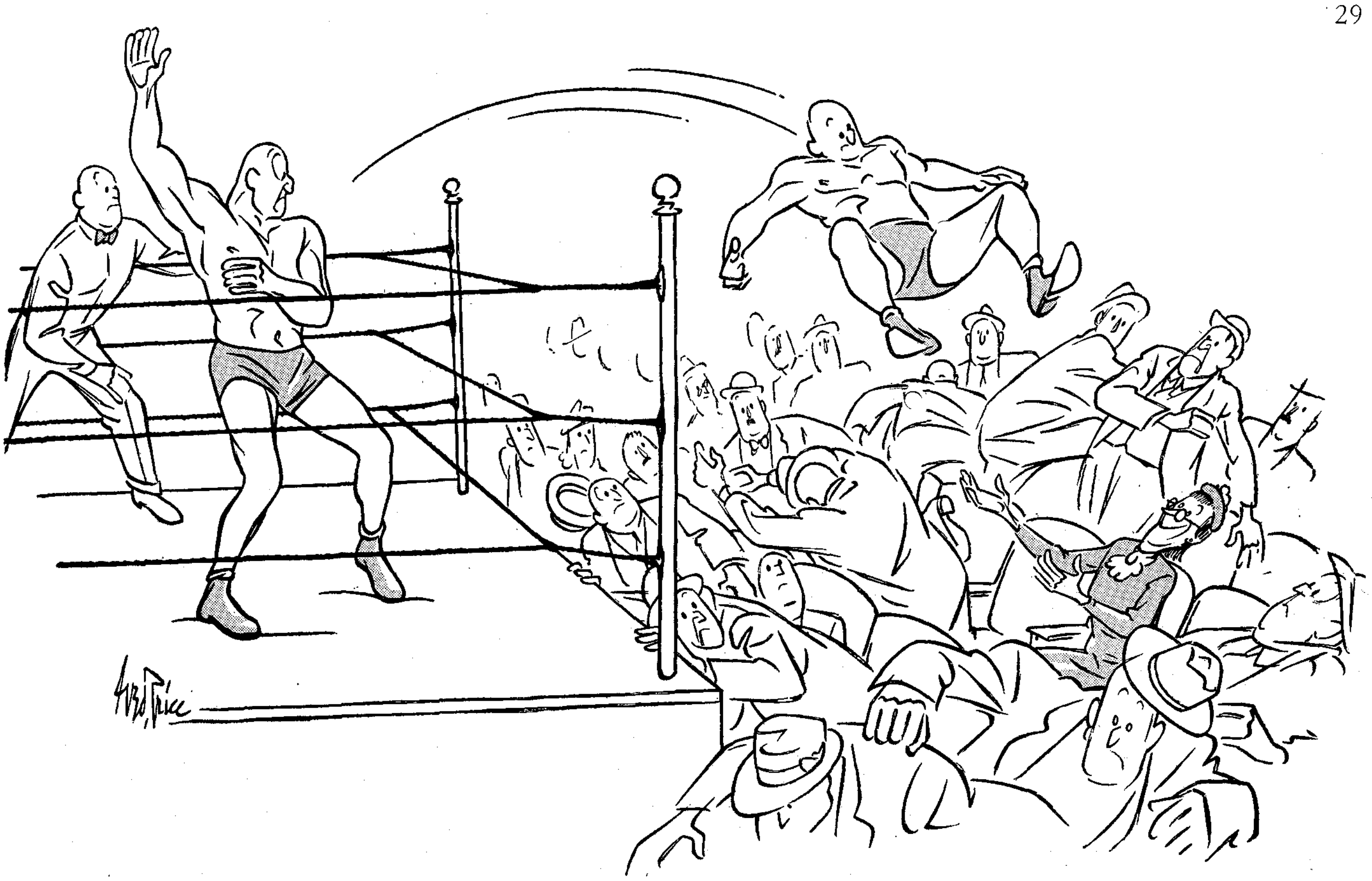
When the sun was high, the crowd thinned out, and one by one we went back to the inn for lunch. Marcelle had bought candy-pink wool for pullovers for Dédé and Christiane. René was sticky from a half-eaten chocolate donkey. Dédé had a bracelet with a red glass heart. She wore it proudly, but there was an unsatisfied look about her. The fair had not yet kept its promise, she seemed to be thinking. There must be more than this.

After our lunch of salt ham and cabbage, fricasseed rabbit, cheese, and tarts, we sipped a *fine*, while others came in to sit over a glass and rest their feet. Some bustle attended the arrival of Mme. Becquet, a well-to-do *fermière* of the neighborhood, whose round cheeks were covered with a network of tiny red veins, as if they had been scrubbed with pumice. She greeted us importantly and sat down with Josephine to air a number of complaints. Last week she had had l'Augustine to wash for her, and five dish towels were missing from the count. Augustine said that the cows had eaten them off the hedge. For her part, she felt certain that they were now pinned about the backside of Augustine's youngest. Her voice went on like the buzzing of the flies, and drove us all out again to the fair.

The games of chance were open now, and the children darted from one to the other, hopeful and elated. We tried them all. Aristide encountered cousins at every turn and had a glass with each. Marcelle and I talked with the *cousines* and admired their babies, plump as prize hams, in layer on layer of fancy knitting. We exchanged directions with them for complicated garments and stitches. We boasted of all the *confiture* we had made from the *airelles*—the blueberries—from the sheep pastures. Dédé trailed after us, dragging her feet.

"The dancing will be open now!" said Marcelle presently. "*Viens*, Marie!" She sallied forth, and I followed, dragging a reluctant Aristide.

In the large, bare *salle de danse*, the girls outnumbered the men, but those who had no male partners swung each other sturdily, with a solemn enjoyment. Bagpipes and *vielles* supplied the



music. Pungent smells of floor wax and of sweat strove with the wandering odors of hay from the fields. Marcelle danced with a cousin with long, yellow mustaches like an ancient Gaul's. Dédé watched; she was too shy to dance. Plainly, she thought it was no great thing, this fair. Nothing had happened. Even the red heart on her bracelet did not shine; it was dull, only glass, like the bottles at home.

AT last, Marcelle, damp and sighing with content, announced that she had had enough and that we must go back to the inn for supper and then start for home. When we reached the inn, we found a group standing about the door. We pushed through them and went inside, Titou at our heels.

"*Tiens!*" said Dédé. "Look at the dogs!"

A shabby little man, carrying a pack, was standing at the bar, and behind him were four small dogs, short-haired fox terriers, in an orderly group, like well-trained children. They were most ordinary dogs, but what was not ordinary about them was that each wore a hat—a jaunty hat, brave with ribbons and sweeping feathers. Every hat was of a different color. On the dogs' collars were rosettes and little bells, which barely tinkled. Beneath the fine hats the pointed terrier faces were far from clean, and they were wizened and old before their time. You couldn't imagine that these dogs had ever chased cats for sport. They stood quietly, not afraid but watchful. Mme. Becquet and the Faures were eying them suspiciously.

We sat down at one of the tables. Titou started forward with a growl, but when he saw the hats he lost countenance, turned to us uncertainly, and then lay down at our feet.

The dogs' master took his drink over to a small table, unslung his pack, and sat down. He drank deep, with a "*Bonjour, la compagnie!*" His clothes bore many layers of dust and his face looked battered, like those of his dogs, but more friendly.

"I needed that!" he told us. "I came from Aubusson this morning." He fell to eating bread and sausages, which he fished out of his pack, and he tossed the skins and some pieces of bread to the dogs. At the end of his meal, he divided a sausage among them. They ate it with an eye on Titou, and then lay down carefully, so as not to crush their hats, and slept at their master's feet.

Other fairgoers drifted into the room. At last the man, apparently having decided that there was a big enough audience, stood up and took off his hat. "*Mesdames et Messieurs!*" he said. "I should like to make you a little presentation." He rang a bell, and the dogs stood up and stretched. "Is it finished, your nap, my children? Attention! Each one in his place." The dogs lined up in a row. "*M'sieurs-dames*, this is Florelle in blue, Charlotte red, Georgette green, and Kiki cerise. They are good dogs and know their *métier*. The best I ever had. The only dogs on the roads of France with hats, *M'sieurs-dames!*

"I have trained them well," the man went on. "Every day, two, three times a day. You mustn't ever stop. This one, Charlotte, she was hard to train. A bad character. Georgette, she is clever, and curious. She eats nuts. Florelle is sensitive; when I speak harshly to her, she cries. Don't you, Florelle? I've had her since she was seven months; she was a darling. And this is Kiki, *le brave Kiki*, the old papa. Not really, you know. But he is the oldest." Kiki was easily the oldest. An elderly ham actor, dirty, wrinkled, and pompous. The beady eyes of the other dogs were fixed on their master, but Kiki's never left his public.

As the man talked, he unloaded his pack. "Their carpet, their pipes, their guns, their umbrellas. The switch, for when they are too much for my patience. Attention! Take your places on the carpet. Kiki, by yourself. Not so close! Look me well in the face. Lazy, that Georgette!"

The dogs stood in a row, with the panting concentration of acrobats. They did not need his admonition: "Now, this is serious! A little energy, a little vivacity, if you please! Left, right!" They went through their routine smartly, each with a jealous eye on his comrades. They marched on their hind legs, with guns; they smoked pipes—Kiki chose his own carefully. They identified letters of the alphabet, by a system of barks. Charlotte barked too loudly and had a nip from Kiki.

"Imbecile!" cried the trainer. "Mind your manners!" Kiki sulked and his master hastily gave him a star rôle. "Now, a little dance, with Kiki *chef d'orchestre. La bourrée.* Charlotte, you think that is a position? '*Quand les enfants vont à l'école* . . .' " He blew on a penny whistle while they hopped, their heads on one side. "And now the parachute! On the chair, Kiki. You will see, he is going to descend with the parachute. Smile, Kiki!"

At last it was over and Kiki passed the cup. With his red-rimmed eyes upon us, we made haste to drop in our sous. We applauded and the dogs yapped furiously. Dédé took a few lumps of sugar from a table and gave one to each dog, and they crunched them down and dropped off quickly to sleep, as they had done before.

Most of the onlookers stayed, their eyes still on the stranger. Aristide had Jean Faure bring the man a bottle of red wine.

"This wine is good wine!" he said. "I am Auvergnat, you know. I'm on my way to Vichy now, else I wouldn't come through here. The towns are too small. Towns—I've seen towns! France, Belgium, Switzerland. To the very ends of the earth. As far as the autobus goes."

We smiled at each other, but we were impressed all the same.

"And the funerals I've seen!" he went on. "You know where I saw the most beautiful funeral of my life? It was near Spezia, Italy. There's a big tunnel there where the train goes very slow, because there are always accidents. The gas explodes. Well, I was at Spezia and there was an accident. And the hospital was a long way from the church, and you can imagine what that meant. Thirty-seven bodies on carts, one after the other! When some of the bodies had reached the church, some were still at the hospital. The people killed were from all nations. I have never forgotten it. There was another beautiful funeral at Limoges, near here, after an accident. Not quite so good, but a good funeral too. Those are the two best I have seen."

"Ah, I remember that big wreck at Limoges," said Mme. Becquet. "My cousin's son was in it. He was all shaken up."

"I have been all over France," the man said. "I know the towns, the rivers, the châteaux. Here is another accident that happened. Once I stopped at a big château. I gave a presentation there. Afterward they asked me if I was thirsty. So I said it was a very hot day. And they gave me a bottle of wine, old wine. Then they asked me if I had had my lunch. I said yes, but long ago. So the lady of the house said to the maid, 'Let him be served all that we had for lunch, and generously. Coffee and *pousse-café*.' And then she gave me fifty francs. Then," he went on—and we were all quiet listening—"I made the family rooster do tricks. Afterward, the old lady, the grandmother, asked me how I did it. I told her, 'That is one of the gifts God gave me!' So on top of that she gave me twenty francs more. Well, you know, that rooster had a beautiful tail! As soon as I saw it, I thought to myself, 'Ah, what a hat that tail would make for my dogs!' So I took hold of it, and it was an accident, but it happened. The tail came off in my hand. So they gave it to me, and I made a hat for my dogs." He emptied his glass and started to repack his bag. The dogs awoke and stretched.

"I have a beautiful rooster," said Mme. Becquet. "White. We call him Coco."

"I must be off now," the man said. "I want to reach Felletin tomorrow. Come on, children!"

We all shook hands with him, even Mme. Becquet. "Didn't I see you yesterday at Aubusson, Madame?" he asked. "At the hotel?"

"Oh no!" she assured him, flattered. "I live here. At the big farm up by the crossroads, on the road you are taking."

"Grand merci, M'sieurs-dames!" he said, shouldering his pack. *"Bonjour, la compagnie!"* He went, the little dogs trotting after him, serious and proud.

WE all stood in the doorway looking after the man and his dogs, and then I looked at Dédé. Her eyes were shining. The dogs that danced! Their master who bewitched roosters! The old red fairy-tale book at home had such folk in it. And now she had seen them with her own eyes.

Titou slid past us like a yellow shadow. When the act had begun, he had looked at us, to see if we were going to allow this foolishness, but gradually he too had become absorbed. Dédé had tied a ribbon on his collar, and then she had made him a hat with a pink paper candy basket from the fair. He had grinned and shaken it off, but the ribbon he didn't mind. When the dogs went off down the road, he followed them, trying to look as though he were going that way anyhow.

They had been gone a few minutes when Mme. Becquet gave a scream. *"Crotte de bique!"* she said. "Did you notice how he found out where I lived? He's after Coco's tail, I'll be bound! A hat for his dogs, indeed!" The veins in her cheeks grew redder, and, stuffing her things into her market bag, she clumped off down the road.

We ate a hasty supper. Just as we were saying our farewells to the Faures, Mme. Becquet reappeared, crestfallen. It was all right, she said. Coco still had his tail. She had not seen that brigand. If he had touched Coco, she would have had him and his dogs under lock and key. Titou was back, too, pretending to be asleep in the corner. His ribbon was bedraggled, and he blinked at us sheepishly when he thought we weren't looking.

Aristide, Dédé, and I went out to harness la Jeannette. "It was a good fair," said Dédé sleepily. "The best fair I ever saw."

"Eh bien, ma Jeannette!" said Aristide. "No *amoureux* for you. Marcelle had her dance. Madame Becquet defended Coco's tail. Even Titou found a little dancing girl. And Dédé and the rest of us saw the only dogs with hats on the roads of France. But you had no luck, poor Jeannetou!"

"That was to be expected!" said la Jeannette's ears. —MARY MIAN

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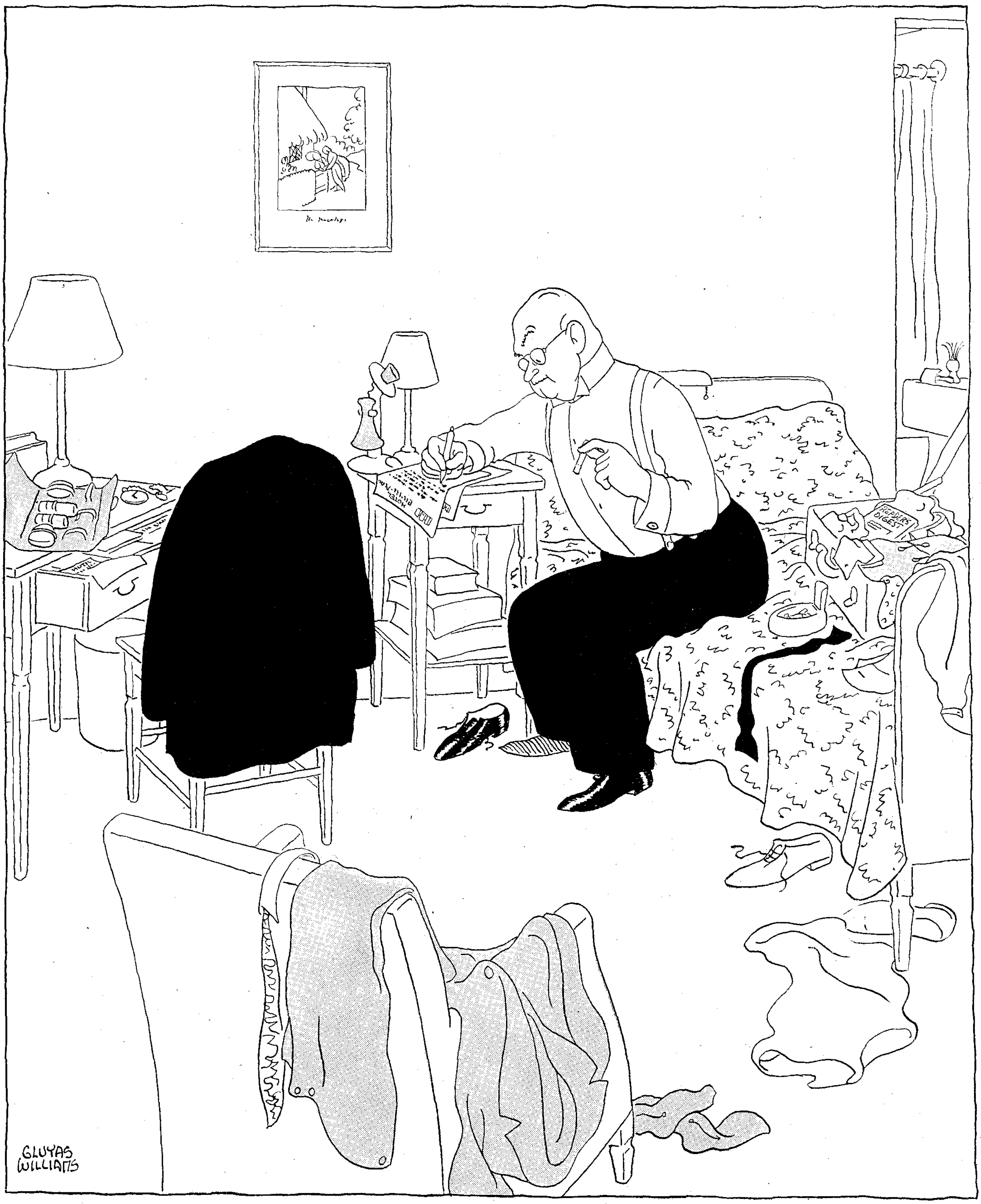
IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*Announcement in the London Times*]

To-day's issue of *The Times* is numbered 49,950/2. This form of duplication will be applied to 22 subsequent issues spread over the next three months. The purpose is to retrieve errors in numbering which accumulated during the eighteenth century and caused the serial number appearing on the front page to exceed the true figure by 23. Thus *The Times* will be enabled to print its 50,000th issue with the correct serial number on Saturday, November 25.

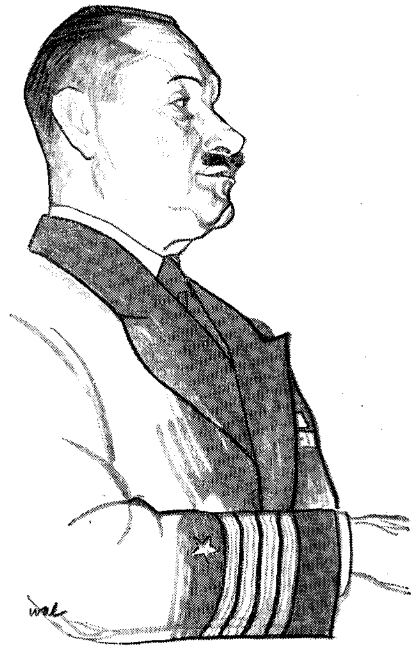


THE WRITING PUBLIC

"Mr. Chman, fellow membrs—more used to working than talking about—but have message—like little grl our nborhood asked why didn't like to go Sunday sch—but seriously want to impress 3 facts—1. Need for co-operation—everybody pull together.—2. Free enterprise—as old night watchman said when saw me working late at office—nobody going tell us how run business . . ."

PROFILES

CAPTAIN AMONG THE SYNTHETICS—I



Captain Luis de Florez

ALTHOUGH basically peaceful, Captain Luis de Florez, U.S.N.R., has made some notable contributions to war. In peacetime the Captain is a well-known mechanical engineer and the holder of many lucrative patents, several of which have to do with aviation or the refinement of oil. At present he is in charge of the Navy's so-called synthetic-training devices, a collection of peculiar and complicated machines, most of them developed by de Florez, that simulate the conditions of aerial combat. They simulate them so realistically, in fact, that more than one flier in the Pacific has found his first engagement with the enemy a disappointing anticlimax. Upon sighting the opposition, he merely pushed, pulled, or twisted the knobs, buttons, and pedals as suggested some months before in de Florez's chamber of horrors, and the Jap automatically blew up and headed for the ocean. So far, no Navy pilots have complained about this spiritual letdown. They seem to agree that the prefabricated destruction of the Japanese air force is a good thing and should be encouraged.

The Navy's special devices, as they are sometimes termed, have been called the greatest military-training innovation of modern times. Not long ago a Congressional subcommittee for Naval Affairs reported: "Two things are outstanding in the recent development of naval aviation training. They are the development of special devices, known within the service as synthetics, and the development of operational training. Synthetic devices . . . have added tremendously to the efficient training of naval aviators, bombardiers, gunners, etc., and are the equivalent of hundreds of hours of additional training in the conventional manner. The invention, development, and production of synthetics has been little short of miraculous. They are universally accepted by the services." De Florez considers this tribute singularly restrained. His own enthusiasm for his machines is so vast that he hardly dares think where they may end. There are times when he envisions them revolutionizing the world's educational systems and even affecting its economic, social, and political structures. Just how all this can be accomplished he has not had time to work out, but most of his associates feel that he could produce a competent blueprint on the subject within two weeks.

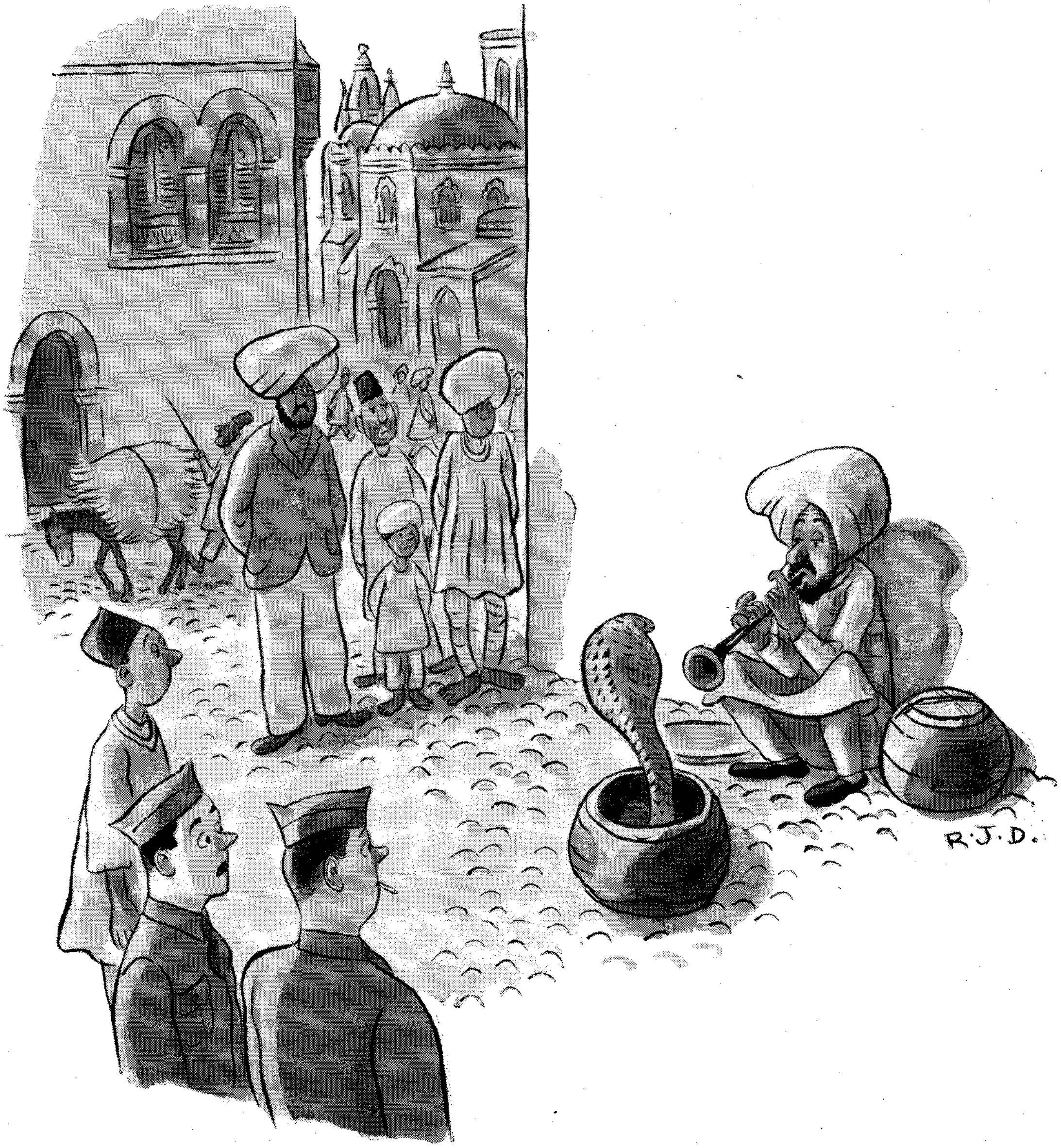
The Captain, as head of the Navy's Special Devices Division, has thought up practically all his machines himself, despite the fact that by now he has recruited an impressive staff of technical assistants. His military inventions, however, are by no means limited to training devices. At the outbreak of the first World War, he was in England, as the manager of the Hall Motor Fuel Company. Even at that point in history the Germans were a fairly air-minded people, and enemy aircraft of one kind and another began to appear over the Hall Motor Fuel Company, sometimes dropping explosives and interrupting the day's work. Being a man of immense and inflexible efficiency, de Florez was outraged at these disturbances. After a particularly heavy raid, in which a couple of biplanes had tossed out several hand grenades, he decided to have a look at the anti-aircraft guns protecting the factory. He was surprised to discover that they had no sights to speak of and that the gunners simply pointed them in the general direction of the trouble and pulled the trigger. Before sundown that day, he had worked out the first accurate anti-aircraft gunsight, and not long afterward one of his guns bagged a medium-large Zeppelin from the Hall roof. After this triumph, de Florez found his thoughts turning frequently to military devices, with particular emphasis on aviation, although for a short time he tried to allocate his talents impartially. One day, while he was still with Hall, he went into a reverie and came out with a flame thrower. The British were delighted with this creation, which has become standard equipment for every well-outfitted army.

In appearance Captain de Florez is not sensationally warlike. He stands just under five feet one and has a mustache that is recognized as a curiosity. Rigidly horizontal, it is arranged in two tiers and chopped off bluntly at the outboard ends. He keeps it carefully waxed, and in moments of stress he is likely to tweak it briskly. His legs are short and slightly bowed, and his arms seem disproportionately long. One of his friends has said that he often appears to be swinging along on his knuckles. His hair is blond and sparse, and he keeps it slicked back in a pompadour. To capture the total effect of Captain de Florez, the historian must fall back on two clichés, one of them a Harlem term and the other a product of the machine age. Physically de Florez must be described as sharp, and temperamentally as dynamic. He is undoubtedly the most dynamic officer in the United States Navy, and it is unlikely that any other navy could match him. Customarily the Captain runs, rather than walks, up and down the corridors of the Navy department, startling Waves and young officers just out of indoctrination school. Recently he was forced to instruct his subordinates that any oral orders he might give should be promptly ignored. He had found that he was working so fast his directions often overlapped or conflicted. One of his junior officers might hear himself ordered to Corpus Christi, Miami, Quonset Point, and Sitka all within half an hour. In the Navy, this sort of thing can result in confusion. The Captain's present system is to dash off a written order and hand it to his executive officer, but never without at least five minutes' reflection. This works very well.

DE FLOREZ's Special Devices Depot, once a Chevrolet showroom, at 610 H Street, in northeast Washington, is the Navy's leading show place. In a fit of absent-mindedness, the Captain leased it without consulting anybody else in the Navy, and later he had a little difficulty getting the rent paid. It is a large, two-story building, now generally filled with a racket reminiscent of the one over Guam on any given morning late last July. A favorite story of the Special Devices people—possibly exaggerated—is about a nervous man, living above a nearby Chinese laundry, who recently developed symptoms of shell-shock and combat fatigue and indignantly moved to Alexandria, Virginia. De Florez has detailed a lieutenant to guide run-of-the-mill Navy visitors through the depot, but he generally takes personal charge of any high-ranking officers who look in. He enjoys conducting tours of the place and does a skillful job of it. He has a well-modulated voice and a delivery that would fit neatly into the average soap opera. His sentences flow along smoothly, and their overall effect is enhanced by an occasional well-placed pause or chuckle. "It's all a pattern," he likes to tell his party, to dispel any notion that the devices were arrived at haphazardly. "First of all we become aware of a certain need—a hiatus, shall we say?—in our program. Perhaps we are training flight engineers for the PBM flying boats. How to get them used to the instrument panel? Obviously, in a plane they would see the instruments operating only correctly; otherwise there would be a crash. So we build a machine that simulates all the inside workings of a PBM. If you will just step this way . . . "

At this point in his narrative, de Florez sprints to the special device known as the Flight Engineer's Panel and sits down before it with a look of great satisfaction. The look is perfectly justified, since the machine has saved the Navy many thousands of hours of training time. It consists of a replica of the PBM's instrument panel, together with a companion panel which an instructor watches. When the student turns on the ignition, the simulated noise of a PBM's two engines starts up, created by oscillators and electromagnets, and all the instruments are activated. If the student, in preparing the theoretical plane for flight, makes a mistake, perhaps neglecting to prime the engines, a red bulb on the instructor's panel lights up and a brief lecture is in order. The instructor can control both sets of instruments; during a lesson he confronts a student with all the emergency situations a plane in actual flight might meet, and a great many more than would likely arise in the course of one pilot's career. The average airplane survives only a limited number of dangerous situations, and the lessons learned from dead crews are negligible. It has been estimated that this panel costs twenty-five cents an hour to operate; an hour's similar training in the air costs about six hundred dollars. Recently, in the Pacific, the wounded flight engineer of a flying boat slumped over, unconscious. An enlisted crewman, whose training had included fifteen hours at the panel, took over the engineer's job and enabled the pilot to bring the plane down safely. A Navy flight engineer is trained almost wholly on de Florez's panel. The significance of this time-saving becomes obvious when it is recalled that the big essentials in keeping the Japs at arm's length after Pearl Harbor were the quick production of planes and the training of men to fly them.

Although the Flight Engineer's Panel is one of de Florez's less spectacular contrivances, it is one the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics is very fond of, and variations of it have been worked out for every type of big Navy plane. As soon as an improvement is made in a plane, de Florez alters the corresponding panels accordingly and eliminates the necessity of using the first new models off the production lines for training. It is, of course, impossible to say how many lives these panels have saved. The worst mistake a student can make while he is learning on them can result only in a synthetic crash, and that kind of accident is painless and inexpensive. Whereas engineers and certain



"I wouldn't like that racket. One sour note, and bingo!"

other crewmen can learn their jobs completely on synthetic devices, a pilot must learn how to fly partly by actually flying. This knowledge, however, is of no value unless he can bring some discomfort to the enemy. Long before the war the Navy took the stand that a combat pilot cannot live by flying alone; primarily he must be a marksman. In the Navy manuals, a common admonition to fighter pilots is "Remember that your plane is merely a platform for your fixed guns. You are simply flying your guns." The results of this reiteration have been heartening. It is no accident that Navy pilots have been knocking down Japs at an average ratio of five to one, and during some months at the rate of more than ten to one. Much of the credit for these cheering figures must go to de Florez and his gunnery devices, which are the most popular of all his creations.

The Captain is partial to shooting in any form, which may account for the extreme care he has taken with gunnery training. At Pomfret, Connecticut, where he owns a 450-acre estate, he is regarded as a hunter of exceptional doggedness. He has been known to spend an entire day stalking a partridge he missed in the morning, on the theory that the bird, by eluding him on the first encounter, has issued a challenge and that it must therefore be either the partridge or de Florez. In a hunting outfit that includes a double-billed cap, and accompanied by a weary but resigned hound, the five-foot Captain is one of the great sights of the Pomfret area. He advances through the bush at a shuffling trot, jumping creeks, vaulting nimbly over low fences, sometimes whistling, often singing, and quite frequently bursting into poetry of his own composition.

Perhaps the most elaborate of de Florez's gunnery trainers is a device known in the Navy as the 3A2. This machine simulates aerial dogfighting so realistically that seasoned veterans from the Pacific have crawled out of it dripping sweat and visibly shaken. Students work up to it, under the Navy training system, by slow stages, first getting instruction in earthbound cockpits and on various smaller gunnery devices. The 3A2 consists of a cockpit on a raised platform some twenty feet from a movie screen. An instructor sits in a seat below the cockpit, to keep score on the student. Operating in a darkened room, the 3A2 goes into action when somebody climbs in and turns on the switches. As with the Flight Engineer's Panel, the sound of an engine begins and, since the cockpit is so set up that it can go through nearly all the motions of a plane aloft, the occupant is, in effect, actually flying. He can maneuver the device exactly as he will be expected to maneuver his plane later over the Pacific. The main idea of the 3A2 is to teach the technique of shooting down Jap planes. When the switches are thrown, a movie projector gets under way and the student finds himself in the middle of a dogfight that seems uncomfortably real. On the screen a Jap Zero emerges from a puff of cloud and starts making a run on the cockpit. It disappears off one edge of the screen from time to time and then reappears from different angles. The student's job during this turmoil is to maneuver his plane for good shots. With a hand on the stick and a thumb on his gun switch, he must learn to outfly and outshoot the Jap. His bursts of machine-gun fire show up on the screen as needle points of white light and enable him to correct his position, just as tracers will do later in combat. The illusion is perfect: the screen is so large, the sound of the engines so convincing, and the sky and Zero so realistic that the average student becomes completely absorbed, and develops a competitive spirit and gunnery skill that stay with him throughout his career as a pilot.

The "lead" principle of gunnery, whether applied to ducks, rabbits, or airplanes, is the main concern of an expert marksman. A pilot, to hit a plane he is tailing, must obviously aim directly at it; to hit one crossing in front of him at right angles means shooting at an expanse of blue sky somewhere ahead of it. Learning all the possible shots between these two extreme positions would take a pilot years if he had to practice aloft on towed target sleeves; on de Florez's gunnery machines, they can be picked up in a very short time. Some of the Captain's other gunnery devices are rather simple. One he particularly likes, which consists of only a gun, a plane model, a speed-and-distance indicator, and a screen, was worked out just to impress students with the wonders of deflection, in the hope that they would buckle down and not dawdle. Given the speed of the enemy plane and its distance from the gun, they are called upon to figure out the correct lead. Invariably they point the gun a few inches ahead of the plane, and then wince when, after they have pulled the trigger, a spot of light shows up several feet behind it. If de Florez happens to be present, he laughs gaily.

TO A LITTLE GIRL BETWEEN THREE AND FOUR

Redeem me, Lord, from my idolatry;
Deprive me of the incense that I light
Before this living child, holy and bright,
Yet made of gold engraved with legendry:
Rubies for lips, her mouth inlaid with pearls;
True sapphires glow where eyes in other girls
Suffice for seeing. This pagan imagery
Has for her shrine the jade of earliest spring;
Where she is placed, the birds fly hence to sing.

Yet when I look again, she is but breath;
My arms are emptied with its rise and fall.
I cannot hold, I never can recall—
Even commemorate with flowery wreath
That I might weave to crown her curls beneath—
One single moment of her instant past
From which she is reborn, her mold recast.
Thus time, no phantom of the distant years,
Stands chill beside me, privy to my tears.

—Clinch Calkins

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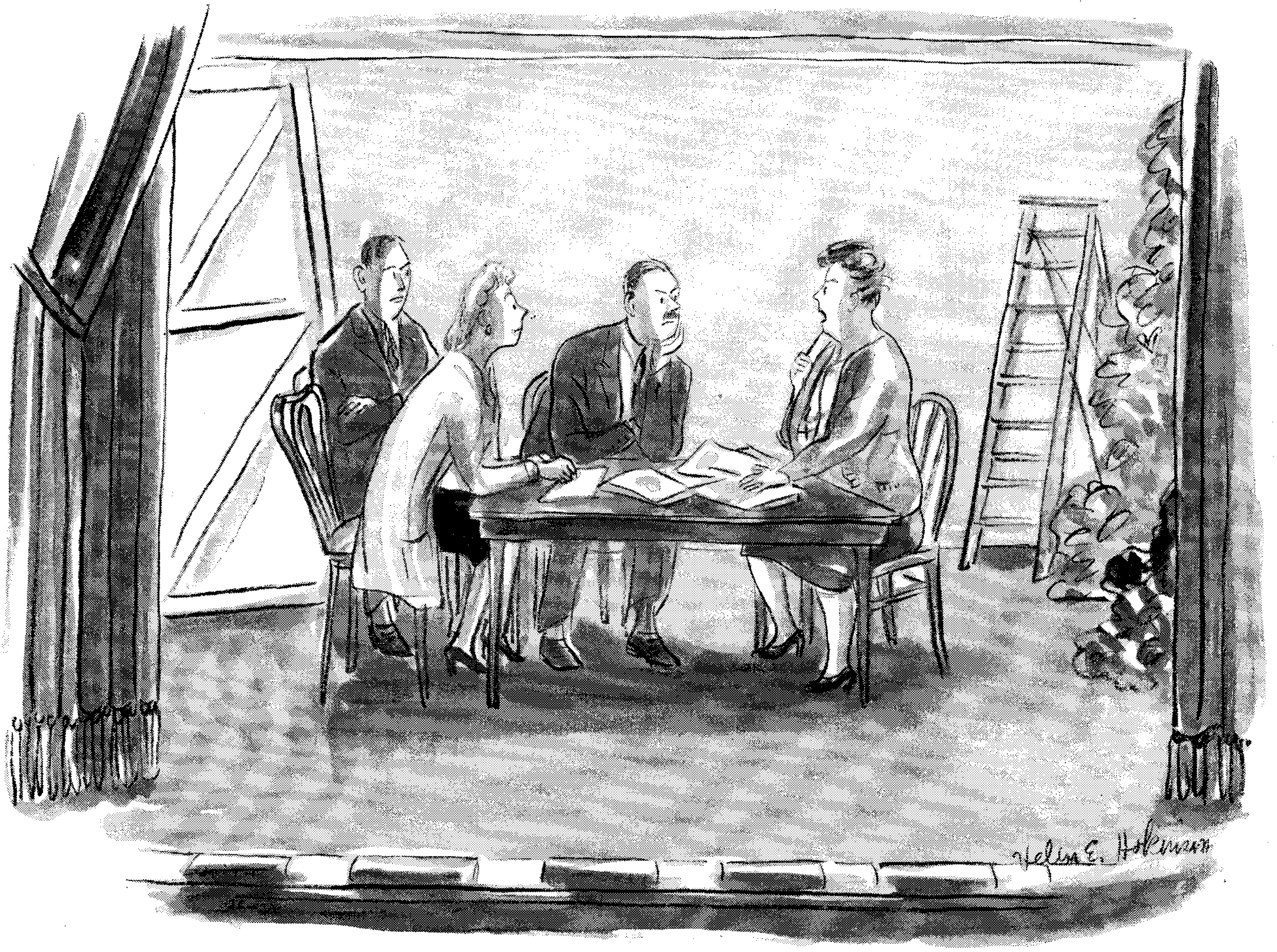


"The question is, do we want to fall back on Gilbert and Sullivan or do we want to fall back on Ibsen?"

* * *

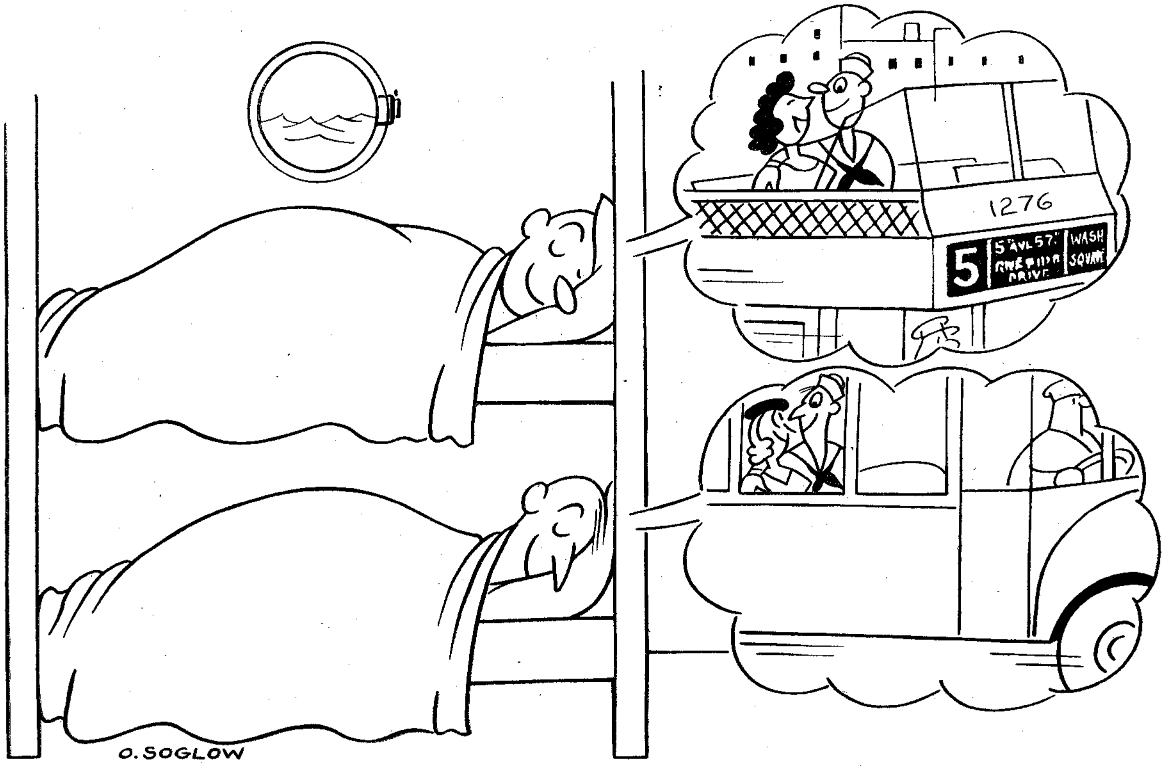
He likes to believe that nobody can master this tricky device immediately. However, an R.A.F. pilot who had knocked down twenty Germans gave him quite a turn not long ago. Badgered into trying a shot, the Englishman had a brief look at the speed-and-distance indicator, then swung the gun halfway around the room with an apologetic expression, pulled the trigger, and hit the hypothetical pilot directly in the head. He was effusive in his praise of the machine. "Really, it's most amazing," he told the Captain. "I aimed for the engine nacelle." De Florez still thinks it was an accident.

WHEN he is leading a tour through the Special Devices Depot, de Florez generally gives an exhibition on the more difficult gunnery machines himself. At fifty-five, he is in remarkable physical condition and has a mild renown as a marksman. In the 3A2 he has no trouble keeping his shots bunched on the Jap plane. He goes through the motions of outwitting the movie enemy in a rather impressive offhand manner, and if complimented on his marksmanship he is likely to tell about the shooting session he once had with Ernst Udet, the famous German ace of the first World War. In 1937, de Florez went to Germany to do some business for an oil company which retained him as a consulting engineer. Having been an aviation enthusiast since childhood, he telephoned Udet and asked to see him. Udet, who was familiar with de Florez's activities in both engineering and aviation, invited de Florez to his apartment. "It was a beautiful place," the Captain says. "Full of pictures of Udet." After the host had exhibited a great many aviation and shooting trophies and substantiated his celebrity, he relaxed and broke out a case of aquavit. The two sat and sipped it for some time, conversing in German, since de Florez speaks the language fairly well and Udet's English vocabulary was limited to "Please." At length, warmed by the aquavit, Udet unveiled a small iron target in the library and suggested that they have a go at it with his pistols. When de Florez agreed, reluctantly, pondering the many trophies in the room, Udet selected a pistol and, with a moderately firm stance, began blazing away. He hit the target several times, and also finished off some china and miscellaneous art objects. He looked pleased as he handed the gun to his visitor. De Florez started shooting from the hip, and ended up with a couple of shots over one shoulder and another between his legs. All the bullets struck the target near the bull's-eye. Udet was so stirred that he drew several grossly uncomplimentary caricatures of de Florez and presented them to him. The Captain still has them.

During the hot months in Washington last summer, de Florez spent a good deal of his time sitting in a training device which he had built on the roof of his depot and thoughtfully air-conditioned. Many Navy people consider this device the apex of his efforts, and de Florez freely admits that it is unique in the world of machinery. It represents the bombardier's compartment of a B-24, a plane the Navy now uses for patrolling and bombing in the Pacific. No detail is lacking. For perfect verisimilitude, de Florez even oiled certain parts to duplicate the sweet, oily smell of a bomber's interior. With the simulated sound of engines roaring, the device's resemblance to a bombardier's compartment up in the air is striking, and when the bomb-bay doors are opened it is staggering. As one looks through the bomb bay, the earth, several thousand feet down, appears to be passing slowly underneath the plane. Rivers, towns, forests, and fields—frequently obscured by cloud formations—drift by below. The sense of height is so real that anyone entering the apparatus for the first time instinctively draws back from the opened bomb bay or takes a firm grip on some solid part of the compartment. The illusion is created, of course, by a motion picture projected onto a screen beneath the machine. All in all, military people agree, this is the least expensive way yet devised to train a bombardier. Sitting before a Norden bombsight, the bombardier functions just as he would during an actual bombing run. Having been apprised of his target on the landscape passing below, he can, using an ingenious and complicated device, go through the motions of dropping his bombs and then see them hit, thus gauging his accuracy. De Florez has a particular affection for this machine, which he felt most deeply last August, when the temperature sometimes got up around ninety-five. Then he would climb up to the roof, enter the bombardier's compartment, turn on the switches, not neglecting the air-conditioning, and dreamily watch the world unfold through his bomb bay. Some of his most successful mechanical progeny, he says, have been conceived in these circumstances. It was while thus coolly ensconced that he thought up his dice box for indecisive admirals, a simple device consisting merely of a leather cup and a number of suitably inscribed ivory cubes. On one side of a cube, for example, will appear "Yes" and on the opposite side "No." Other cubes are labelled "Sink" and "Swim," "Damn the Torpedoes" and "Watch the Torpedoes," and so on. De Florez has presented sets to several admirals, who received them with various degrees of enthusiasm.

THE Captain now has his Special Devices Division operating to the satisfaction of practically everybody in the service, but there was a time, he admits, when the outlook was bleak. When the United States entered the first World War, de Florez, then twenty-eight, returned from England to work for the Navy as a civilian. He was already recognized as a mechanical wonder, but he was too young to be given a rank commensurate with the importance of the job he was to do. Assigned to the Bureau of Construction and Repair, which handled Navy aviation matters before the creation of the Bureau of Aeronautics, he was set to work improving Navy planes. At that time planes had only two instruments—a tachometer, to measure engine revolutions, and an oil-pressure gauge. During the war, de Florez devised many of the instruments that are still used on Navy planes. In addition, he designed the first safety belt and the first shoulder harness. Altogether, the young man invented thirty-nine things for airplanes and turned them all over to the Navy. The Captain says he has never regretted having been so open-handed with these creations, but he did develop a slight frustration from being a civilian, and some time after the armistice he joined the Naval Reserve. In addition, he began buying and flying his own planes. Early in 1939, after over ten years of this, he suggested to the Bureau of Aeronautics that he be put on active service and given the wings of a Navy aviator. The Bureau heads felt that, at fifty, he was perhaps starting a little late in life and refused. "Why, you've never taken the course at Pensacola," one officer told him. De Florez offered to go through the course, but no one took him seriously. Finally, to get himself a Navy post, he was obliged to call on a man he had roomed with at Massachusetts Institute of Technology—Charles Edison, who commanded a certain amount of attention in the Navy as Secretary.

De Florez took off for Pensacola, flying his own plane, an expensive Beechcraft cabin type. By the time he reached the naval air station there, the weather had closed in and the commandant had ordered all Navy planes grounded. Cheerfully peering through the murk, de Florez circled the field a few times and then made what was considered an exceedingly hazardous landing. He taxied up to the administration building, walked into the commandant's office, saluted, and said, "Sir, I am reporting in to learn how to fly." He finished the eleven-month course in six weeks and got good marks. He says he enjoyed every minute of it, even having to compete physically with boys of twenty



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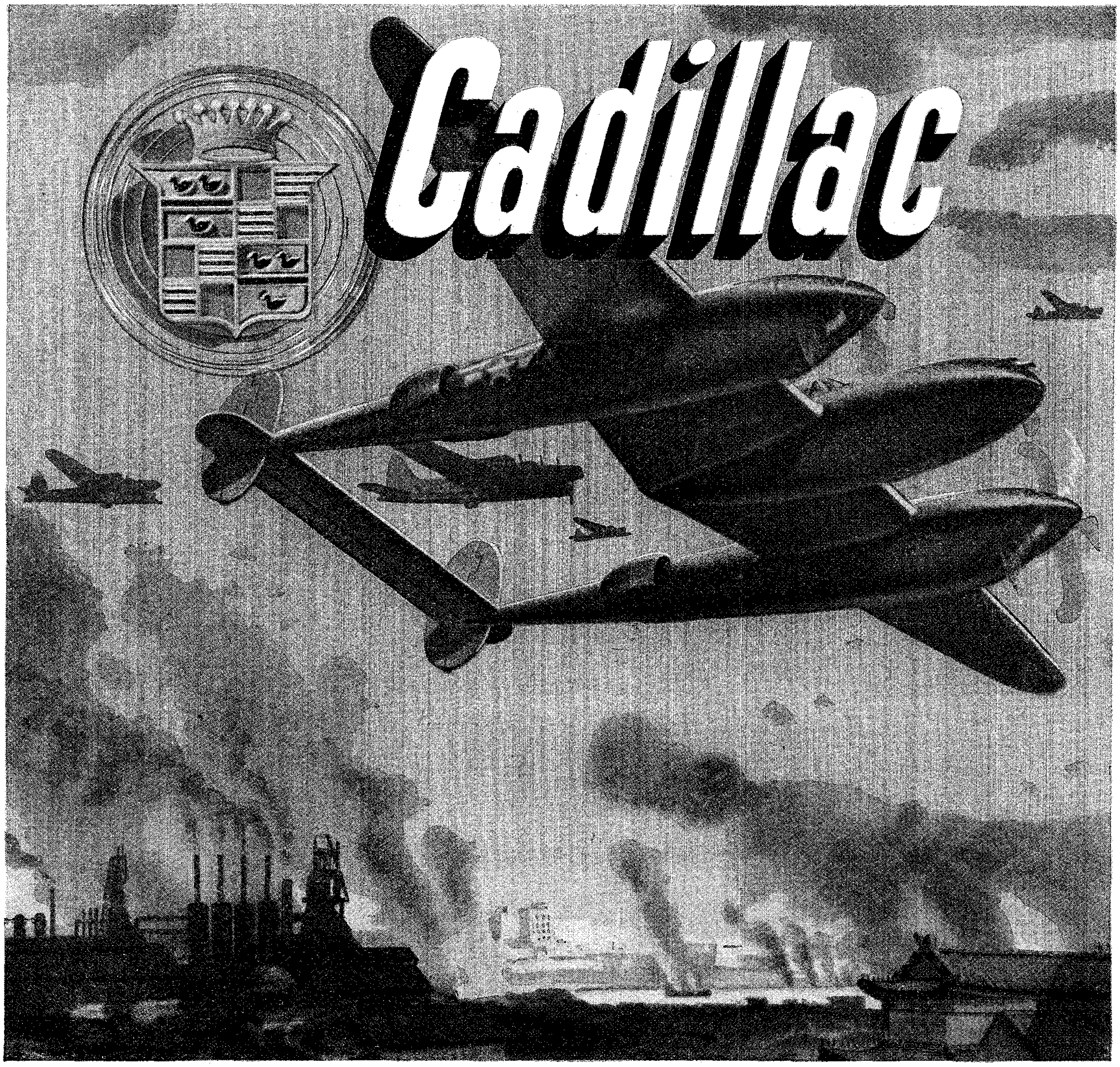
IN 1941 Kodak introduced Minicolor Prints from miniature Kodachrome Film transparencies—the first direct full-color photographic prints.

IN 1942 Kodacolor Film fulfilled the dream of years—color snapshots, full-color prints made from color negatives in an ordinary roll-film camera.

Kodak Research

has made color photography a part of everyone's life



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Three years ago, the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor found America unprepared to defend its rights. Yet, even at that early date, Cadillac was in its third year of building aircraft engine parts for military use. Today we look hopefully forward to the time when this important contribution to America's air power will pay off in such a scene as that illustrated above.

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In addition to our work for Allison, which has included more than 57,000,000 man-hours of precision production—we assisted Army Ordnance Engineers in designing the M-5 Light Tank and the M-8 Howitzer motor carriage, and have produced them in quantities. Both are powered by Cadillac engines, equipped with Hydra-Matic transmissions.

We are now building other weapons which utilize some of our Cadillac peacetime products. We can't talk about all of them yet—but we are confident they will prove significant additions to Allied armor.

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LET'S ALL
BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS

and twenty-one, but he lost sixteen pounds doing it. During his stay he roomed with Ensign (now Lieutenant Commander) Noel Gayler, who had recently graduated from the Naval Academy. The two struck up quite a friendship. Since Gayler was eager to learn everything possible about flying, de Florez often took him up in the Beechcraft and spent long hours practicing. When we entered the war, Gayler, by then a fighter pilot, became one of the Navy's first heroes and he is one of the few men who have ever held three Navy crosses.

In 1940, de Florez went to Washington, at the request of Vice Admiral John Towers, then head of the Bureau of Aeronautics, who had been a friend since the early days of aviation. De Florez put aside his work as consulting engineer for several oil companies, which paid him a total of around a hundred thousand dollars a year, and became a special assistant to Admiral Towers, with the rank of commander. For some time his duties consisted purely of meditating on ways of shortening and improving the training course for pilots and crewmen. When his mind turned toward synthetic devices, he began breaking all Navy records for writing detailed reports. These were circulated among various high-ranking officers, who returned them to Admiral Towers with responses which, according to de Florez, could best be paraphrased as "Who the hell is this man?" Like many other revolutionary projects since time began, synthetic devices were viewed with suspicion at first. After a good deal of talk about what to do with the energetic new commander, he was given a desk in the engineering division of the Bureau, where he was acutely unhappy. The engineers, he felt, had no sympathy with his program. Feeling considerably discouraged, he asked the head of the division to get him transferred. "Why, I'll bet you ten dollars in gold we couldn't get rid of you if we tried!" the division head roared genially. De Florez went to Admiral Towers and, after delivering one of his most eloquent harangues, was moved to the training division, with an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for research. Before he left, he made the head of the engineering division give him, in the presence of quite a group, ten dollars in gold. "It cost him sixteen dollars and eighty cents," the Captain says.

Late in 1941, de Florez went to London to have a look at some synthetic devices the English were developing. From all accounts, the rapidity with which he darted in and out of British military establishments left a great number of the R.A.F. training heads groggy. "I bypassed everything," he says. With characteristic zeal, he had a thorough look around and then wrote an exhaustive treatise on what he had seen. The British adopted this document as the official textbook on their own special devices. "They didn't exactly know what they had," de Florez has said. He returned from London just before Pearl Harbor, and shortly after the attack, the Navy, which by then was becoming receptive to his ideas, set aside a million and a half dollars for special devices. De Florez was placed in charge of a section in the training division. He acquired his depot on H Street, began to recruit some of the country's best technicians, and started building machines. Within a year his appropriation had been increased to ten million dollars and the training division expressed the sentiment that Special Devices should be made a division itself, or possibly a separate navy. De Florez was made a captain and placed in charge of his own division. Thus liberated, he moved his administrative personnel into the depot with his technicians and began to hit the ball in earnest. "I visualized us as a fast task force," he often says. Once the basic devices were designed and in operation at naval air stations, he and his task force, which now includes two hundred and fifty technical officers, as well as a hundred and fifty enlisted men and civilians, decided to branch out. Among other things, they developed a multiple pulse counter for the Navy that would take care of a hundred patients simultaneously. The Navy is still trying to figure out some way to use it.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the first of two articles on Captain de Florez.)

•

After an argument last night, my boy friend called me a "Goop." What did he mean?—W. D., Cambridge.

ANSWER: A "Goop" is a 500-pound "block-buster" incendiary bomb which cannot be extinguished once it starts blazing. It was developed by the United States Chemical Warfare Service.—*Boston Globe.*

Next question.

•

THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[Jay Carmody in the Washington Evening Star]

If it is not in the first 10 pictures at the end of the year, this follower of the cinema will start at the 11,678th foot of the film and eat it all the way back to the first.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
ETHEL BARRYMORE
EMBEZZLED HEAVEN
A New Play by L. BUSH-FEKETE & MARY HELEN FAY
Based on a Novel by FRANZ WERFEL
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Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • OSCAR KARLWEIS
Marianne Stewart • Harold Vermilyea
MARTIN BECK Thea. W. 45th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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OKLAHOMA!
Based on LYNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE • Harry STOCKWELL • Joseph BULOFF • Evelyn WYCKOFF
St. JAMES. W. 44th St. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
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MANSFIELD, 47 St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9056
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Additional Amusement Advertising on pages 42 & 52

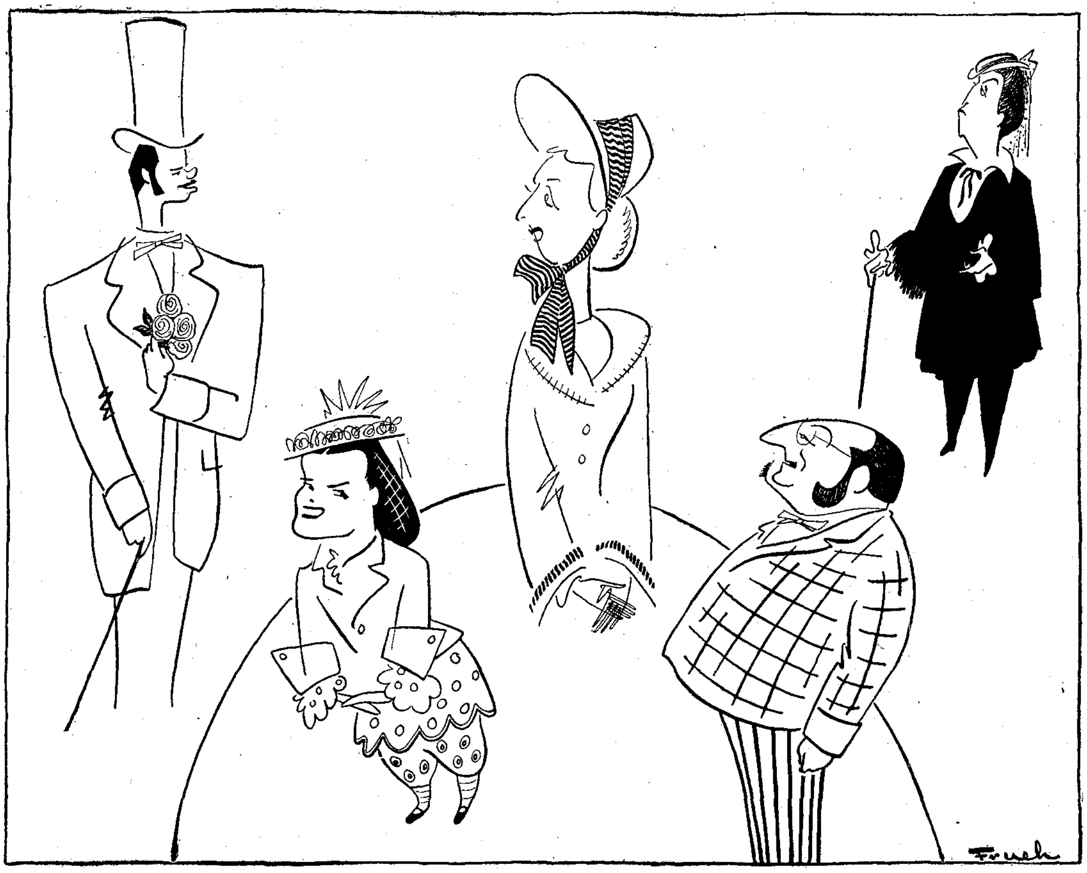
THE THEATRE

STRANGE BUT WONDERFUL

THERE is no dramatic form quite so apt to blow up and singe its author's eyebrows as fantasy, and this you'd think would be especially true of one about a man who imagines he sees a white rabbit six feet one and a half inches tall. The fact, however, is that "Harvey," at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, is a work of pure enchantment—touching, eloquent, and lit with a fresh, surprising humor that has nothing to do with standard comedy formulas. After the theatre on opening night, I tried to explain to a few people who had been somewhere else why "Harvey" seemed to me the funniest play in town. Their expressions remained cold and incredulous, even rather disagreeable, so it may be that Mary Chase's piece is something a reviewer would be wiser not to try to describe in detail. I'll only tell you, then, that late one night a drinking man called Elwood P. Dowd happened to be walking down the street when he noticed this enormous rabbit leaning against a lamppost and fell into conversation with it. It was an extremely agreeable rabbit, and when Mr. Dowd wanted to know its name, it asked amiably what names he (Mr. Dowd) preferred. That was how it came to be called Harvey, and a good deal was subsequently made of this point when Mr. Dowd's sister tried to have him committed to a sanitarium, since the admitting psychiatrist, a young and serious man, felt sure that the word "Harvey" had some disastrous sexual association in his patient's mind. Mr. Dowd was polite but firm about that. As far as he could recall, he'd never known anybody called Harvey in his life; he just seemed to like the sound of it. This, in the theatre, struck me as a hilarious satire on certain theories imported from Vienna; seeing it on paper, I'm just rather sorry I brought the whole thing up.

The rest of the plot of "Harvey" is very much on the same order: a good many other people on the stage get the idea that they, too, can see Harvey, and unbalanced types in the audience aren't any too safe, either, what with doors that open and close by themselves and Mr. Dowd's casual habit of talking to something in the air about a foot above his head. These are quite wonderful conversations, by the way, since both Mr. Dowd and his invisible friend have very active and unusual minds. The other characters on view at the Forty-eighth Street are quite rewarding, too—Mr. Dowd's sister, Veta, who is stripped and plunged into a hydroelectric bath when it develops that she herself sometimes sees rabbits; the head of the sanitarium, a famous Dr. Chumley, whom it amuses Harvey to follow home one night; and a tough attendant called Wilson, who just wants to get Mr. Dowd upstairs and into a straitjacket, that being, in his experience, the only way to deal with a patient afflicted with rabbits. As I said before, it all sounds like a very trying exhibition. You'll just have to take my word for it that you'll have the time of your life.

Frank Fay's performance as the sporty Mr. Dowd is astonishingly removed from anything he's done in the course of his vaudeville career. He plays this time with extraordinary reticence and taste and imagination, and physically he seems the only possible choice for his very peculiar part. Josephine Hull, as his bewildered sister, is nearly perfect, too, being not only one of the most engagingly constructed matrons on the stage but also a finished comedienne in every way. The others, especially Jane van Duser and Jesse White, are



"BLOOMER GIRL"

Generally speaking, the ladies in this picture are worked up because it is a man's world. From left to right, they are Joan McCracken, Celeste Holm, and Margaret Douglass. The sport with the hat and flowers is David Brooks and the old party in the striped pants is Matt Briggs. At the Shubert.

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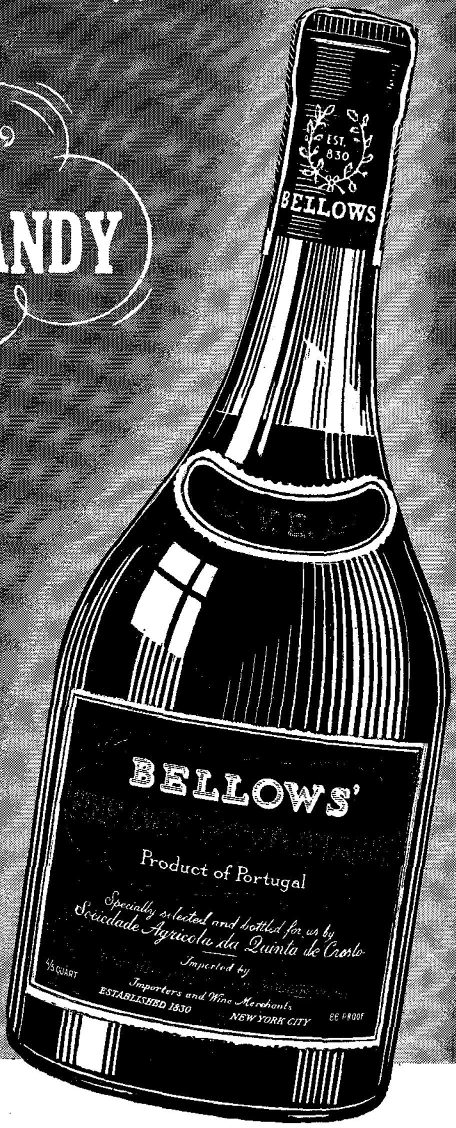
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LISTEN: NOVEMBER 11, 1944

No. 2 collector of Hans Christian Andersen *items* in the world is Jean *(Dr. Christian)* Hersholt. No. 1 collector is the Royal Danish Museum in Copenhagen. Hersholt has more than 1500 letters, first editions, research volumes, articles, and mementos. A non-melancholy Dane himself, Hersholt has written the definitive biography of Andersen, addressed the Library of Congress on "Denmark's Immortal Son", published two of a five-volume series of translations of Andersen's fairy tales, and spoken an album-full of records of Andersen's best-loved stories. Bowdoin and Rollins College have both given him honorary degrees for his scholarship and research on Andersen. He can tell you all about the affinity between Donald Duck and *The Ugly Duckling*. Hersholt has just finished collaborating on a book called *Dr. Christian's Office*, all about the characters we millions listen to every Wednesday night at 8:30 EWT over CBS.

★

In a systematic attack on illiteracy among the masses of the people, Mexico's radio stations recently began broadcasting two 10-minute programs daily telling listeners what steps to take to get a rudimentary education.

One of these steps has been available now for two years—the period during which 23 Mexican stations affiliated with CBS' Network of the Americas, *La Cadena de las Americas*, have carried two weekly programs telling of man's achievement in the arts and sciences. *Las Ideas no se Matan* (Ideas Never Die) and *Hacia un Mundo Mejor* (Towards A Better World) go out by shortwave every Tuesday and Friday at 9:30 p.m. EWT for pickup and rebroadcast over the 112 stations throughout Mexico, Central and South America.

Radio not only prevents ideas from dying but assures them their widest circulation.

★

(How about buying another extra War Bond?)

This is CBS
...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

very fine, and Antoinette Perry's direction is exactly right.

ETHEL BARRYMORE's latest vehicle, an adaptation of Franz Werfel's novel "Embezzled Heaven," struck me as an intensely respectable bore. The plot isn't difficult: Miss Barrymore is first presented (playing a zither, to my mild surprise) in a castle at Prague, where she is employed as a cook. She is a thrifty and religious woman and apparently indispensable around the kitchen. Presently a nine-year-old nephew turns up, along with his mother, and Miss Barrymore, whose mind seems to be almost equally divided between Czech recipes and the Hereafter, is persuaded to finance the boy's education for the priesthood. The idea is that he'll be able to intercede for her with God, thus guaranteeing her entrance into Heaven. Twenty-five years later, it develops that he has been defrauding her—he has, in fact, some disreputable connection with a carnival—and she goes off, rather arbitrarily, with a young priest for an audience at the Vatican. In what struck me as a tiresome and quite improbable scene, she has an interview with the Pope, who, though on the point of death himself, listens patiently to the long, rambling story of her troubles. He advises her that Heaven is not for sale but is a matter of faith and works, and she dies in the arms of the young priest, who also provides suitable moral reflections.

None of all this is dramatic, or well written, or in any way worthy of the extremely elaborate production the Theatre Guild has given it at the National. Miss Barrymore has saved a great many dubious enterprises in her

JOHN C. WILSON
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Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG & FRED SAIDY
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time, but I'm afraid she can't do much about this one. She is supported by Albert Basserman, who plays Pope Pius XI with an almost incomprehensible accent; as well as by Eduard Franz, Sanford Meisner, and Martin Blaine, who just look depressed.

THE two other new dramas last week were called "No Way Out" and "Sleep, My Pretty One," which opened and closed with startling rapidity at the Cort and the Playhouse, respectively. The first, by Owen Davis, had something to do with a villainous doctor who proposed to let his stepdaughter die of Addison's Disease, for financial reasons. It is memorable to me only for a remark made at one point by a rather handsome nurse. "Well," she said, "that's pretty rough stuff for a high-class place like this." The second, by Charlcie and Oliver H. P. Garrett, was a variation of the silver-cord theme and featured Pauline Lord rolling malignantly around in a wheelchair. There was said to be a brief flurry of excitement toward the end of the third act, but, unfortunately, I wasn't there by then. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

INFATUATION WITH THE TASTE OF WELL-KNOWN BRANDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Lady in the Morgue," by Jonathan Latimer*]

. . . on the small table by the head of the bed were glasses, an imperial quart of Dewar's White Label Scotch whiskey. —*Page 32.*

He had a tray on which there was a bottle of Dewar's White Label . . . —*Page 47.*

. . . actually it came to four dollars each with Martinis and a quart of Nierstein '29—they moved into a suite of rooms on the twenty-ninth floor and ordered a bottle of Martell's brandy. —*Page 59.*

. . . by the time they had finished his bottle of Dewar's he was no longer disturbed. —*Page 59.*

He pulled out a half-pint bottle of Seagram's V. O. Rye. —*Page 71.*

. . . and a bottle of Liebfraumilch. —*Page 83.*

Crane discovered an imperial quart of Dewar's White Label . . . —*Page 110.*

On their way they stopped at the Crystal Bar and ordered a quart of Cook's Imperial champagne . . . —*Page 113.*

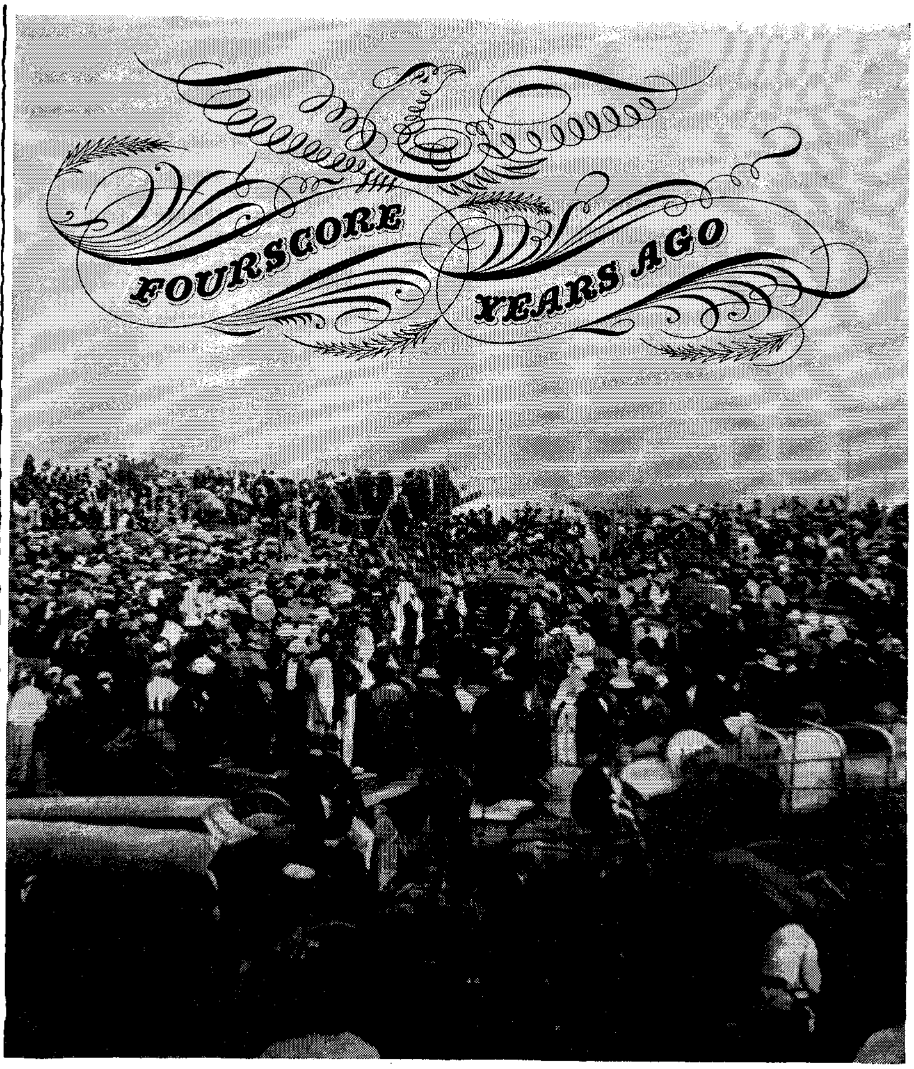
They ordered three double shots of Bushmills' Irish whiskey. —*Page 142.*

The bartender used Haig and Haig from a pinch-bottle for the Scotch and soda . . . —*Page 169.*

The champagne was Mumm's Cordon Rouge . . . —*Page 169.*

He filled a water tumbler half full of Gilbey's gin, handed it to her. —*Page 171.*

"Don't think I'm not your friend," he said, handing her the bottle of Gilbey's gin. —*Page 179.*



The scene of the Gettysburg Address

On the day in 1863 when young David Bachrach, working as an assistant on the staff of Leslie's Weekly, photographed Abraham Lincoln as he made his memorable Gettysburg Address, the Bachrach family were destined to dedicate their lives to the fine art of portrait photography.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE British and Canadian victory in the battle for Antwerp was won in a sea of mud. It was terrible country for fighting, but it would have been ideal for our political campaign.

•

This year we had to get along without a campaign prophecy by Farley. Nobody makes predictions these days like old Jim used to make.

•

Just before the election, we were cautioned that, because of the delay in counting service votes in some states, the result might not be certain until December. By that time we would be a nation of tired old men.

•

Mr. Roosevelt must have been surprised as well as touched by the concern the Republicans recently showed for his health. He had never known that they cared.

•

The President's proclamation sets November 23rd as Thanksgiving Day, but six states plan to celebrate the holiday a week later. They cannot tolerate this new, un-American idea of the fourth Thursday.

•

Alf Landon has come out against demanding the unconditional surrender of Germany. His words have swept the country in the usual Landonian way.

•

Our naval victory in Philippine waters proved to be even more decisive than was at first supposed. Complete returns show that it was a seaslide.

•

The Germans in captured towns reproach Hitler for making the mistakes which have lost them the war but do not denounce him for starting it. The famous Nazi tolerance has made them too broad-minded for that.

•

Frank Costello has won his fight in court to recover the $27,200 that he left in a New York taxicab. The victory entitles him to kiss the money goodbye before it leaves for the Treasury.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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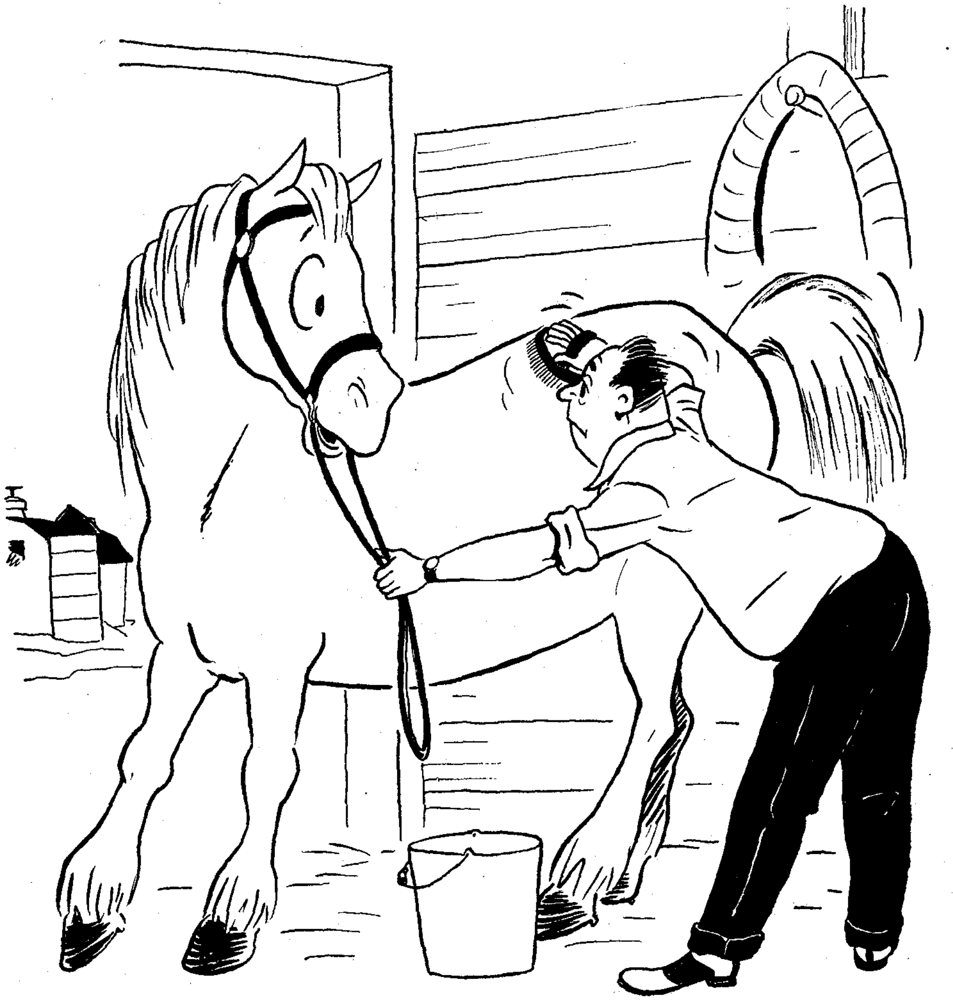

Farmer Finchley curries favor

You're supposed to use a confident approach, F.F. And your stance is wrong. Otherwise the beast would like that currycomb. Horses have horse sense, you know—but this one thinks you're stalking him! There are ways of doing things about a farm—and ways, too, of doing them wrong. The real trouble with you is you haven't been brought up with FARM JOURNAL.

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Pleas-ing to one and all.

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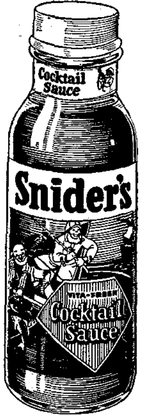

WALLAHS, DHOBIS, AND BRUSHKEEPERS

SHORTLY after I arrived in India as a member of the United States Army Air Forces, I got sore at my government for not having prepared me for the servant problem, a subtle, Oriental torment that it must have known would inevitably come to dominate my life. Now, having lived in India for a while, I realize that my government, in its great wisdom and charity, simply chose to shield me from certain unpleasant realities as long as it could. It is possible, I have heard, to solve the servant problems that exist in other countries. In India, however, the problem cannot be solved; on the other hand, it can't be ignored, because there are approximately three hundred million servants. Very few people, including some of the servants themselves, are fortunate enough to have no servants. There are two kinds of servant in India. There are those who do no work and those who do *almost* no work. Those who do no work are divided into four classes—chief wallahs, wallahs, assistant wallahs, and assistant wallahs' assistants. Those who do almost no work fall into several thousand categories. Among them are sweepers (floor, porch, and grounds), bearers (inside and outside), dusters (furniture and walls), and dhobis, who are in the lowest grade and do only the most menial chores. A servant inherits his lifework from his parents and can be neither promoted nor demoted. It is not difficult for a servant to obtain an employer. I was obtained, I have been told, in the usual way.

THE first servant to call upon me (the Army Air Forces are treated right in India) after I had been quartered in a house was an assistant wallah's assistant, an uncomfortably courteous man who appeared to have learned English at Oxford. He persuaded me to grant an audience to his master, an assistant wallah. The next morning the assistant wallah called, greeting me with a series of bows and other elaborate courtesies. I agreed, after a long and oblique discussion, also in English, to permit the wallah, his superior, to call. The wallah prepared me for the visit, several hours later, of the chief wallah. The chief wallah was accompanied by a frail, anemic fellow who was identified as the person who was about to become my chief bearer; that is, the master of my home. Unlike the wallahs, he could not speak English, but we established, after a little practice, a sign-language Esperanto. Remembering what I had been told by several other reluctant employers I knew, I at once set about testing my chief bearer for honesty. I left a few rupees on a table and went out for a couple of hours. The custom is to regard the servant who takes all your rupees as dishonest. If he leaves you enough to buy breakfast with, he is considered honest. The servant who doesn't take any of the money is just plain lazy and, in theory, should not be considered for the job. My chief bearer qualified as honest, I think, but I was unfamiliar with Indian money then and had no idea how much money I had really left on the table; anyway, there was some left when I returned.

The next day I began to instruct my chief bearer in what I naïvely thought were his duties. In order to explain the work to him, I was forced, naturally, to use the example method. He looked on gravely while I made the bed, swept the floor, and dusted. Now and then he mumbled in Hindustani. He watched me work for several days but made no move toward taking over. Finally, in desperation and exhaustion, I summoned one of the wallahs. The wallah heard me out with quiet dignity, in the presence of the bearer, and then explained to me that chief bearers *never* work; they are chief bearers. He and the chief bearer each gave me a cool look and departed. I was blissfully alone—for only a few minutes, however. The chief bearer returned at the head of a small army of servants, some of them, I gathered from his signals, working servants. It soon became apparent that I was in the way, so I went out for a walk.

I crept warily back an hour later. Nobody appeared to notice me as I entered the house. Shoeshiners were polishing my shoes with the meticulousness of a watchmaker, bedmakers were painstakingly making my bed, sweepers were raising great, aimless clouds of dust, and dusters were studying the dust. Several dhobis were giving my clothes a casual, well-worn look by pounding them conscientiously between two rocks.

Everything in the house had been rearranged.

I have never discovered where my toothbrush is kept. When I want it I call the brushkeeper in, chat with him in sign language, and presently he brings it to me. I held out for nearly three weeks before I fired my servants in a bunch. The next morning, they were all back. It seems that a servant cannot be discharged in India, but he may, if he wishes, resign. I like to think that some of mine have resigned by now, but I can't be sure.

—T. Rowland Slingluff, Jr.

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FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Brewster* (*N. Y.*) *Standard*]

CORRECTION
A DAUGHTER TO THE STRIDS

Mr. and Mrs. George Strid, of Gaylordsville, Conn., announce the birth of a daughter, Jane Louise, at New Milford Hospital, New Milford, Conn., on Friday, September 8, 1944. Mrs. Strid, the former Josephine Coleman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Coleman, of Brewster, N. Y., and the infant are both well. Jane Louise has two sisters and two brothers to give her a welcome to the family circle.

The item appearing above was written for publication in the issue of this newspaper of September 14, 1944, and it did appear with a error in that the word, 'circle,' did not follow the word, 'family,' but the word 'bar' did. Many readers of the newspaper were dismayed by the error as well as the editor, who has been asked "to explain it."

The explanation is so simple it fails to interest most people who hear it, just failure to follow copy. In this failure lies one of the most serious problems of educators, to awaken and quicken the mind and the senses of boys and girls, to make literacy in a higher degree a requirement of the grades and of the secondary school. To check copy, in whatever form it appears, is a habit, that well formed in youth, will cut down considerably the error most humans fall heir to regardless of age.

In the good old day of this newspaper there was a suggestion of the editor that is remembered because it recalls certain amusing incidents, "Follow the copy, even if it flies out the window." It is likely editors generally would agree on the point that the safest and soundest rule in the long run is to follow copy. Of course if copy were followed there would be no need for corrections such as this to put the one word, 'circle' in the place copy set it. However there are many thousands of errors made every day by people who fail to follow copy. Think of the lovely telephone voices that go on hour after hour correcting wrong numbers for people who through their failure to follow copy give the wrong number. Make no mistake about it the failures to follow copy have piled up lots of dismay, waste and worst of all, in connection with the war, lives and property.

Be sure you are right, then go ahead. Follow the copy, if you would help keep things on the sunny side of the ledger.

Want your child to hear better Radio Programs?

Your child will find laughter and fun and thrilling tales of adventure and courage on the Blue. *Hop Harrigan* of the U. S. Army Air Forces is one of the most beloved—and the most listened to—of all kids' heroes. *Terry and the Pirates* and that All-American boy, *Jack Armstrong*, are two other popular Blue Network youngsters' programs of which radio can be proud.

As a basic policy, the Blue Network's Public Service Division keeps in constant touch with Parent Teacher Associations, local citizens' Radio Councils and Women's Clubs for guidance.

Blue's "Kid Shows" Are Evidence of a New Trend in Radio

Radio listening habits are changing. People are listening more hours each day to the 196 Blue Network stations. The young and virile Blue Network has a new approach to radio's job in a democracy.

New types of daytime shows have brought Blue stations the largest morning audience of any network. Important public service features made *listenable* by *different* program techniques . . . new evening shows keyed to the public's demand for *improvement* in radio programs and starring the ablest entertainers . . . are convincing more people every day that radio is worth listening to. The measure of our success lies in the increasing number of listeners who have a renewed interest in radio because *there is something new on the Blue.*

Tired of your old favorites?
...find new ones on the Blue

Try the new ones on the Blue. New, exciting radio features are coming to the Blue Network every week. . . . Here are some of them:

FINE COMEDY SHOWS
Ed Wynn
Gracie Fields
Alan Young
William Bendix
Charlotte Greenwood
Milton Berle

EXCITING DRAMATIC SHOWS
Ethel Barrymore
Counter Spy
Gang Busters
Herbert Marshall
Lone Ranger
Hollywood Mystery Theater

NEW TYPE DAYTIME SHOWS
Breakfast at Sardi's
My True Story
Breakfast Club
Listening Post
Glamour Manor
Morton Downey

A WIDE VARIETY IN MUSIC
Boston Symphony
Guy Lombardo
Fred Waring
Metropolitan Opera
Spotlight Bands
Paul Whiteman

ACCURATE NEWS REPORTING
Walter Winchell
Time Views the News
Drew Pearson
Raymond Gram Swing
March of Time
John B. Kennedy

"THIS IS THE Blue NETWORK"

HAVE YOU TRIED CAMPBELL'S BLACK BEAN SOUP?

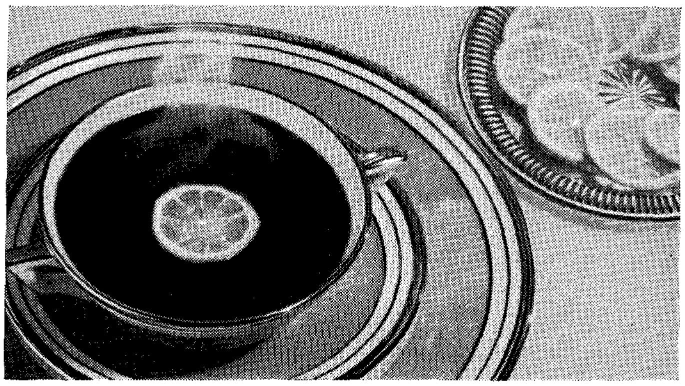
Fourth Quarter at the Yankee Stadium

Why Wait Till Aunt Belle Remembers You?

That bequest may never come! So why not simply take the price of a can of Campbell's Black Bean Soup right out of income, and start enjoying yourself? Discover how smoothly different, how deep-flavored this rich purée is. Learn how heart-warming a cupful can be, served piping-hot before or after braving the elements. You'll find there's not a grocer who won't aid and abet you.

Campbell's BLACK BEAN SOUP

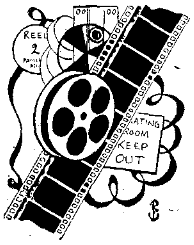
P. S. Some like to float a slice of lemon on it.



Campbell's
CONDENSED
BLACK BEAN
SOUP

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Quick and the Long



THE new picture called "The Master Race" is guilty of the unsound though tempting practice of setting up in business on a shoestring. Its business is to sell deep, searching conclusions on the after-effects of nearly five years of Nazi mutilation of western Europe—the mental and nervous results rather than the physical. The author and director, Herbert J. Biberman, would seem to be too intelligent not to know that intuition and speculation are about all that anyone can offer on this subject at this early date, and when he rushes his product to market with the hot-dog-and-peanuts merchandising approach of "Get 'em while they're hot," you are led to suspect that merchandising, not definitive research, was uppermost in his mind.

Since the swiftest operator needs months to prepare a film for release, it was necessary for Mr. Biberman to make certain assumptions about the immediate future in working out "The Master Race." He assumed that the Wehrmacht would crumble soon after our Channel landings, and, crumbling, would at once set to work filtering its best brains into this and that liberated community in France, Belgium, Holland, and elsewhere, to prepare the ground for quick, final German victory in the next war. Mr. Biberman's arena is a small village in Belgium. His German agent, an Army colonel disguised so loosely that you expect to see him appear at the village pawnshop with his Iron Cross any morning, sows disunity and discontent as long as he lasts, which is longer than you would have bet he would. I don't mean to suggest that Mr. Biberman's notions about the program of the master race are groundless or far-fetched. He seems to have examined the obvious phases of Nazi policy on dividing the enemy, race propaganda, and the promotion of confusion and hopelessness in post-war Europe. There is meat on the bones of several of his characters, especially the village people played by Osa Massen, Morris Carnovsky, Nancy Gates and Lloyd Bridges, and power in some of his scenes. He touches on the practical, disillusioning difficulties of Allied administration of liberated territory. But the right prevails, through sweetness and understanding too intense for this earth, the problems are too easily and banally resolved, and Mr. Biberman leaves the impression that he hurried his document at the expense of taste as well as first-hand study. I recall the scene in which a child aged two and a half fights her way through snow and darkness to the shattered village church to offer up her doll to the community welfare pool. She, as much as anyone I have ever seen, should have followed the prescription of Joe Jacobs, the late fight manager, and stood in bed.

INVESTIGATING the recent increase in the length of motion pictures—this is not an occupational illusion but a fact verified repeatedly with a watch that seldom gains more than two minutes in twenty-four hours—I've been told by people with Hollywood connections that the plan is to undermine and gradually abolish the double-feature bill, composed in theory of an "A" picture and a "B" picture, by making longer A pictures. It sounds all right, but I think the strategists defeat their own purpose when they achieve this end simply by adding a B picture to an alleged A and presenting the total under a single name, as seems to have been the case with "I Love a Soldier," starring Paulette Goddard and Sonny Tufts. You have no special feeling against "I Love a Soldier" until the suspicion begins to enter your mind that it will never end. I clocked it at 1 hour 47 minutes, without allowance for the time it takes to read a watch in the chaste obscurity of the Paramount Theatre. Nothing in the film justifies such abundant treatment of the question, already picked naked by magazine fiction writers, of whether a girl should marry a service man or tell him to stay the hell away till the war is over. Miss Goddard's decision (marry him) could, with a little womanly effort, have been reached in 62 minutes flat. B-picture length, you say? All right. It's not length that's the matter with B pictures.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

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The Boring Drug Store, 701 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Does your wife know you're a Sagittarius?

SHE'S a lucky woman.

For if you were born under the sign of Sagittarius* then, according to the horoscope, you are benevolent, have executive powers, make snap decisions, are blessed with a quick mind and a strong taste for good clothes.

That being the case, it takes you practically no time at all to visit your favorite haberdasher and say, "An Arrow Shirt, please!" For well do you appreciate the qualities of Arrow—the form-fitting Mitoga cut, the perfect-setting Arrow Collar, the *anchored* buttons, the Sanforized label (shrinkage less then 1%). And since you are benevolent, you probably will tell your friends how swell Arrows really are! $2.24 up. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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Arrow Shirts

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MISS LATIMER AND HER KIT B

A WOUNDED paratrooper I know wrote me a while ago from the South Pacific, "Life in our hospital has certainly picked up since a Red Cross girl arrived to start a recreation program for us." Since then I've had an opportunity to find out something about the Red Cross overseas hospital recreation division and how its workers are trained. The headquarters of the division are on the campus of American University, in Washington, where it runs a school called the Services to the Armed Forces Personnel Training Unit. It graduates, on the average, twenty young ladies every two weeks for service overseas. I recently went down to Washington and made an appointment with Miss Mary Gold, head of the hospital service unit, of which the recreation division is a part. Miss Gold, a small, brown-eyed woman, greeted me pleasantly, said something about the sunny weather, and then got down to business. Of the seven thousand Red Cross workers now overseas, she said, about one in ten is a hospital recreation girl, a term which is generally, and regrettably, shortened to "rec girl." The girls are stationed in hospitals and on hospital ships belonging to one or another of all the foreign commands, and they serve in accordance with the terms of the Red Cross charter granted by Congress in 1905, which makes the Red Cross practically an auxiliary of the armed forces.

"The recreation girl's work isn't just haphazardly amusing sick boys," Miss Gold said. "It's part of the therapeutic treatment given a military patient. A wounded sailor or soldier may have to stay in an overseas hospital until he returns to active duty. He has long hours in which to worry about himself. He's homesick, frustrated, and sometimes afraid. These tensions can retard his recovery. It's the recreation girl's job to help relieve these tensions. She tries to interest the patient in some creative activity or pastime that will take his mind off himself." A recreation girl, Miss Gold explained, is assigned to a hospital at the request of its commanding medical officer, by whose authority, as well as by that of the Red Cross, she is thereafter governed. Hospitals of up to five hundred beds have one recreation girl, those of one thousand beds two girls, and so on. There are three other types of Red Cross employees who work with the recreation girls—medical or psychiatric social workers, secretaries, and staff aids—and the four types make up what is called a social-service unit.

"Through several stiff personal interviews, we hand-pick our recreation workers from college graduates applying for overseas duty," Miss Gold said. "We try to find attractive girls with a warm, outgoing kind of personality. We don't want any sticks or glamour girls. Our overseas workers have to be as strong as mules and emotionally well balanced. That's why we've fixed the age range at twenty-five to forty-five, with a preference given to those under thirty-five. Applicants who are accepted are signed up for the duration plus six months, put on the payroll at a salary of from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month, and sent to the Personnel Training Unit for two weeks of classes. Naturally, we prefer experienced recreation workers, but since there aren't enough of them to fill the demand, we accept women with training in similar fields, such as dramatics and crafts. Inexperienced women have to take an additional four-week basic course." The two-week course consists of thirty-four lectures, in which the girls learn, among other things, how to handle recreation in a military hospital and what to do with the contents of Kit B, a collection of items which is supposed to be large and varied enough to take care of the recreational requirements of a two-hundred-and-fifty-bed hospital for six months. "But here," Miss Gold said, handing me a mimeographed catalogue of Kit B. "This will do better than any description."

I took time to glance down the list of items and copy off a few. Seventy-seven varieties of items—representing twenty-one hundred and twenty individual items—were listed, including equipment for carpentry, water coloring, and freehand drawing, paraphernalia for dramatics, and three hundred games and books of instruction in magic, butterfly collecting, and card tricks. There was everything necessary to play chess, darts, table tennis, and quoits; there were saws, charcoal pencils, a portable phonograph, a hundred records (seventy of them popular music), four ukuleles, twenty-four ocarinas, ten pounds of nails, poster-paint powder, leather punches, and crochet hooks. Rather dazedly, I asked Miss Gold whether the girls were expected to mas-

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Richter

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ter *all* the material in Kit B, which, it seems, fills two trunk-sized crates. "Before they leave here," Miss Gold said, "they get to know Kit B better than you and I know the contents of our pocketbooks. But learning Kit B isn't all the girls have to do here. They have to attend several sorts of lectures, take their overseas inoculations, and be fitted to the uniforms we issue them. And, as if that weren't enough, they must buy, on their own, some hundred and fifty dollars' worth of prescribed wearing apparel and equipment, including two hundred articles, from four girdles and twenty-four pairs of stockings to leather for resoling shoes and powdered ink."

A BELL rang in the hall outside the room in which Miss Gold and I were sitting. "That's the signal for a lecture," she said. "This one is to be on 'Types of Patients and Their Recreation Needs.' Would you like to listen to it?" She led me across the hall to a lecture room, sat me in one of a row of chairs facing a platform, and left me. On the walls were blackboards and photographs of hospital wards. Soon some twenty girls, a sober, tired-looking group, filed in, sat down, and flipped open the notebooks they had brought with them. The instructor, a short, dark-haired woman, arrived a moment later and settled herself at a desk on the platform. She began by saying that a recreation girl's headquarters might be a large, comfortable room or no more than a tent; either way, she would put her Kit B in it and spend most of her twelve-hour working day there. Ambulatory and convalescent patients would come in to play games, listen to music, paint, or do carpentering, but the recreation girl would have to call upon the patients who were confined to their beds. She would be expected to visit each one of them several times a week, and to look in on every new soldier as soon as possible after his arrival at the hospital, bringing him a jigsaw puzzle, finding him a book to read, or persuading him to try his hand at carving wooden whistles or making leather purses.

The girl with an eye for salvage can add great variety to her recreational program. Buttons and pins can be made from tin cans and feathers, and used X-ray films can easily be transformed into bookcovers, table mats, and even suspenders. When a girl does her job properly, the instructor said, her discharged patients develop a strong alumni spirit, and they send back to her excellent raw materials for her work, such as plexiglas and metals from smashed bombers and tanks. "One of our workers in Africa," she said, "got two hippopotamus hides from an old patient. What a treasure!" She warned the girls, however, that they could not set patients to mending barrage nets or doing any other military work, since the Red Cross, being a neutral agency, cannot have anything to do with materials of war. Furthermore, they should be sure to get professional advice about their patients beforehand. "Remember," the instructor said, "always to clear each part of your program with the proper medical officer. Generally speaking, a fresh casualty is in a childish stage, impatient and easily fatigued, and must be offered only the simplest pastimes. Surgical cases, especially post-operative ones, are so sensitive to noise that music must be carefully selected for them. A convalescent pneumonia case must never be permitted to play a reed instrument. And boys in casts and frames like to be wheeled into the recreation room for group singing and dramatics."

The neuro-psychiatric men require even more special handling. A large factor in their state of mind is the feeling that they have failed in their assignments or have let their friends down in a crisis and are incapable of accomplishing anything. Persuading them to do some creative work—painting, modelling, or carpentry—helps to restore their sense of security and self-confidence. The instructor warned the girls they might have to work with neuro-psychiatrics in locked wards at first. There they would probably do no more than toss a rubber ball back and forth with them or try to get them to sing snatches of familiar songs. As these patients improved, shuffleboard and table tennis would help work off excess energy and get them in a social frame of mind. The instructor then told the group that it would be taken on a field trip to Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, in Washington, where many of the Navy's psycho-neurotic cases are sent. At that moment, the bell in the hall rang again. The instructor asked the girls to plan, for their homework, a week's recreation program for a ward group suffering from some one type of disability, and then dismissed the class.

WHEN I got back to Miss Gold's office, she suggested that I might look over some reports from overseas by a recreation girl named Grace Latimer. Miss Latimer is twenty-seven and a graduate of a California college, Miss

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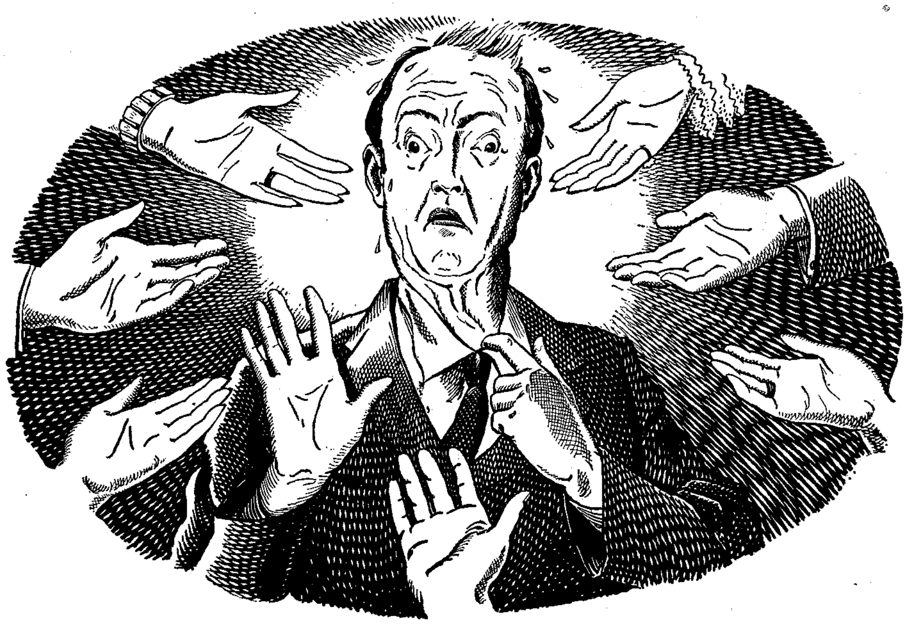
ESOP EAGLE'S FABLES NO. X

The Goosey Gander

Who Laid Gold (Plated) Eggs



ONCE UPON A TIME a Gander named Gerald married a socially ambitious Goose named Genevieve and, in the course of time, sired six greedy Goslings.

Now, Gerald was, innately, an easygoing gent. But, goaded by Genevieve, the poor guy flooded his motor with adrenalin striving to produce the nest eggs needed to keep his foolish family in cars and clubs, servants and schools, to say nothing of mortgages, clothes, fuel, fodder, and taxes.

At last, goosed beyond endurance, Gerald gave up the ghost, and left Genevieve and the Goslings without a jot to glisten.

Moral: Much wanting more, often loses all. Take advertisers, for instance. Today, some are spreading their advertising dangerously thin in the erroneous belief that soaring national income has made all Americans profitable prospects for their products. To the contrary, the latest available figures prove that, after savings and taxes, the middle millions are making 60 per cent of the nation's purchases. To reach them use *the happy medium to America's middle millions* . . . . .

THE American MAGAZINE

Gold said. She had worked only briefly in a nursery school before she signed up with the Red Cross. "During training," Miss Gold said, "we were afraid she might not work out. She seemed too sensitive. But she has turned out to be one of our best workers, so good that we sent her along with the first shipment to the Normandy beachhead." Miss Gold settled me at a table and handed me a batch of Miss Latimer's reports, which were neatly typewritten.

Miss Latimer began with her assignment to a hospital unit and her arrival at an embarkation area. She told of self-protection drills, fifteen-mile hikes, calisthenics, and hurried, last-minute shopping for herself and the nurses she was with. One night, orders came to move. Miss Latimer wrote, "We put on our full field packs, weighing eighty pounds. You have no idea how pathetic and unwarlike we looked. If anyone had poked us, we would have toppled over. Hushed and tense, we were loaded into trucks." A few hours later, they were jammed, twelve girls to a stateroom, aboard a Navy troop transport, formerly a luxury liner, headed for North Africa. Miss Latimer was assigned by the Special Services officer to handle all recreation work on the ship. She operated a book-and-magazine exchange, took care of the lost-and-found department, helped the Special Services officer distribute cigarettes and playing cards, and spent a few hours a day in the hospital, visiting and playing games with the patients or passing out hot drinks. The most popular entertainment she arranged was a pie-eating contest between the Army and Navy; next best was a musical show, written by local talent, with two tunes which were great hits, "Asleep in a Jeep" and "Grub on this Tub."

Arriving in North Africa, Miss Latimer spent several weeks in a debarkation area, sharing a tent with seventeen nurses. "It's a man's world, of khaki, latrines, and profanity," she wrote. "We help with the sick in our detachment, but mostly we just wait, sitting inside our wired enclosure like a platoon of Raggedy Anns, our fatigues and helmets brown from the dust, our skins yellow from atabrin, and our hair bleached and coarse. Arabs amble past to stare at us. The rumor is that they think we are the soldiers' harem." Miss Latimer and the nurses finally got to the station hospital they were to staff and found that it wasn't ready. For the next few weeks they "lived off C rations, washing our hair in cold water with shaving soap, and

Lilly
DACHÉ
PRESENTS
Dashing
by
Lilly
DACHÉ
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN RAWLINGS

A TREAT GROWS IN BROOKLYN

Brooklyn, Boston, Baltimore, Bucyrus, *everywhere*—supplies of that grand treat, Carstairs White Seal whiskey, are growing. And so is the number of people now able to enjoy its superb quality—the quality we maintained even during shortage days. If you want to see how *much* they enjoy it, just listen at any good bar to the requests for The Perfectly Balanced Blend—and to the sighs of pleasure that follow. You'll soon join in!

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof, 72% Grain Neutral Spirits.
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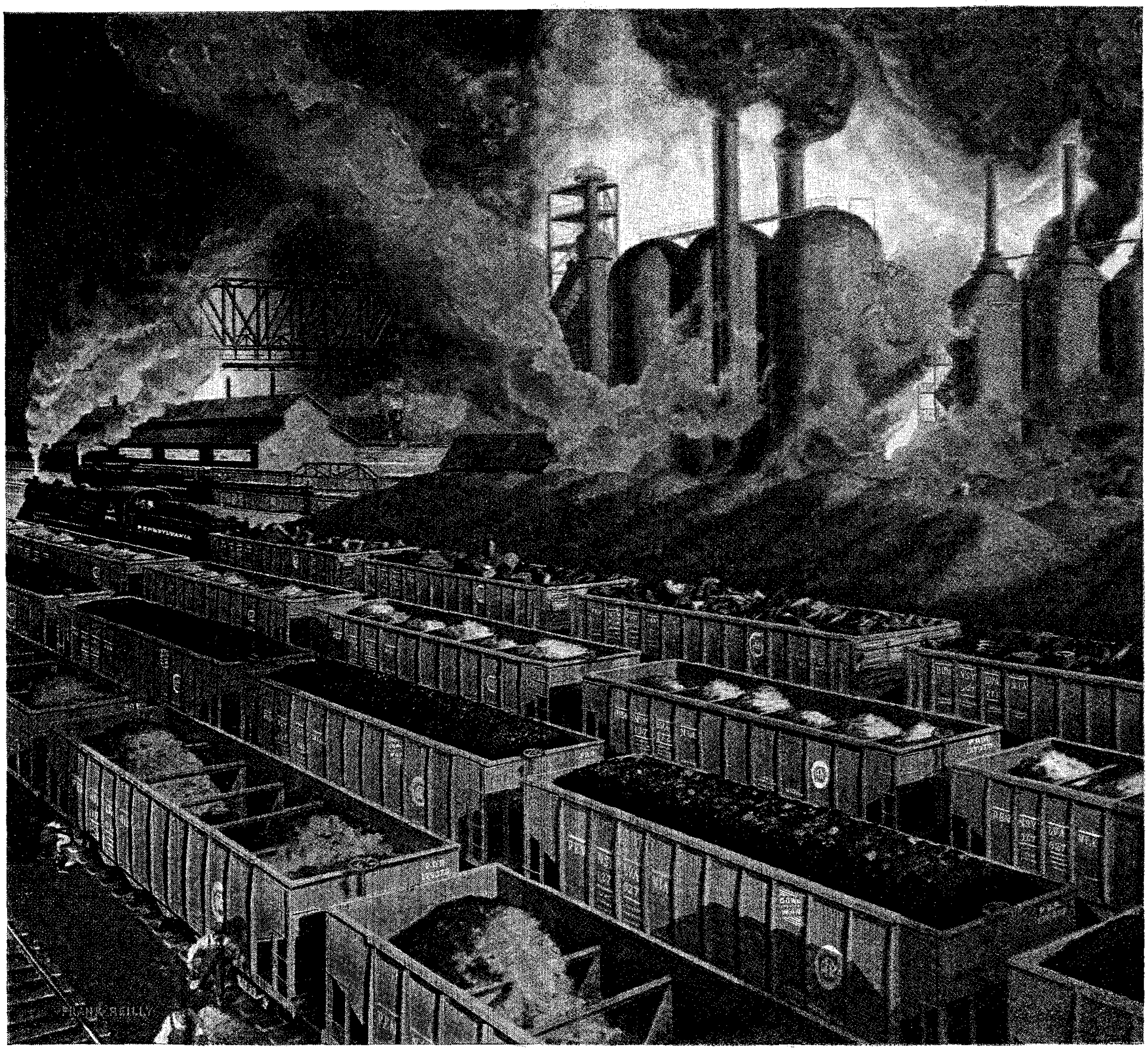

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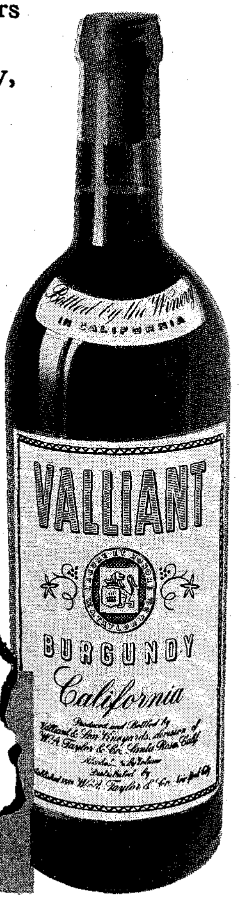

VALLIANT *and Son* **VINEYARDS**

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rolling through the mud like tanks in our pretty G.I. shoes. The secretary and I share a tent," she said. "We have made it a palace, after much scrounging, with a full-length mirror, a chest of drawers, and two armchairs, all reminiscent of former Italian grandeur."

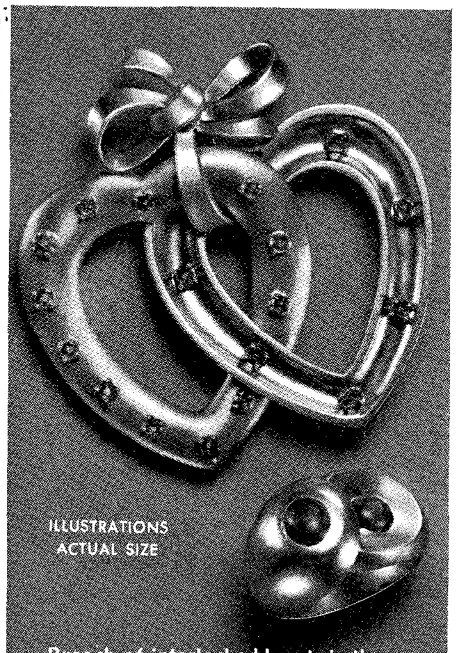
At last, the hospital was finished. "Lines of litter and ambulatory patients poured in all one day and night," Miss Latimer wrote. "Once during that long, horrible time I thought I couldn't go on. Then a white-faced lad, badly shot up, passed in front of me on his litter. He called weakly, 'How about a date, Red Cross?' I gave him a hot drink. 'No,' he said, 'I just want to look at you. It's great to see a girl again.' That pulled me together. I thought of the last advice we were given at school: 'Never forget your rouge and lipstick, and smile, smile, smile.' We have many bed patients, some in full body casts, some totally blinded, some with both hands heavily bandaged. For weeks I took no days off because those lads needed special attention and I was the only one in the hospital who had the time to help them pass the long, dull hours away. At first, until we got settled, and because Kit B hadn't arrived, I just read to them, wrote letters for them, or visited around the wards. There were endless numbers of Purple Hearts to mail home and comfort articles to distribute from our Red Cross supply. A comb or a toothbrush is a wonderful gift to boys who have lost all their possessions in a foxhole and whose pay hasn't caught up with them."

MISS LATIMER, I gathered, was restless and dissatisfied until she was given space for a recreation room at one end of the hospital. "I borrowed tools from the Special Services officer and got the ambulatory, neuro-psychiatric, and convalescent patients busy making tables, chairs, ping-pong tables, and desks out of old packing boxes. Wood is very scarce here. The men made divans from the seats of wrecked jeeps and mattresses from old cots. I made draperies from torn sheets that I patched together and dyed. The recreation room looked out on a fine plot of mud. Patients, medics, even a detachment of engineers helped me to clear it. The patients made flats for flower seeds and sowed grass. They made baskets out of German barbed wire and planted flowers in them. On opening night the boys sat around happy and relaxed, eating cookies, playing cards, singing songs, and listening to a talented patient play a piano the chaplain had found somewhere for us. When it was time to straighten things up for the night, one boy said, 'Here we sit, letting you do all the work.' Another boy said, 'That makes it just like home.' "

While waiting for Kit B, Miss Latimer combed the neighborhood for likely material to make things out of. She showed the boys, first, how to make fairly practical tools from discarded dental and surgical instruments. They made checkerboards and jigsaw puzzles out of cartons, ashtrays out of C-ration cans, cribbage pegs out of swab sticks, and pickle forks out of tongue depressors. Scouting around, Miss Latimer found deposits of both white and red clay nearby, and started a number of patients modelling. Then she helped the ambulatory cases present some skits in the wards. When Kit B arrived, the boys stood around in the recreation room for hours listening to the phonograph. "I asked one patient," Miss Latimer wrote, "if he wasn't tired from standing. He gave a long, contented sigh. 'Yes, I'm thoroughly bushed,' he said, 'but it's worth it.' "

Carrying some of her Kit B crafts material through a ward, Miss Latimer paid a visit to a sergeant who, she had noticed, had spent all his time since his arrival at the hospital curling a lock of his hair around one finger. "I took a shot in the dark and asked him if he would like to weave a string belt. 'My God,' he yelled, 'what for?' 'To send back to a girl,' I said. He thought it over for a minute and said, well, he guessed he didn't have anything better to do. He's made twenty belts to date. When he begins a new one, he describes the girl he intends it for, consults me on the color scheme, holds out his arms as though he were encircling her waist, and asks me what I think her measurements are."

As for group entertainment, the patients seemed to enjoy most the birthday parties Miss Latimer arranged from time to time. "We make or buy from the PX little presents for the men. Once I managed to buy some fresh eggs from a native. They were a wild success." A style show, with the men wearing mops for hair and the nurses' clothes for costumes, was a great hit. Once Miss Latimer rode some forty miles on the back seat of a motorcycle to book a group of entertainers that was touring the district. "A while ago," she went on, "we imported some Wacs who are stationed nearby for a Battle of the Sexes Quiz on campaigns and commanding officers'



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names. Every boy who could walk or be wheeled to the mess hall was there. We were congratulating ourselves afterward on our success when a boy came up and said, 'Gee, we thought it was going to be a real *sex* quiz.' "

NOT long after the Allied landings in Sicily, Miss Latimer was sent to join two social workers in an evacuation hospital there. The hospital consisted of "huts, tents, and trailers all higgledy-piggledy on both sides of a creek." When the hospital moved into position behind the lines, the commanding officer assigned Miss Latimer to the litter cases waiting outdoors to be admitted. She took them hot drinks. Every day after that she visited the bed patients, holding cigarettes for the boys whose arms were in casts and reading to those with bandaged eyes. "I shall never forget one boy who had stepped on a mine. He kept the bed covers pulled up over his face. I spoke to him, and for a minute he didn't answer. Then he tore the covers away. His face was horribly mutilated. 'You'll never want to look at me again,' he said. The fact that the social workers and I visited him every day after that seemed to help him."

Miss Latimer and her Kit B followed the Army from Sicily to the Italian mainland and then made another landing at the Anzio beachhead. A report she wrote there told about the bombings her hospital had undergone. "At such times," she said, "we go quietly among the wards, wiping perspiration off faces, giving encouragement in little ways, or just being the extra pair of hands." Her last report from Italy said, "We held services this morning for Esther Richards, a recreation worker who was killed yesterday at a nearby unit." Not long afterward, Miss Latimer was sent to England to wait for the invasion of Normandy and to help out, meanwhile, in a large general hospital. She wrote with some astonishment of "the luxury of having a huge recreation room, a parlor, a workshop, an auditorium, and a library for the patients and living quarters for ourselves in a lovely old manor house a short distance away. There are twelve pianos here, instruments for a complete orchestra, volunteers by the score, entertainers from outside at least twice a week, and even a Western Union representative, who picks up cables."

In her first report from France, Miss Latimer wrote, "I'm back to laundering in my helmet. I landed here on D Day plus three and was assigned to

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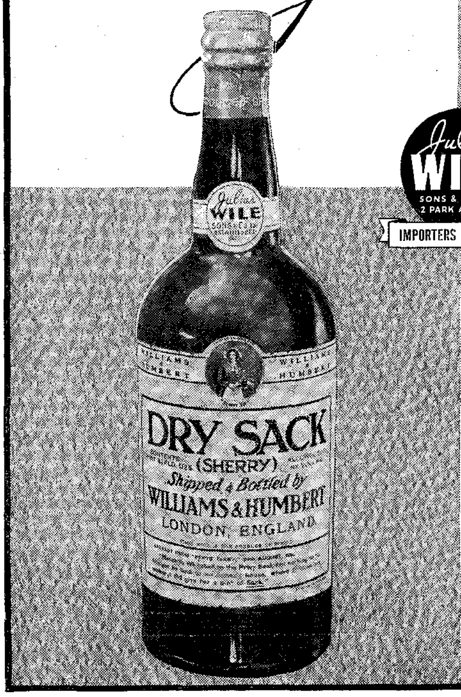

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this evacuation hospital as its only Red Cross worker. In case you're wondering what supplies I requisitioned, I brought the following: stationery, weaving and knotting materials, victrola and records, paints, crayons, and paper, checkers, Monopoly, and cribbage. Much of my work is, as usual, writing letters for the boys. The hardest part of the job still is helping a boy write his family or girl that he is blind, deaf, or maimed. One lad here with heavily bandaged hands dictates to me daily a letter to his mother. He tells her how much hay to put on the chicken-coop floor, how much milk to give the goats. He's operating his farm by remote control."

I handed the sheaf of reports back to Miss Gold and asked her what would happen to Grace Latimer and all the other recreation girls in Europe when Germany surrendered. "They will either return here for duty in a domestic hospital," she said, "or be transferred to the Pacific." She pointed to the last page of Miss Latimer's latest report. It ended, "We have just had orders to move again in an hour. That means bedroll to tighten and supplies to be packed. I guess that will happen many times before we're through."

—KATHARINE THEOBALD KINKEAD

•

Her lips, though they seemed innocent of lipstick, were vivid. Watching them, he thought of a wine jelly which has dried a little and is lightly crusted over. Her lips looked—he chose the word advisedly, since the choice of words was his delight—delicious, as though if you bit them it would be like biting into a sweetmeat, one of those candies which are filled with a pleasant warming liquid. The tips of her ears, below the soft line of her hair—which was long enough to be knotted at the nape of her neck—were almost as pink as her lips. He had the feeling—permitting his thoughts to range as they chose—that it would be delightful to nibble at them! Her throat was a little paler than her cheek, and her body, her body would be paler still. He thought of . . . clusters of purple grapes, each richly full of blood-red juices which spilled when you crushed them between your teeth.—*From "Leave Her to Heaven," by Ben Ames Williams.*

Trouble with that man, he's hungry.

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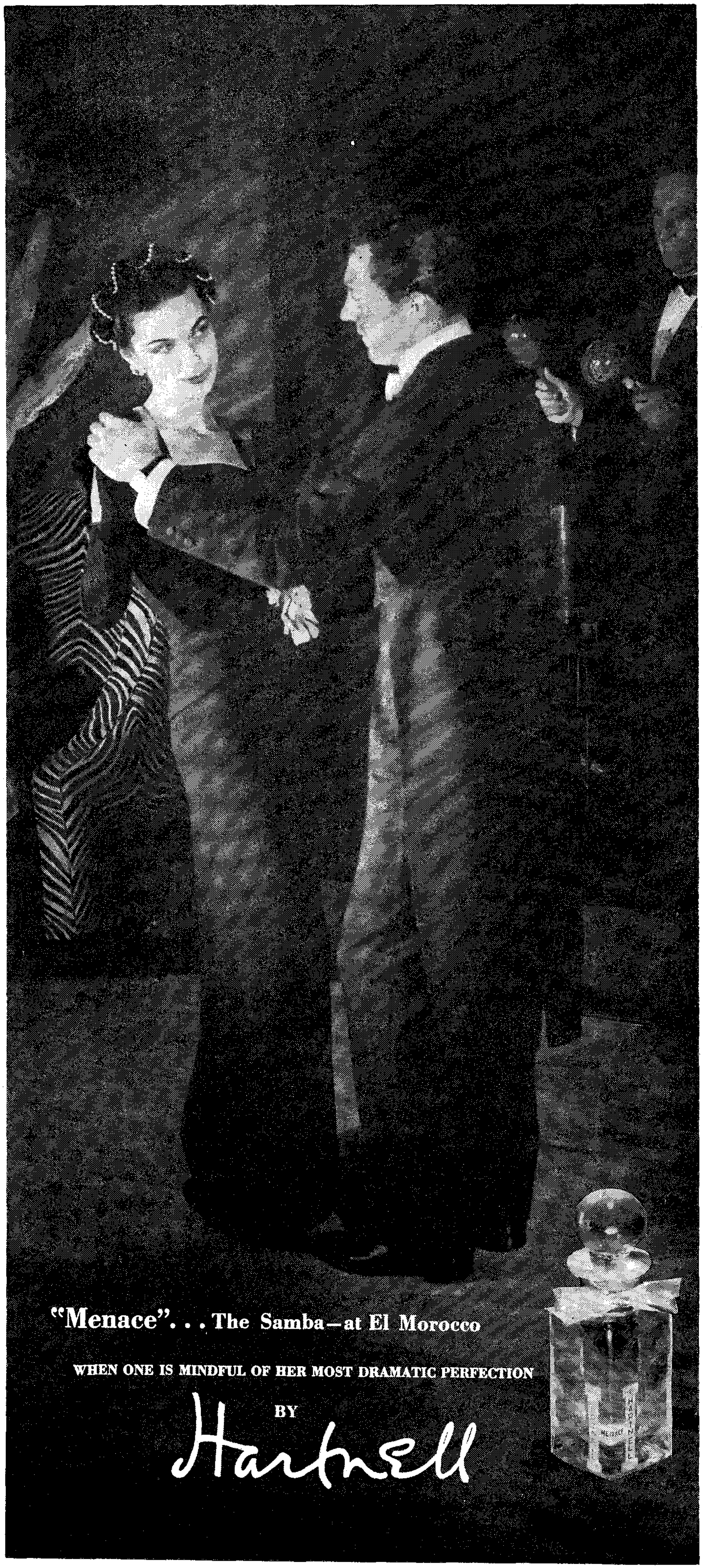
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Examiner*]

CHICAGO.—Arthur Silver stopped at a drug store in the evening to telephone his girl friend. He went into a booth and became engaged in a long conversation. While still talking at a half hour after midnight, he noticed the store had closed.



"Menace". . . The Samba—at El Morocco
WHEN ONE IS MINDFUL OF HER MOST DRAMATIC PERFECTION
BY
Hartnell

THE OCARINA

HE kept the ocarina in a compartment of his foot locker, and most every evening, after finishing his supper in the mess hall, he would go to the PX, buy a bottle of beer, carry it to his barracks untouched, open the foot locker, and take out his new treasure. Then he would lie down on his bunk, place the bottle of beer on the rough wooden floor beside it, and in between sips of the beer he would play.

The ocarina was a pretty little thing, painted in iridescent colors to look like mother-of-pearl. On it, in tiny, gold letters, was marked "U. S. Army." It was one of a few which had been given out in the company two weeks before to those who wanted them, and although he hadn't known how to play any musical instrument, he had asked for it, anyway. He had been trying to learn how to play it ever since.

Now, unaccountably, it was missing. He had already taken the cap off his bottle of beer and had opened the foot locker and reached for the ocarina. But it wasn't there. He searched through the foot locker, looking under towels, rolled-up socks, underwear. He took practically everything out, and then replaced the things, one by one. No ocarina. He lay down on the bunk, sipped at his beer, and puzzled over what could have happened.

He remembered clearly putting the thing in the foot locker the night before. He had played it for a couple of hours, first in the barracks, but after some of the fellows had complained loudly, he had gone outside to the latrine, where he had sat and played it. He remembered coming back and putting it away for the night. Slowly the realization came over him that someone had taken it. There was no other way it could have disappeared from the locker.

He looked around him. Only about half the fellows were in the barracks; the rest had probably gone either to the PX or to the movies. Those here were writing letters or reading magazines. In one corner, four men were playing cards, and there were a few onlookers. No one was looking at him; no one even looked guilty. But someone must have taken it, must have lifted the top of the foot locker, removed it, then hidden it somewhere.

Perhaps the whole business was only a joke. Maybe someone had put the ocarina under his pillow or in one of his shoes. He lifted himself up and felt under the pillow, and looked in his shoes. It wasn't there.

A sense of deep hurt began to fill him and, with it, anger at whoever had deprived him of the ocarina. The hurt was there because he wanted to play it and didn't have it, and it was there because of the betrayal: that anyone could be so callous and so petty as to hide so small and yet so precious a thing.

He knew he did not play it well. It had taken him a long time to learn how to play even one tune all the way, through. He had started on "Home, Sweet Home," picking out each note carefully by first whistling the note, then seeking out the proper hole in the instrument. "Be-it-ev-er-so-hum-ble . . ." But he had got it after a while. He had trained his fingers to play the song through without a single slip. At first he had held all the notes the same length of time. Then he varied it. Hold the "be," then make the "it" short, then make "ev" long, and on like that. It seemed to him that his tone had improved, too. In the beginning it had sounded thin, reedy, but the more he played, the fuller and richer the sounds seemed to get. The way he was able to play "Home, Sweet Home" now was very satisfying to him. It was as though he had created something quite beautiful.

After getting "Home, Sweet Home" down so he could play it without any trouble, he had started on another, more difficult song, one he had learned in grammar school and had never forgotten—"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms." He hadn't remembered all the words, but he had got the tune down pat. He learned how to

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play "Old Black Joe" and "Auld Lang Syne," too.

Very often the fellows mocked him and made fun of his playing, but he had kept on. He had a deep-seated feeling that they did not, could not understand, that it was he who was right and they who were wrong. He got so he didn't notice their remarks, and after a while even their laughter had not bothered him. They saw his music as a joke, but to him it was a serious matter, an absorbing and keenly enjoyable pursuit.

And it had made easier the hard training, the crawling through mud, the barked commands, the unpleasant details, for it gave him something to look forward to when the work day was over. He had a sense of release as he played; it made his mind feel free and rested. It gave rise to dreams, too. He had come to believe that someday, if he kept on long enough, he would master the instrument. People would marvel at how well he played, and he would give performances. Once he had mastered the ocarina, what an easy and natural step to go on to the flute and the clarinet. He would have admirers; girls would like him.

His youth, spent working in a large garage, where he had washed and polished automobiles, began to appear to him as a wasted time. He could have been learning some instrument all the while. But he was only twenty-one, and, granting a safe return from the war, he could fashion a better future for himself. This hope had come to him every time he took the ocarina in his hands and played the first, full note.

SOMEONE was watching him. He turned quickly and saw George Phelan, three bunks down from him, jerk his head back to the magazine he was reading. But he had seen the smile.

It was George, then. He got up and walked casually over to George. He sat down beside him on the bunk. "You didn't happen to see my ocarina, did you, George?" He said it in an offhand way, as though it didn't actually matter where it was or that it was gone.

George shook his head, without bothering to look up from the magazine.

"Quit the kidding, George!" He punched him playfully.

George put the magazine aside. "Who's kidding?" he said. "Who wants that thing of yours?"

"I didn't ask you if you took it. I just asked you if you knew where it was."

"Well, I don't know," George

We have located Princess Anya Lubeska—and her name is now *Mrs. O'Toole!*

This answer to the strange request of a Russian Officer in the Soviet Merchant Marine is just one of thousands handled by "C.W.I.B."

"C.W.I.B." is the Civilian War Information Bureau of the Oregon Journal . . . the newest among this newspaper's many public service departments. Since its inauguration in 1942, a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, it has grown steadily in reputation and importance. Today it is the port of call every month for hundreds of civilian and service people beset with the problems and perplexities induced by war.

Primarily the functions of this bureau were to supply directive information to civilians about Federal agencies dealing with the war effort. But not for long. The complications of wartime living became critical; more government agencies mushroomed up; commodities became scarcer; new regulations and restrictions were applied. Faithful to The Journal's tradition of keeping attuned to the needs of its community, the Civilian War Information Bureau is now handling inquiries that run the complete gamut of services for human welfare!

Spend a half hour in ear shot of the C.W.I.B. and you'll hear questions from people in all walks of life. An anxious war mother asks, "Where can I find a competent day nursery for my child?" A soldier with a worried look inquires, "How and where shall I apply for additional dependency benefits?" A woman with some household goods to sell phones "Is there a ceiling on used bed springs?"

You'll also hear inquiries about legal advice, housing, civilian rehabilitation, mail for overseas, the postal department, transportation, the different branches of the service, bond drives, Red Cross, Civilian Defense, relief agencies, denominational and racial centers and many others that ebb and flow across the counters of the bureau in a never ending stream.

The Journal is a composite of many people—in which each person contributes his ideas, his brains, enterprise, and vision to a great driving force for the common good. This force is not expressed in cold type alone—but also through the medium of service that is warm, human and understanding. The Civilian War Information Bureau is another link in the chain of public services rendered by the Oregon Journal. No wonder The Journal is today, as it has been for years, Portland's favorite newspaper!

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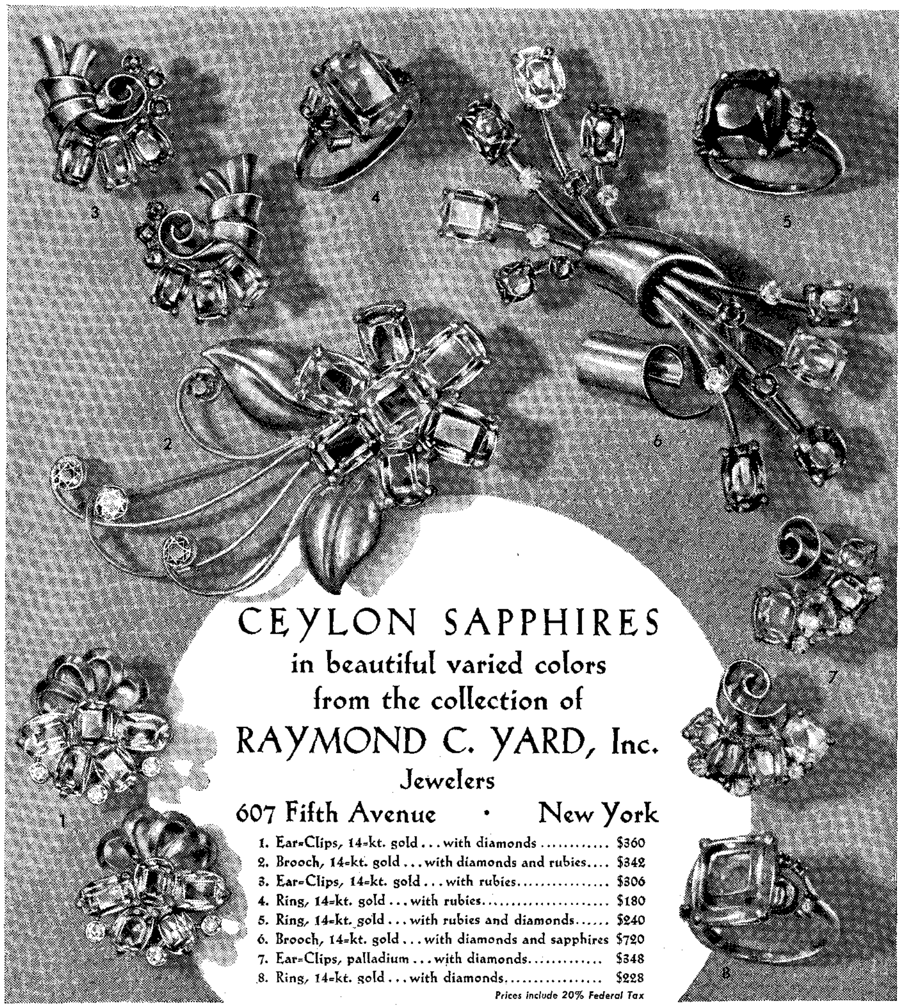

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JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia*

said. "Why don't you ask Harvey over there?"

Harvey was in his bunk across the aisle, writing a letter. He looked up from it. "Ask what?"

"Our musician's lost his harmonica," George said, "and he thinks someone took it."

"It's not a harmonica, it's an ocarina," he said, trying to be patient, "and I didn't say someone took it. I just wanted to know if someone saw it."

"I saw it," Harvey said.

"Where?" he asked quickly, trying to sound unconcerned.

"You were playing it."

"I haven't played it at all today," he said, puzzled.

"So it was yesterday," Harvey said, and George exploded into laughter, and other men were smiling, too. "When did you lose it?" Harvey asked.

He realized that they were trying to make a fool of him and he mumbled, "Never mind," and turned his back on them.

"Look," Harvey said, his voice growing serious, "I think I know who has it. I heard Sergeant Smiley say he was going to hide that thing. The Sarge said it was driving him crazy."

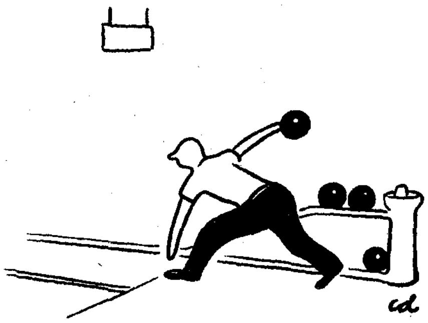
He didn't believe Sergeant Smiley would do anything like that, and he was sure now they were kidding him. They wanted to get him heated up. Sergeant Smiley was down at the other end of the barracks with the group playing cards, and the feeling that the Sergeant might have taken it as a joke began to gnaw at him. For all he knew, Harvey might have been telling the truth. He walked slowly down to where the card game was going on, as though he were just interested in watching the game.

"Anyone here happen to see my ocarina?" he asked.

The men kept on playing, but Sergeant Smiley glanced up at him. "Ocarina? What's that?"

"It's that thing I play, like a musical instrument." They were smiling now, smiling at him, and he felt a flush coming into his face.

"So that's what they call it," the Sergeant said. "A musical instrument. Guy



Lombardo will be sending for you pretty soon."

He heard their laughter as he walked back to his bunk. About a third of his beer was left in the bottle and he swallowed it down. He felt now that he didn't give a damn whether he ever saw the ocarina again. Let them have it if they thought it was so funny.

"Say!" Harvey called to him. "Did you find it yet?"

He shook his head, and glared at Harvey to show that he wasn't amused.

"You sure you looked good for it?"

"Oh, forget it, will you?" he said sullenly.

"Why don't you look some more?" Harvey said. "Have you looked all through your foot locker?"

A suspicion that the ocarina had been replaced in the foot locker filled his mind. The idea that it might be lying there grew so strong that he went to the locker and lifted the lid. It was there, in plain sight.

"Wise guys!" he said. Harvey and George were grinning as if they'd done something very clever. He decided to ignore them, and lay down again on his bunk and lifted the ocarina to his lips. But now it came to him that he no longer wanted to play it. He let it drop out of his fingers. It fell at his side on the bunk.

He suddenly felt very lonely, and he got up to go to the PX and get himself another bottle of beer.

—HOLLIS ALPERT

•

10:45 A.M. Morning worship and communion. Sermon, "Three Types of Consecration." Parents may have children in the nursery during church.—*From the church notices in the Danbury News-Times.*

If they can manage it, of course.

•

If you were writing a letter to a member of the Cabinet of the United States, how would you address him?

"My dead Mr. Secretary" is the most acceptable form of address.—*From "Your Question Answered" column in the Cleveland Press.*

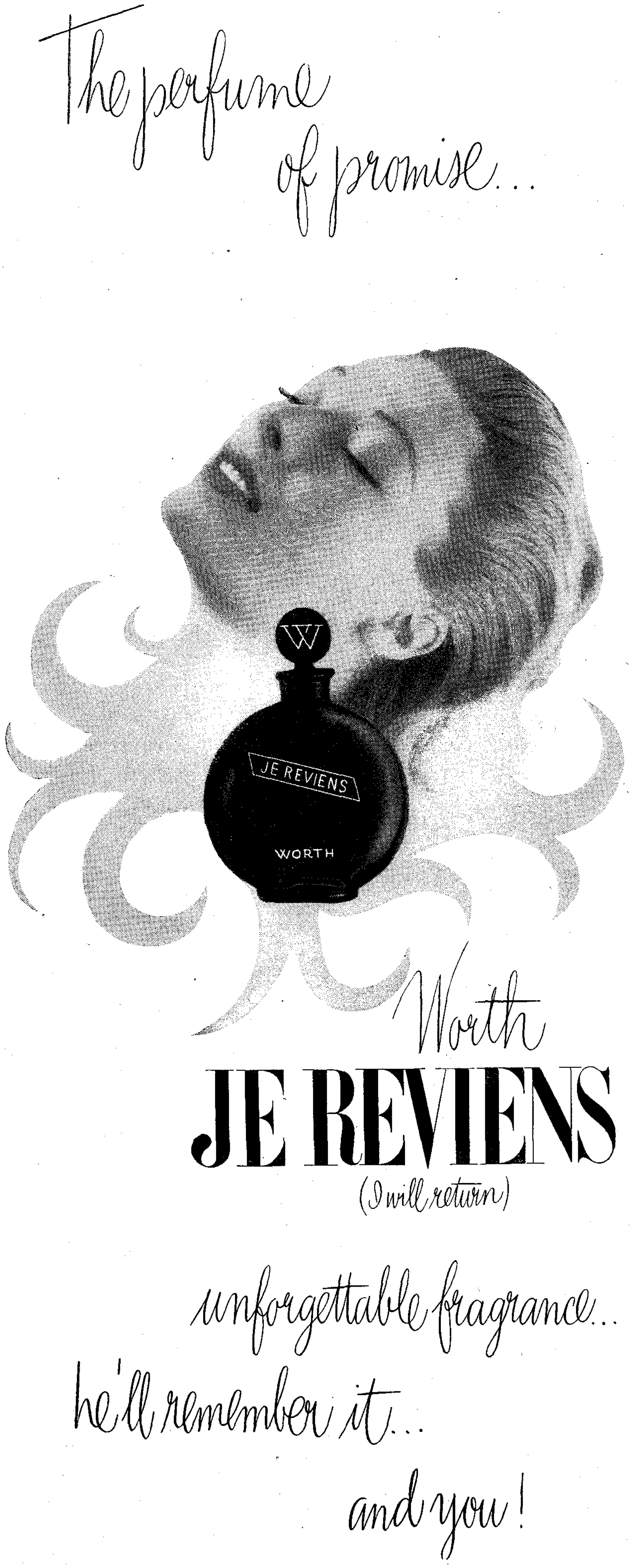
It's a little abrupt, isn't it?

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

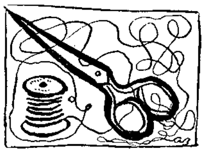
[*Picture caption in the Boston Herald*]

MARION HARVEY won a contest to find the prettiest Floridian in New York and with it a role in the new comedy "Down to Miami" . . . This marks the first time in the history of the theatre that pulchritude has been responsible for a dramatic role.



ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



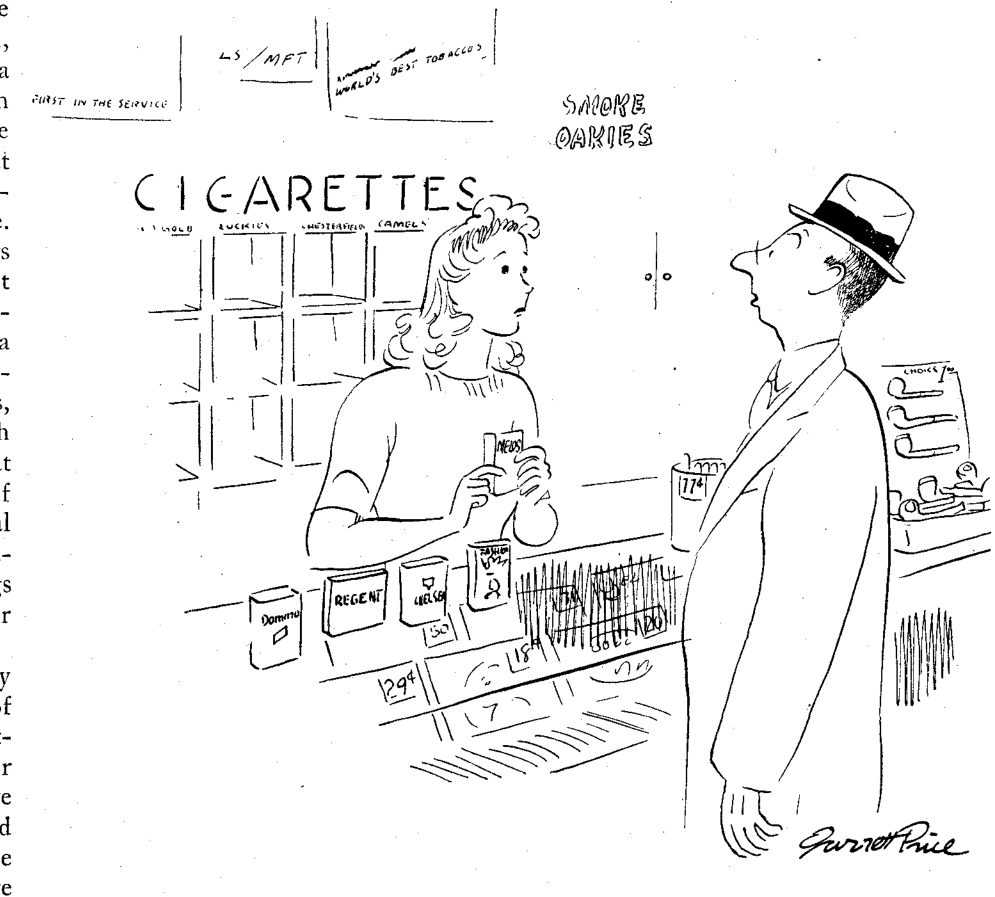
SOME of the pleasantest and most homelike decorative objects to be found in town this fall are at America House, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), under the rather formidable sponsorship of the American Craftsmen's Coöperative Council. You shouldn't let this frighten you away from the collection. It's Art, but it's awfully nice. You will encounter the rather celebrated ceramics of Beatrice Wood, of California, for instance—not only objects suitable for a museum showcase but also (just as an example) jumbo coffee cups and saucers, as thin and delicate as china and extraordinarily light in the hand. These are $10 in plain pottery and $15 with decorations. You will see hooked rugs such as you may have dreamed of—things with the texture of the Early American ones but with clear, clean modern colors. America House designers have combined the two ideas. They especially like to do scatter rugs of irregular outline—small, roundish ones made up in stylized likenesses of a single rose or zinnia, larger ones that look like a flounced pillow, and so on; around $70 to $100 for things like this. A hooked-yarn rug for the hearth, decorated by a tiger with blue eyes, a sweet smile, and a back over which roses are scattered, is $75, and I love it. There are other hooked rugs that are less playful, but they are all colorful, lively, and as tough as rawhide. Then there are bath and bedroom rugs—which would certainly be all right in a cottagey living room, too—handwoven of cotton in bright plaids on a white ground. These look only slightly less durable than the hooked ones, and they cost just $4 in a forty-inch size. Other scatter rugs, starting at around $12, are hand-crocheted of thick cotton yarn in round and oval shapes, with multi-colored round-and-round striping, like old braided rugs (which, by the way, they lie a lot flatter than).

People from all over the country have contributed household objects of tin, meticulously painted, or repainted, with Pennsylvania Dutch and other Early American designs. There are large and imposing pieces, such as old grocery canisters, to be used as fireside wood boxes ($41.75), and there are small and appealing pieces, such as tea caddies (starting at $6) for kitchen spices or, naturally enough, tea. In between are innumerable one-of-a-kind specimens: a tray holding a set of herb canisters with glass covers; old quart measures; boxes of all sorts; teapots which, to be sure, mustn't be placed over a flame but in which hot beverages may be served or flowers arranged.

Pequot muslin, hand-blocked in America House designs, is still here in self-fringed place mats and runners for lunch and dinner service, but, lovely, practical stuff though it is, it seems to be losing out to a newcomer, called the Salvage Mat because it is made of interwoven strips of cotton-knit factory remnants. The stuff is dyed in the most beautiful colors (cherry red, chartreuse, emerald, and so on), and makes thick, flat, heat-resistant, easy-to-launder mats which will protect as well as decorate a table top. They're seventy-five cents, and I'd say, roughly, that they're wonderful.

THE latest collection of decorated rooms (Altman, seventh floor) comes out in the open about its purpose, which is to show what Altman decorators can do for the sum of one, two, three, four, or five thousand dollars. All five of the exhibits are living rooms, whose splendor visibly increases as the price ascends. It wouldn't be too hard, of course, for *any* decorator to take the contents of the five-thousand-dollar room—the Cupid-and-Psyche wallpaper panel made by Zuber, the magnificent antique furniture and fixtures from the Empire and Regency periods, and the assorted matching trimmings—and achieve a tremendous effect. But, starting from scratch with the same ingredients the Altman decorators employed, you would have to be really talented to achieve as much charm and character as they did in the thousand-dollar room. Tricks—like a ceiling papered in pink cabbage roses, with the rose pattern repeated in cotton chair coverings—are used in this room, but used well. Its pictures are prints, inexpensive but good-looking. Its handsome curtains are, in reality, simply ready-made bedspreads. And that's good decorating.

THE eighth floor at Lord & Taylor has a modest exhibit of ten window treatments, designed to show how attractive a window can look with-



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out any heavy draperies at all. Before they opened the show, Lord & Taylor, as you might expect, laid in a supply of ready-made curtains like the ones on view, and some of them should still be around—swagged and ruffled white curtains of English bobbinet, imported Swiss organdies, and American muslin. The bobbinet ones are $25 a pair; some sweet ones in dotted Swiss, with Swiss-type embroidered ruffles, are $12.95 (seventy-two inches long) and $15.95 (ninety-nine inches); the imported-Swiss-organdie kind, also with wide, embroidered ruffles, are $29.50.

SILVER which has been stored away in maidless households will probably be coming out of hiding for the holidays about now, doubtless the worse for tarnish. A brightener which is apple pie for tender-fingered amateurs is Silver Fleece (a pretty name, for a change); $1 a jar at Altman, Hammacher Schlemmer, and probably other alert stores. The stuff is like fluffy absorbent cotton, which you pull off in little hunks and rub lovingly over your dulled plate. It has polishing oils and things right in it.

Black, Starr & Gorham have something else just as easy to use. It's a liquid called Starr Sheen (another pretty name) and it contains what the trade calls jeweller's rouge, to insure a proper sparkle; fifty cents a bottle. Once you have cleaned up the silver, you can keep some of it—candlesticks, trays, and hollow ware—bright much longer than you would expect by sponging it with Silbrite, which is a liquid polish preserver and *not* a lacquer; $1.50 a bottle at Black, Starr and at Lewis & Conger.

—B. B.

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THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK
(AND THE HONEYBEES BUZZING ALL AROUND)

[*United States Code Annotated, Title 7, on the subject of agriculture*]

OTHER COMMODITIES; TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF ORDERS.

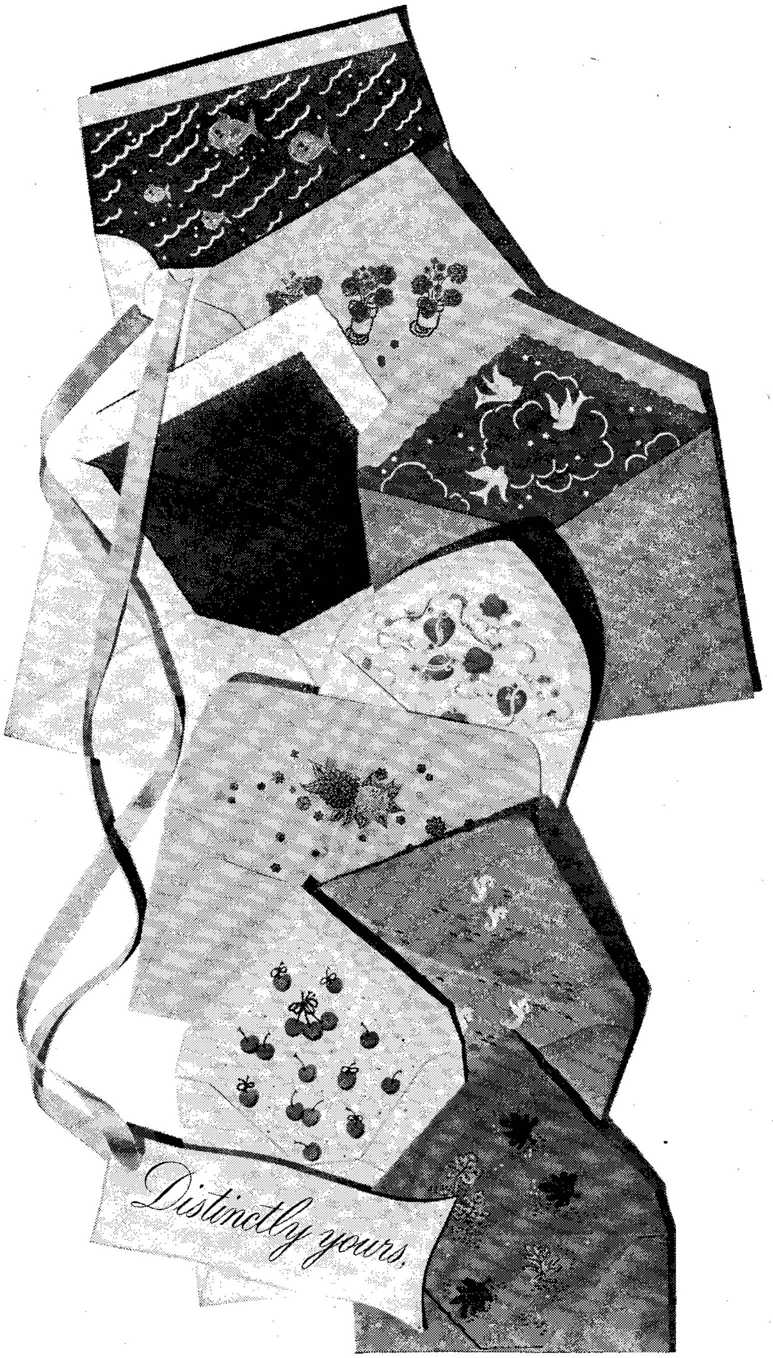
(6) In the case of fruits (including pecans and walnuts but not including apples and not including fruits, other than olives, for canning) and their products, tobacco and its products, vegetables (not including vegetables, other than asparagus, for canning) and their products, soybeans and their products, hops, honeybees, and naval stores as included in sections 91 to 99 of this title and standards established thereunder (including refined or partially refined oleoresin), orders issued pursuant to this section shall contain one or more of the following terms and conditions, and (except as provided in subsection (7) no others.

THE ART GALLERIES

War and Peace

BY now, at least a hundred American artists have made trips to the fighting fronts, either as artist correspondents or as artists attached to the armed services, and come back with sketchbooks and canvases loaded with the records of their experiences. It is surprising, and a trifle depressing as well, to think how little really good work has come out of it all. There are two main reasons for this sorry result, and I'm going to have difficulty making myself clear about one of them. It has something to do with design, however, and with the fact that the movement, the color, and the whole dynamics of war are pictorially quite different from those of peace. In the haste and dangers of the assignments involved, perhaps this fact was sometimes overlooked. What the artists did was to apply to the scenes of war the same techniques, the same tricks of emphasis and design—the same pictorial pattern, in short—that they had used on civilian subjects, and war just does not "compose" that way. The results in a great many cases were curiously unreal and theatrical. The other reason for the unsatisfactory outcome is a lack of continuity. No one ever seemed to devote himself to one aspect of the war—one action, let's say, or even one locale. Perhaps because the artists were whisked about so fast, what they brought back was a series of scattered impressions—the inevitable two soldiers in a jeep, a view of ruined buildings, a night bombing—and, though some of these were excellent in themselves, they were necessarily lacking in coherence and cumulative impact.

David Fredenthal, whose new show (through this Saturday) at the Downtown Gallery inspired this preamble, has got around these two difficulties, apparently just by being natural. He was attached, as a *Life* artist correspondent, to the task force that made the landing at Arawe, and he had the sense, first of all, to limit himself to just that event. There are twenty-two paintings in the exhibition, all large water colors, in addition to a dozen or so preliminary sketches. From first to last, or from the time the first wave prepares to go ashore to the time the men



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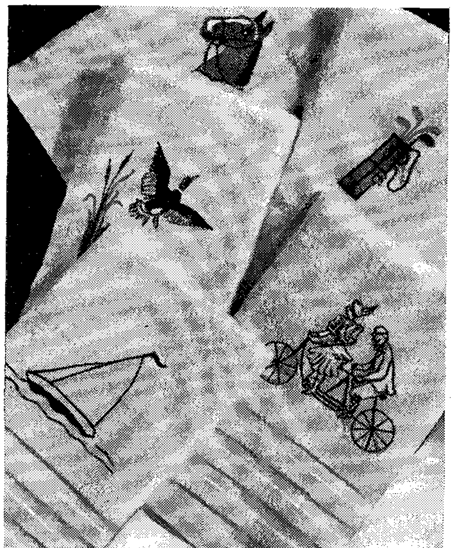

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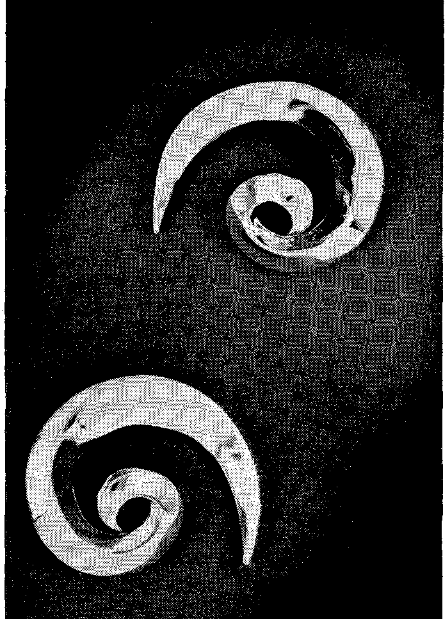

Olga TRITT
589 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

make their way past the beach and start into the jungle, something less than twenty-four hours, I suppose, passes. This gives the series impact—the quick, factual, connected impact of the newsreel—plus the interpretive values that the artist alone can convey. Fredenthal has, too, above all, an eye for the patterns of battle—how men move under fire, how they group themselves, as well as an intense appreciation of how they think and feel when they're in it. The result is something new in combat reporting.

With but few exceptions, his pictures do not "compose" in the ordinary sense. There is one called "Waiting to Land," in which there is a little too much silhouetting against the sky, and another called "Blasting the Shore," in which the design is too consciously pyramidal, building up to the figure of a machine gunner at his post. But for the most part they have no focus, no point to which the eye is led and which the composition is built around, and in that sense they are as diffuse as shots in the newsreel that I mentioned a moment ago. What holds them together is tension, and, as you go through the show, that tension becomes a force that not only gives each picture its power but binds the group as a whole. You notice it in little things—in the face, gray with fear, of the soldier at the left of the picture in "All Ashore;" in the pose of the two figures in "The Doctor;" in the balancing arm of a bearer in "Stretcher Bearers;" in the sheer, greedy, glad-to-be-alive attitude of the drinking soldier in "Thirst." Eventually, you get as real a feeling of the immediacy of battle as it is probably possible to convey.

MARC CHAGALL has a new set of oils and gouaches at the Pierre Matisse. They are all much in the same groove as his earlier work, warm in color, seductive in design, and, as usual, concerned with such things as peasant weddings, blue roosters, and violinists floating poetically in the sky. They are beautiful, too; that's the hell of it—for on principle I am opposed to a man of mature skill limiting himself to so repetitive a round of subject matter. If you haven't been seeing too much Chagall lately, however, you may like "Le Coq," "L'Oiseau Bleu," and the wonderfully blue "Le Coq Rouge dans la Nuit."

AS a kind of pendant to the Feininger exhibition at the Modern Museum, they are showing, at the Buchholz,

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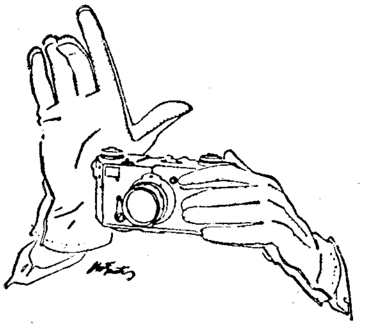

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a collection of paintings and other pieces by the "Blue Four," a group of painters in Germany, around the time of the first World War, to which Feininger belonged, along with Paul Klee, Kandinsky, and Alexey Jawlensky. All but Jawlensky are pretty well known here. Since only nine paintings of his are on view, it is hard to get much of an idea of his general position; he seems mainly to have been something of an Expressionist (see "Woman with a Fan," dated 1912) with Kandinsky-esque overtones. The Klee section is excellent, and there are some Feininger water colors (his best medium, I have always believed) that are remarkably sensitive and appealing. Note particularly "Figures on the Seashore," dated 1933, and the series of five water colors listed simply as "Variations on Marine Themes."

CARL HOLTY, always one of the more vigorous and inventive of the American Abstractionists, has an excellent show of new paintings at the New Art Circle. There are times, I think—as in his "Tense Rhythm"—when his design becomes too fragmented and diffuse. But in the main his patterns are elastic and satisfying, and there are a couple of pieces in the show—"Monumental Horse" and the blockier "The City"—that represent just about his best work to date.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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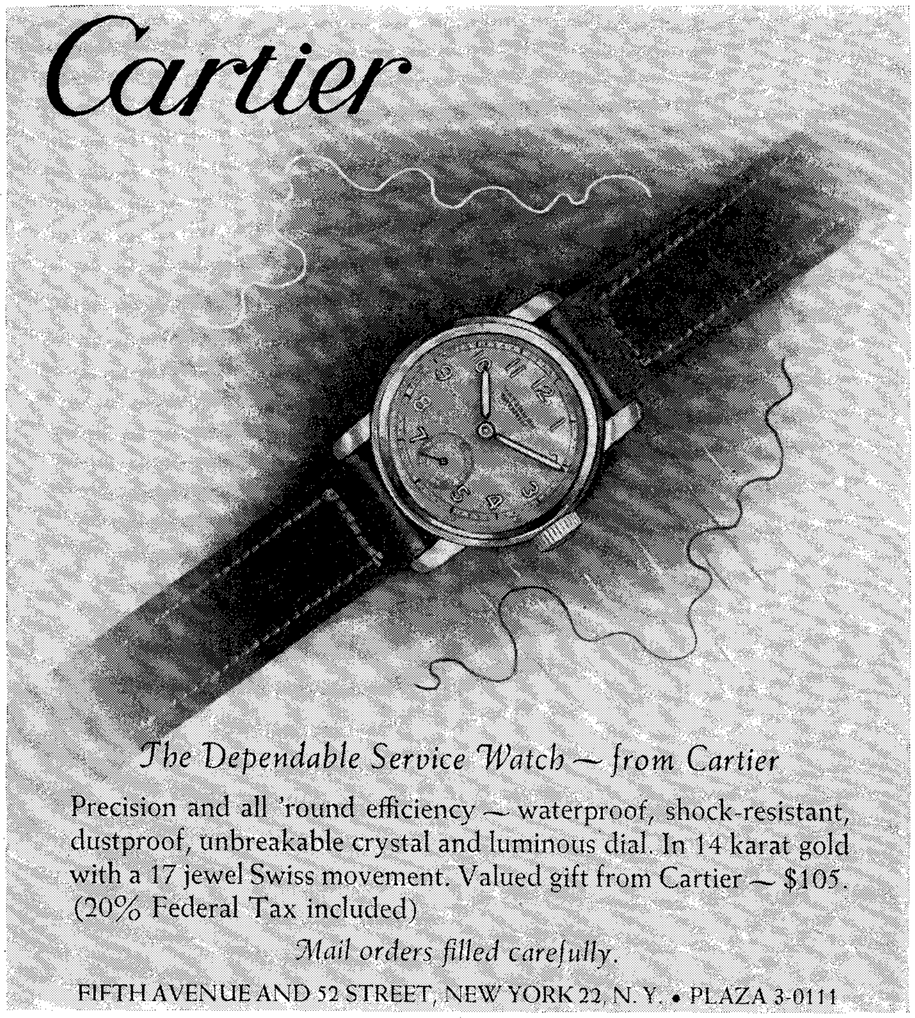
POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Hot Springs (Ark.) Visitors' Weekly Bulletin*]

MY VISIT TO HOT SPRINGS

When I landed in Hot Springs,
I didn't know a thing—
But by the help of God
And the direction of man,
I walked in the Quapaw Bath House.
There they shook my hand with cheer, and called me friend.
You are welcome anytime of the year.
So I looked around—said this is the place for me.
So I went into the bath hall and there I found the hot water steaming like tea
So I stripped down and in the tub I went
I took my 21 baths—now I feel like glee.
I'll always be glad I found the Quapaw;
I'll never regret my twenty dollars spent—
I know it has helped me.
And the best of all, you're behind nice white walls—
All on the same floor.
No ups and downs—just wiggle around, then you come out where you went in.
I don't want to forget the Hotel Goddard—that was my den.
With nice room and linen, too—
Don't forget the Quapaw and the Goddard.

—Laurence F. McCoy, Moberly, Mo.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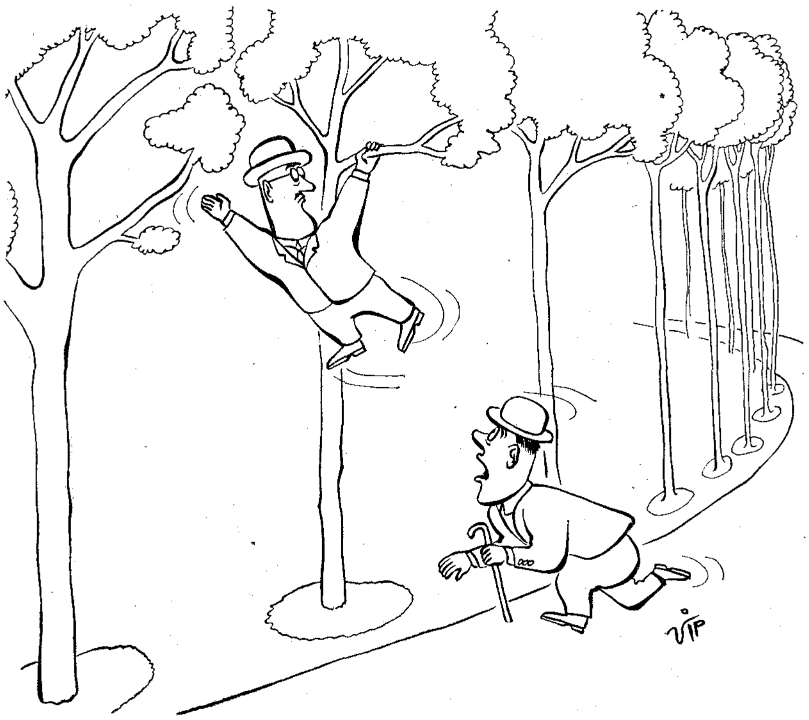
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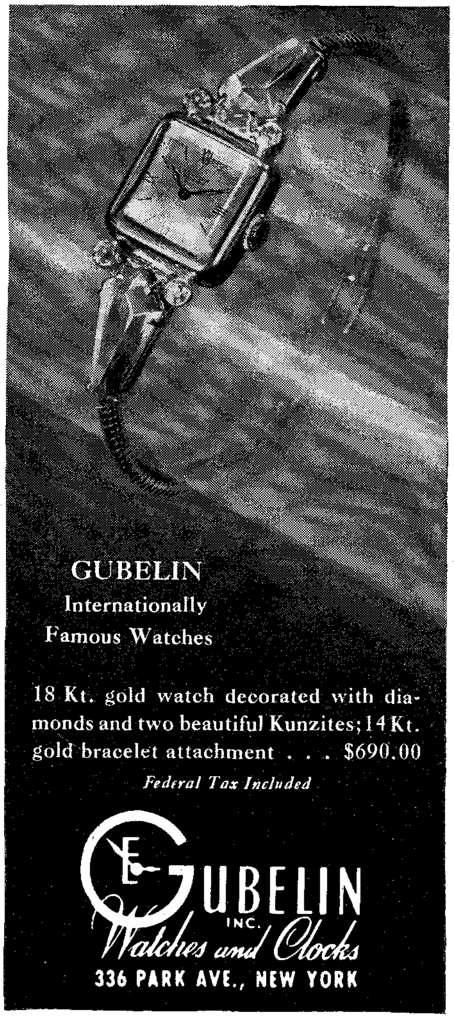
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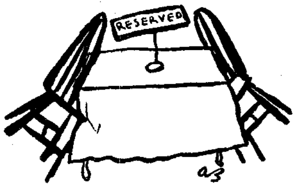
TABLES FOR TWO

Now You See It . . .

IF you fancy a dash of magic along with your supper, things are looking up for you. Dr. Giovanni, dean of the pickpockets, is in the Cotillion Room of the Pierre. Russell Swann, another eminent practitioner of the black arts, is hovering in the wings, waiting to take over at the Cotillion Room as soon as the Doctor has finished his stint there, a week or so from now. And Tommy Dowd, a specialist in what I guess you have to call delayed-action magic, is at work in the Maisonette of the St. Regis. The Doctor, whose light-fingeredness was never better and whose English was never more incomprehensible, performs without props, unless you count the victims of his acquisitive instinct. These victims, which he picks from among the customers in batches of six, are looted in full view of the audience without having any idea of what is going on, and they look satisfactorily surprised when, with apologies, he starts restoring their property to them. They look much more surprised when they discover that what they have just thankfully reclaimed from the Doctor isn't theirs after all. Before there is any whimpering, the Doctor, with more apologies for this extra bit of sleight-of-hand, straightens everything out. By the way, if he wants to become the enlisted man's pet, he should keep on with the business of surreptitiously stripping Army officers of their gaudy and non-regulation suspenders.

Stanley Melba's cheerful little band is still around the Cotillion Room, and the Room itself, it might be noted, is looking its handsome, if theatric, best this fall.

TOMMY DOWD, the Maisonette's exponent of delayed-action magic, relies on props that are nearly all inanimate. He takes nothing from his audience without asking leave, and all he asks leave for is a cigarette, a dollar bill, and a young lady. The cigarette and the dollar are demolished in the course of events, but the young lady is always returned intact. None of Mr. Dowd's tricks work when he says they are going to, but his air of dismay and his disarming patter fool no one, for it is perfectly clear that they will work whenever he wants them to. The wait is anywhere from five seconds to ten minutes, which means that you must keep your eye on the ball, or the bird cage, as the case may be. Bird cages, especially when populated, have been the downfall of more than one sleight-of-hand performer, but Mr. Dowd's always disappears without a trace when he has decided that the time has come. You have seen most of his other tricks done before, too, though never more engagingly. Furthermore, Mr. D. talks as well as he performs, which is contrary to the rules of the game. I *thought* he was funny when I saw him for the first time, last spring; now I'm sure of it.



Most of the rest of the entertainment is also in the calm St. Regis tradition, and it fits nicely into a small place like the Maisonette. I was rather taken by Miss Dorothy Shay, a newcomer to me, who has a neat and persuasive way of singing. It is especially effective in a couple of odd songs—one a Calypso, or pseudo-Calypso; the other about the married life of a mere slip of a Tennessee mountain girl. They are not especially demure, but they will make you smile. I was sorry when the St. Regis decided not to bring back its ice show to the Iridium Room this season, but the show in the Maisonette should make up for that to most of us.

WHAT the management of the Casino Russe fondly calls its new fall revue has had its première. You will recognize it the moment you set foot in the place, but no matter; after all, you are going there mostly because it is dinnertime, and the Casino Russe knows what to do about that. The place is still full of family parties at work on those mighty Russian concoctions like shashlik and beef Stroganoff, as well as on something named côtelette à la Kiev, which is compounded of approximately equal parts of boned breast of chicken and a rare Russian delicacy known as butter. Most of the parties, too, are still topping dinner off with the Casino's Russian pastries, each of which has the calory content of a carton of K ration, though not the flavor. As I said, you will remember the show—the gay peasants and the mustached soldiers, "Dark Eyes," the violin solo, the dagger dance. However, the anticipatory round of applause that breaks out the instant the master of ceremonies gets to the micro-'phone to make the first announcement is straightforward and heartfelt; the headwaiter claque which is under contract to a number of the town's more elaborate establishments has nothing to do with the enthusiasm at the Casino. Anyway, the dagger dance is all right, and so is the sombre Russian who does it.

THE extrovert trumpet of Hot Lips Page has departed from the Onyx, and in its place you will hear the studious, introspective clarinet of Barney Bigard, who is back from Hollywood for a tour of duty on Fifty-second Street. Mr. Bigard has a supporting cast of four, chief among them a quiet trumpet, Joe Thomas, with whom he plays some interesting and intricate duets. It is, in general, a soft-spoken band, and it is a good counterbalance to Stuff Smith's trio, which is as lively as ever. Mr. Smith has taken to singing an embarrassing lyric about the Garden of Eden, which he could easily do without, as well as being comic with his electrified violin, a line of work at which he is very good. The Onyx, which is never stingy with its music, has a trio headed by Toy Wilson, the house pianist, play when the other boys are resting. It also has occasional assisting artists, who drop around to see what's doing. Last week they were a lady tympanist in a cowgirl outfit and a Miss Ann Cornell, a young thing from Harlem with a fine young-thing voice, who might as well be made a permanent part of Fifty-second Street. —R. E. M. W.

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It wasn't likely, Mr. Moore said, that the police would get her confused with anybody else, because he could give them a complete description. She was completely tatooed, he said, from the waist down.

She has a Red Cross nurse on each leg, also two American flags, two rose garters three inches wide and the Rock of Ages. A snake is coiled around the lower part of her body in perpetual chase of a butterfly. Interspersed with the illustrations is a good deal of reading matter. Among the less interesting inscriptions, said Mr. Moore, were "Rose of No Man's Land" and "Good Luck Forever." "The two children are crying for her," Mr. Moore explained. "They want their mother to come home."—*The Herald Tribune.*

Nothing to read around the house, probably.

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington News*]

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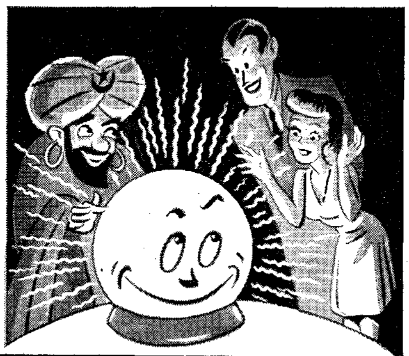

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(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE NEW YORKER)

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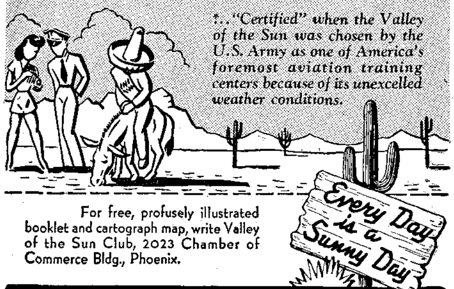
*..."Certified" when the Valley of the Sun was chosen by the U.S. Army as one of America's foremost aviation training centers because of its unexcelled weather conditions.



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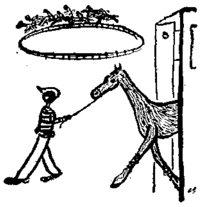
Seven Hearts Doubled



As the season approaches what is sometimes referred to as its finale, the fields for some of the richer events for older horses shrivel up to practically nothing. That's because the better thoroughbreds are so much more brittle than the others. Second-class racers seldom run fast enough to strain their tendons, which is one reason they are second-class racers. Although the winners of more than a dozen of the country's important sweepstakes were automatically eligible for the $25,000 Pimlico Special, only three answered the call of the starter the other afternoon. The Westchester Handicap, which wound up the Empire City meeting and racing at Jamaica last Saturday, was a much better show. Ten runners tried for the purse of $34,100, and while there wasn't a Wonder Horse among them, several were reasonable facsimiles.

Seven Hearts, who had taken the Scarsdale Handicap, a $10,000 race, a few days before, led all the way in the Westchester, finishing lengths ahead of anything else. His share of the purse was $23,600, which is not bad for a colt who cost $400 as a yearling. He is owned by J. Graham Brown, who operates the Brown Hotel in Louisville. In strict justice, I must report that Stymie, who was third in the Westchester, ran the most remarkable race I've seen in months. His head was turned sideways when the stall gates opened for the start, and it was caught and twisted by one of the doors. Permane, who rode Stymie, is not exactly sure how the colt managed to recover from this experience. At any rate, when the horse got going, he was so far behind that he seemed hopelessly distanced. He kept on resolutely, however, and finished so fast through the stretch that he was only half a length behind Good Morning for second money. Lots of people are going to bet on Stymie for months to come on the strength of that performance. Among the also-rans I noticed were Bon Jour, who was bumped out of the money; Mugwump, the pride of the little Ohio track called Thistle Down Park; and Bounding Home, who won the Belmont Stakes last June, a feat that still astounds me. A man I

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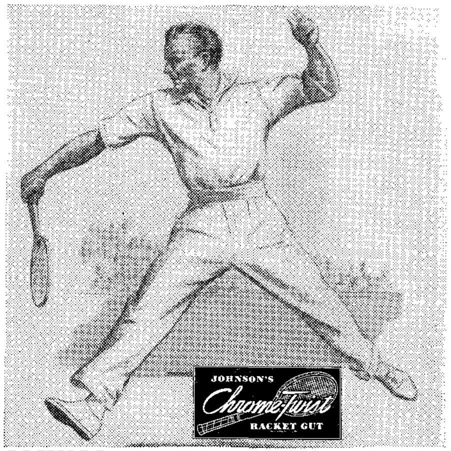

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know thinks that Bounding Home must have sold his soul to the Devil the night before the Belmont. Whatever happened, he hasn't won a race since.

THE closest finish of the week at Jamaica was between Breezing Home (not to be confused with Bounding Home) and Brownie in the New Rochelle Handicap. In my book it was the riding of Meade, who hasn't been in better form all season, that did the trick for Breezing Home. The long shot of the week was Baruna, who brought off a 20-to-1 chance in the Daingerfield Handicap, at two miles and a sixteenth. Most horseplayers were sure that the distance would be just the ticket for Caribou, who, you may recall, won the New York Handicap, at two miles and a quarter. What they overlooked was that Caribou carried 104 pounds in the New York and 126 in the Daingerfield.

MUCH as I admire Twilight Tear, I am afraid that I cannot be enthusiastic about the Pimlico Special, which she won at Baltimore last week. She merely galloped over the course lengths ahead of Devil Diver and Megogo. Devil Diver must not have been at his best, but even if he had been as good as he was the day he won the Metropolitan, I don't think that he could have beaten her. Twilight Tear (or Suzie, as her best friends call her) is a great race mare. Not the greatest I ever saw, but we won't go into that. She has won fourteen of her seventeen starts this season and $167,555 in prize money, and if she is chosen the horse of the year it's all right with me. There's a penalty, of course, for such honors. People who called Equipoise Ekky and Whirlaway Whirly now call Suzie The Tear. Registering a protest as usual, I shall continue to call her Suzie. It becomes her better.

HERBERT SWOPE's Victory Meeting at Belmont Park, which will benefit a number of charities, ends with the $10,000 Victory Handicap on November 15th. The last chance to get even, my hearties. —AUDAX MINOR

•

> The gunman, wearing a white mask, white rubber gloves and a huge high vaulted lobby of the bank, where scores of patrons were transacting business. He carried a shotgun under his arm and an overnight bag was tied about his neck.—*Boston Daily Record.*

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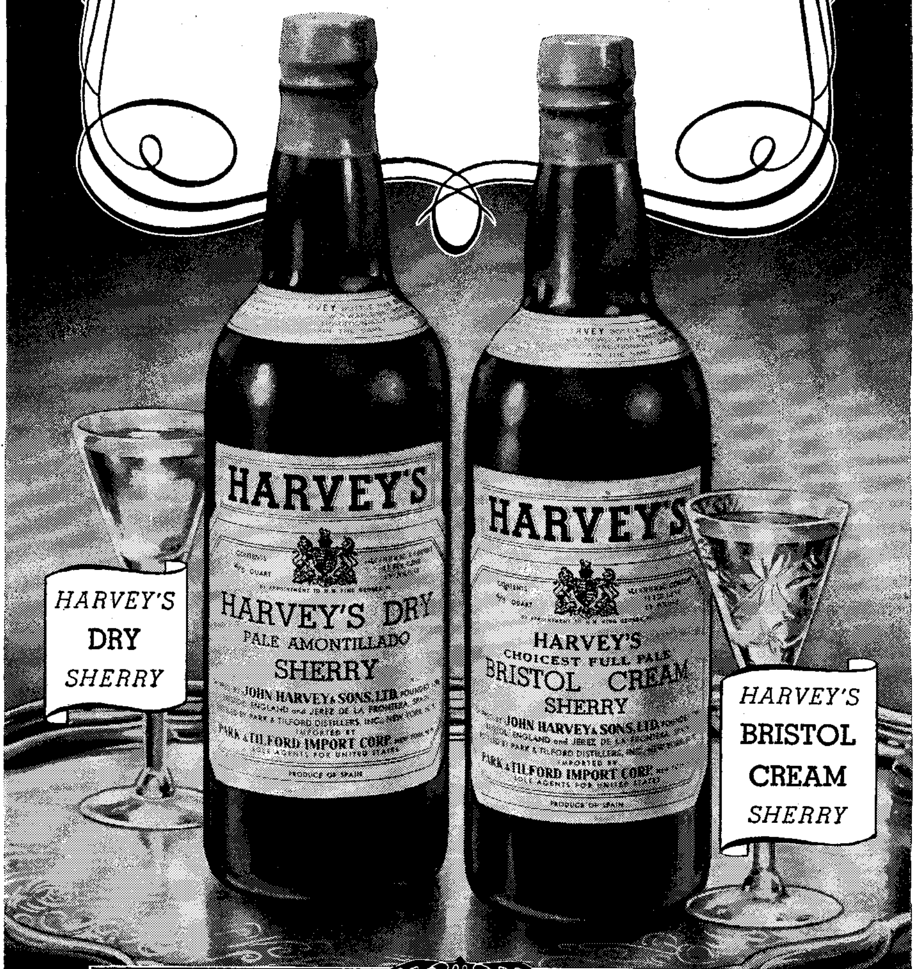

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UNCLE 'LISH, SUPERCARGO

MY great-uncle, Captain Elisha Hathaway, retired shipmaster, was hardly an admirable character. He certainly was not generally loved in Sicasset, the seaside New England town to which he retired in the late seventies after forty-odd years in the American merchant marine during its most glorious era. There were still alive, when I was a young boy, townsmen who had shipped out to China with him on the big barque Marigold and who kept fresh in current tradition some of the exploits of Uncle 'Lish—his high-handed masterfulness on 'board ship, his intimidation of his crews, and his utter disregard of such laws governing the rights of seamen as then existed.

Captain Elisha, they said, had never gone to sea without making sure that he was physically superior to every member of his crew. According to their stories, it was his practice, when outward bound, to call all hands aft as soon as the tug had cast off outside Sandy Hook, or Minot's Light, as the case might be. Backed by the mates, he would stand at the break of the poop and look down on the collection of forty or more seamen delivered the night before by the boarding master and ask, "Is there any son of a bitch aboard here who thinks he can lick me?" This direct method usually had the effect of cowing the crew at the outset and prevented misunderstandings. Its steadying effect upon a crew, half waterfront riffraff and nearly all suffering from hangovers, was so profound that it sometimes lasted halfway to China.

But on one such occasion, a rawboned Swedish sailor refused to be intimidated. He stepped out and stood alone, looking up at the poop, and announced that, yes, he believed he could lick the captain. Uncle 'Lish jumped from the poop deck down into the waist, a distance of eight feet, and walked straight into the flailing fists of the sailor. With no holds barred and no rules, the two men fought up and down the deck, kicking, biting, and kneeing each other in the groin, while the mates, with belaying pins, held back the crew, which naturally sympathized with the Swede. The fight lasted for half an hour and it was regarded as a draw. Finally Uncle 'Lish, bloody and breathless, with his uniform in tatters, stood and looked with admiration at the sailor. Then he turned to the first mate. "Get his dunnage together and put him ashore," Uncle 'Lish said, and went below. The Marigold lay there in stays while a boat's crew beached the Swede on Sandy Hook.

MY earliest memories of Uncle 'Lish go back to the eighties, when he had given up the sea and retired to his foursquare Colonial house at Sicasset, which was shipshape to the last degree. Every lamp in the place was set in gimbals and cleats were screwed to the outer edge of the mahogany dining table. "Not that I think she's going to roll, goddammit," he used to roar, "but because I'm used to 'em!"

One hot August afternoon, when I went to see my great-uncle, I found him attired in a suit of shantung silk of his own importation, his tall beaver raked over one eye and his inevitable flagon of Jamaica rum beside him. He was sitting on a bench in the shade of the house, bedevilling his former cabin boy, Aleck Small, now grown old in his service ashore. Aleck was engaged in shining up my Great-Aunt Mahala's brass fire screen with oil and brick dust and a flannel rag. Uncle 'Lish was saying, "Rub it the other way, you landlubber! With the sun! With the clock!" He saw me and yelled, "Now, boy, what are you doing?"

Before I could answer, we were interrupted by a visitor, in the person of Cap'n Abel Wood, of the schooner Emily, who arrived carrying a bottle of fish oil to quiet troubled waters for fishing, and a bucket of quahogs for codfish bait. He came wheezing up the walk and deposited his vast self on the bench.

"Cap'n 'Lisha," he said, "you mind them dozen or so harum-scarums from A. T. Stewart's store in New York that come up every year to fish and visit old Sam Perry, don't ye? Well, they're here and I got to take 'em offshore fishing today. A hell of a time to go fishing, with the tide on the ebb and scursely a breath of wind, but I can't git out of it. Sam, he chartered me."

"I wouldn't go outside today," Uncle

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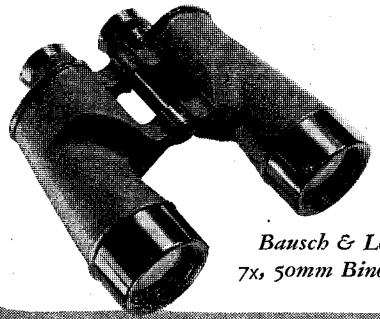

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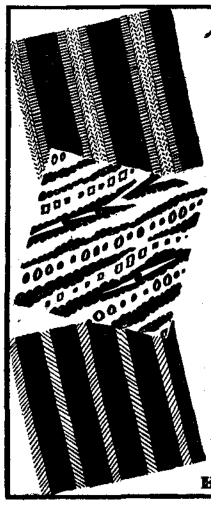

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'Lish said. "Look over there to west-'ard."

We all looked. In the west, behind the hills, there was forming a rampart of thunderheads, faintly visible through the afternoon haze, their contours edged with rose pink.

"Eyah," Captain Abel said. "Little squall comin', I guess. What of it? I ben out in squalls afore and my boat's able like myself, b'God. Give these roosters somethin' to talk about when they get back to New York. Anyway, they won't be put off. They're hell-bent for election to go fishin'."

Uncle 'Lish demurred. "I don't like it, Abel. You'll be taking a risk with those passengers. They don't know the bow of a vessel from the stern. How about my going along as supercargo? I haven't felt water under me for so long I think I'd enjoy it, and I'll bring Aleck to help you work her . . . and you," he yelled at me, "you can't go! Here." He handed me a coin. "You go down to the ice-cream parlor and stuff yourself."

INSTEAD, curiosity drew me down to the town pier, where the Emily was lying. There was a lot of confusion on board, with the out-of-town men laughing and carrying on, and I realized, even at my age, that the bottle had been circulating freely. I suddenly had an uncontrollable urge to go on this trip. Certain that I would later feel the wrath of my uncle, I nevertheless crawled down the pier ladder to the deck and crept forward unnoticed. I slipped down the cuddy and was soon hidden in the forward chain locker.

Much later, after I saw that we were well outside the breakwater, I stole on deck. Hidden by the forecastle house, I looked aft. Back in the cockpit, I could see Captain Abel behind the wheel. My great-uncle was beside him with a boat cloak over his silk suit. Uncle 'Lish was apparently furious at the antics of the passengers, who were skylarking all over the schooner, in spite of the efforts of Aleck Small to keep the lines flemished down and the gear in order. I noticed that my great-uncle cast frequent anxious glances to the west, where the sky was copper-colored with the advancing squall.

One of the group of passengers, later identified as a buyer for the Stewart store, was amusing himself with the pretense that he was the master of the ship. He had secured a short length of rope and was chasing another man about the deck and smacking him with the rope's end. "Go aloft, George," he

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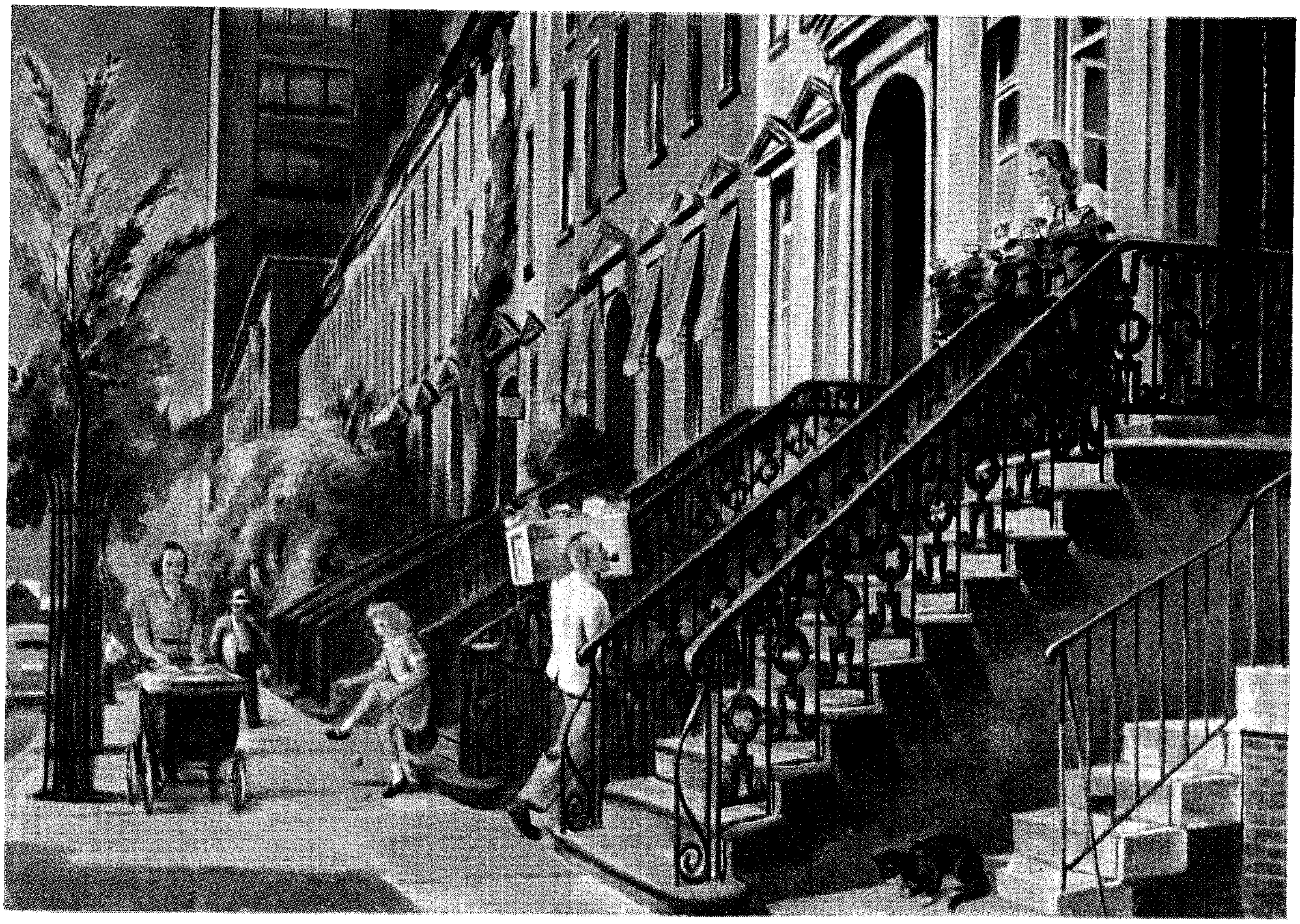

"City Family and Neighbors" painted by Rudolf Wetterau

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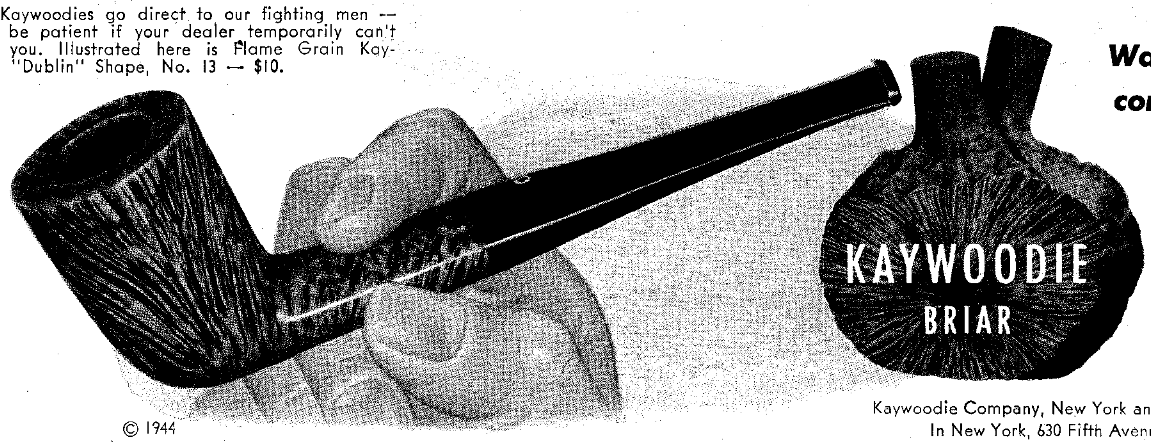

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shouted, "and reef the topgallant forecastle!"

To escape him, George climbed ten feet up into the rigging. The Emily nosed into a sea, and as she lurched, George lost his hold. He fell clear of the side and drifted rapidly astern.

"Stand by to jibe!" yelled Captain Abel. He threw the wheel over and the Emily came smartly into the wind and fell away on the other tack. Cap'n Abel brought her around again and came up alongside the swimming man, who was hauled on board by his friends.

They were all excited by this accident, but not George. Grinning foolishly, his jersey and duck trousers dripping, he made his way back to the main standing rigging and again climbed up the shrouds. "Gentlemen," he said with a bow, "that was involuntary. But this is voluntary, and over the taffrail she goes." He jumped over the side.

For the second time, Captain Abel turned back and for the second time George was hauled on board. This was too much for Uncle 'Lish. "Abel," he shouted, "command your vessel! Look over there." He pointed to the west, where a vicious line of white was racing toward us.

Captain Abel nodded and turned pitifully to my great-uncle. "You take over, Cap'n 'Lisha, will ye? I can't do nothin' with these fellers."

The skylarkers were amazed by the metamorphosis of the "quaint local character" who had been sitting in the cockpit into a tall, forceful man who now came on deck among them. "That's enough!" he barked. "Get below, you stupid bastards! Aleck! Come aft here. Slack the mains'l off and get a couple of reefs in it and then see if you can get the fors'l off her, if you have to let it down by the run. I'll take the wheel."

The wind suddenly stopped, and, in the hushed stillness that precedes a squall, a pompous member of the party went aft and indignantly confronted my uncle. "Are you referring to me and my friends as bastards?" he asked. "I chartered this boat and I resent—"

"Resent and be damned, you squid-faced son of a hoor," said my great-uncle. "I told you to go below. Now git, and take all this drunken sculch with you." Uncle 'Lish grabbed the pompous passenger and, without further remark, threw him down the companionway into the cabin.

If the others had any ideas of reprisal, they abandoned them and ran for the cabin, for they had seen for the first time what I was seeing. A wall of green water with an angry white crest was bearing down upon us and, as I darted down the cuddy and pulled the hatch over my head, the Emily ducked herself down to her waist in this smother of water. The foresail exploded with a bang as the squall struck us in full force. We were for it!

The hatch over the chain locker had carried away and I was submerged. When the Emily finally came up—and I thought she never would—I dashed on deck and staggered aft. I shall not forget my uncle's expression as he met me. "Good God, I might have known if I didn't lock you up, you'd— Get below with the others."

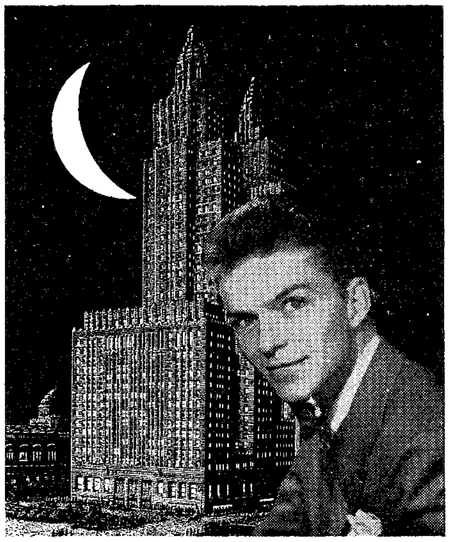
It was very dark in the little cabin, which was solid full of scared and sobered men. Outside, the gloom, punctuated by green flashes of lightning, was intense. It was a very awesome experience for a little boy. The wind screamed in the rigging. Once there was an awful crash as some part of the top hamper carried away and fell on deck, and there were tearing sounds as sails were blown away. Meanwhile the pitching had stopped, but the Emily was rolling gunwales under. I suppose this went on for perhaps twenty minutes, although it seemed much longer.

One of the passengers climbed up into an upper bunk and looked out a forward porthole that gave on the waist.

"Come here!" he yelled. "Look what he's doing! He's actually smashing the lifeboat. My God, fellows, this man must be crazy!"

I climbed up and looked out too. Uncle 'Lish, with a hatchet in his hand, was attacking the bottom of the overturned tender, which was lashed upside down to a cradle on deck. I could make nothing of this maneuver, but I instinctively trusted Uncle 'Lish. The Emily was lying in the trough of the sea and every time she rolled our cabin ports were in green water. Through the port, I watched Uncle 'Lish and Aleck Small attach a long line to the stove-in tender and lead it forward, and saw them, as the schooner heeled over, shove the tender over the side. The boat filled rapidly and sank to her gunwales. Presently, as the pull of this improvised sea anchor was exerted, the Emily's head slowly swung up to meet the sea. The rolling stopped, but we began pitching again like a bucking broncho. And then a new noise commenced, a steady, methodical rhythm. It was Cap'n Abel and Aleck Small working the pumps.

AFTER aeons of time, the cabin doors finally opened, to reveal my great-uncle, a most distressing spectacle of an



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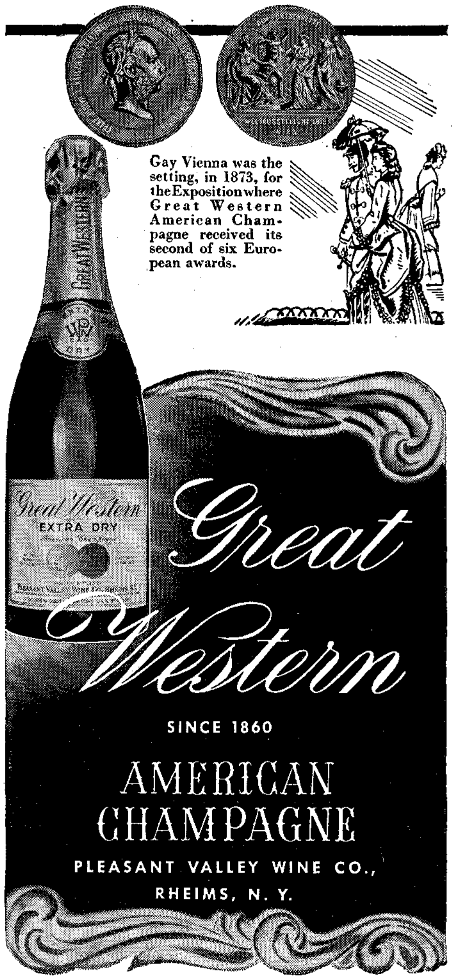

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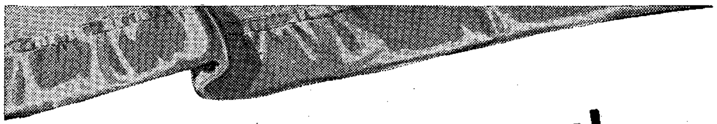

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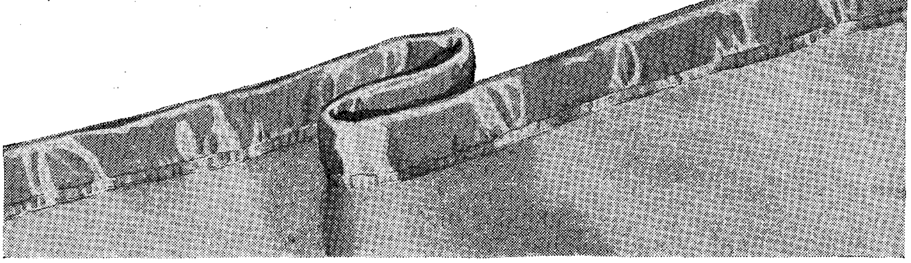


uncle. He was soaked to the pink, his silk suit hung on him in wrinkled festoons, and his tall beaver had collapsed. But his spirits were not even dampened. He was grinning. "Well, men," he said, "the blow's about over and you can come on deck. I want you to bail and help work the pumps. We're in pretty good shape. The wind's easing off, she's beginning to lighten up to west'ard, and there's the makin's of a rainbow."

We filed on deck. The pompous member of the party, all fight gone, approached my uncle. "Captain," he said, "we feel we owe you an apology and our thanks. If you had just explained the danger—"

"There's no time for explanations in the midst of a blow," Uncle 'Lish said. "We're all right now. We've been seen by the lifesaving watch on the cliff and there's a surf boat on the way out to us."

Poor old Captain Abel sat in the cockpit with his head bowed. His schooner was a wreck, and, what hurt him even more, he had yielded control of his ship in an emergency. Uncle 'Lish sat down beside him. "Hell, Abel, don't take on so," he said. "I'll see that she's made all shipshape again, and she's worth it. She's a damn able boat. Come on, perk up, Abel. I haven't had so much fun since I gave up the Marigold." He saw me waiting, shamefaced, and called me over to him. "And now, boy," he said, "let's you and me figure out what kind of a yarn will satisfy your mother."

—Ralph Frye

•

TO THE MEN OF GOOD WILL TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Good Saint George, having just slain
  the dragon, rides through the ticker
  tape,
Smiles from the balcony at the crowds
  agape,
Nods through the testimonial speeches,
  and, in his battle dress,
Chats shyly with the representatives of
  the press;
Escapes at last to his fireside, puts away
The sword that completed its mission
  earlier in the day,
And sleeps the good sleep of the just—
  While the dragon (that was slain)
With black magic brings itself to life
  again.
Efficiently licks its wounds, consolidates
  its losses and gains,
And plans new strategies for
  forthcoming campaigns.

—Nina Bourne

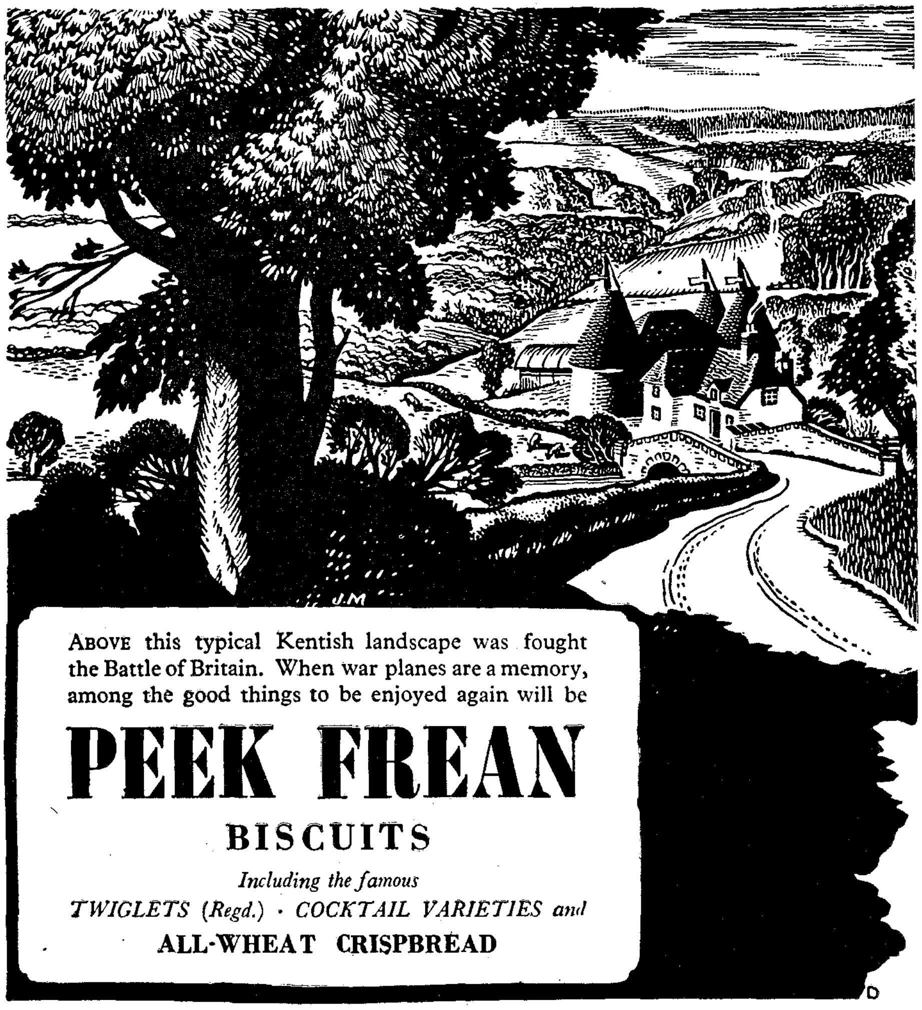
FOOTBALL

Hold Everything!

IN certain institutions where a winning team is the prime consideration, it is the custom of the coach to cure (or attempt to cure) chronic cases of the fumbles by requiring the players afflicted with the disease to carry a football with them wherever they go—to classes, to the training table, and to bed. In theory, as well as in the books of Ralph Henry Barbour and in the volumes dealing with the lives and works of the Rover Boys, any such form of ostentatious penance produces instantaneous and permanent recovery. In what is called life, however, experience has taught us all that there is nothing to be done for a case of the fumbles except to be kind and understanding with the sufferer and to prevent, if possible, any infection of his teammates. After all, even a chronic fumbler can be a fine fellow and a useful athlete.

This homily is prompted by the fact that Navy, which has a habit of fumbling, was able to beat Notre Dame, which almost never fumbles, by the fairly convincing score of 32–13 last Saturday down in Baltimore. Before that game was played, there was little doubt in the minds of thinking men that Navy, aside from its inclination to keep dropping the ball, was a perfect football team. Only those who live by figures alone refused to admit that Navy lost to North Carolina Pre-Flight, 21–14, and to Georgia Tech, 17–15, because it was butter-fingered. It's too bad the figure men didn't give in; they would not now have to explain how a team they had rated twelfth best in the nation could so upset a team they had rated best.

Navy, generous, as always, to a fault, fumbled the first time it got its hands on the ball in the match with Notre Dame, and in no time at all the enemy was just a yard from the Navy goal. Notre Dame didn't score then; in fact, it didn't score until the second half, when Navy had built up what seemed like a safe lead of three touchdowns. The first half, in which both sides played mostly straight football, was won by Navy, 12–0; the second half, in which Navy stuck to orthodoxy and Notre Dame tried every variation of pass play, was won by Navy 20–13. Sticking to orthodoxy was a wise decision for Navy, for its running attack cut great holes in



ABOVE this typical Kentish landscape was fought the Battle of Britain. When war planes are a memory, among the good things to be enjoyed again will be

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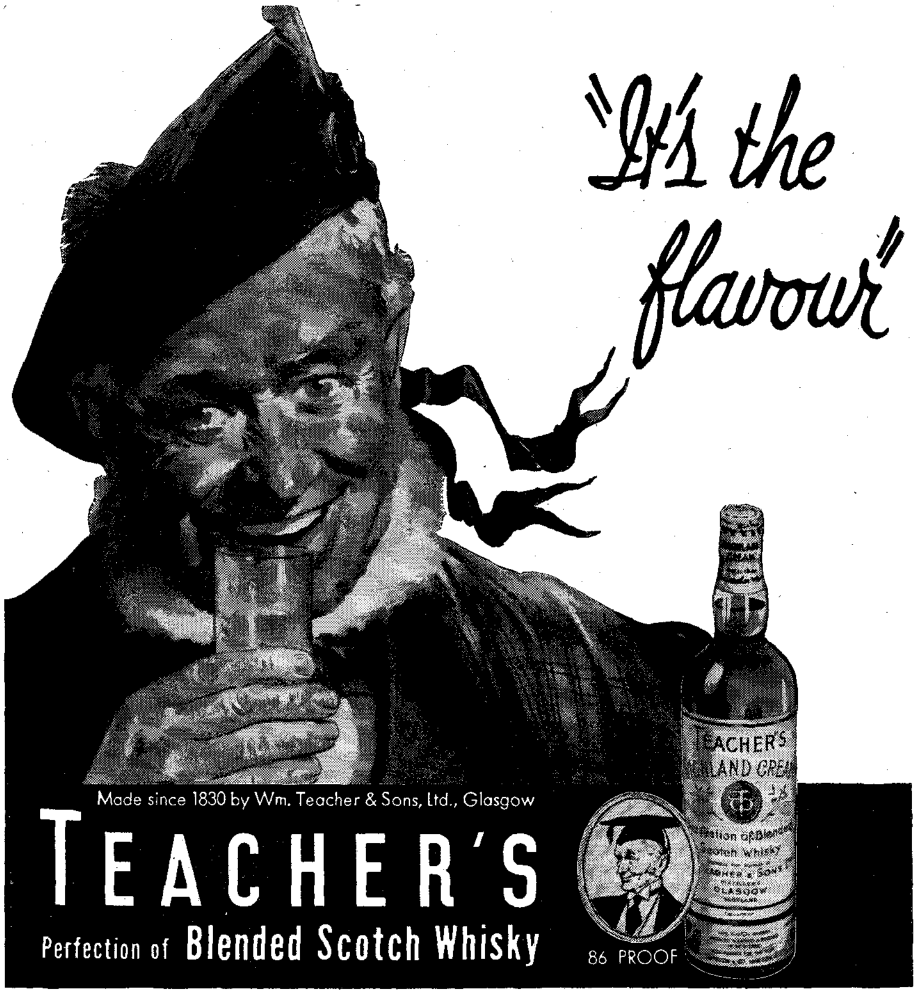

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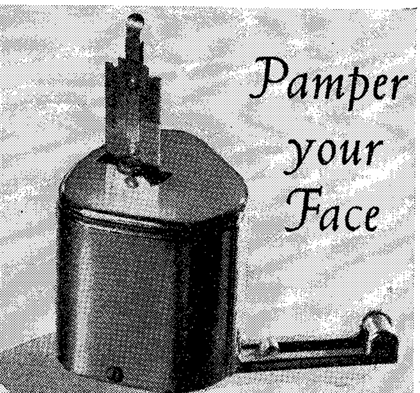

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the Notre Dame line, whereas the Navy receivers fumbled half of the few passes thrown to them. They fumbled a lot of passes that weren't thrown to them, too—Notre Dame passes, which they grabbed at but could not hold. If the boys had held onto them, the final score would have been Navy 32, Notre Dame 0.

In the second quarter, Navy had another chance to be a gentlemanly host and did not overlook it. Bob Kelly (there were three Kellys around that day) of Notre Dame fumbled when he was hit very hard by a couple of tacklers, and Navy recovered the ball. Jenkins of Navy broke through the Notre Dame line two plays later and took off for the goal line behind two Navy tacklers, but when he had gone perhaps ten yards he suddenly remembered his manners and let the ball trickle through his fingers to the turf, where a grateful Notre Dame player fell on it. This incident, accordingly, turned out better for Kelly than one he was involved in earlier in the game, when the score was still 0–0 and Navy had the ball on Notre Dame's five-yard line. Scott of Navy started through what would have been a fine hole in the Notre Dame line if Kelly had not spotted the play and moved up with a rush to tackle Scott. He tackled Scott, all right, but the Navy man was going so fast that he and Kelly, locked in a fierce embrace with the ball between them, trotted across the goal before they fell in a heap. According to the records, it was the first time anyone had scored a touchdown on Kelly's chest.

FOOTNOTES: Notre Dame was holding nothing back on Saturday. All its pass plays, including the forward-and-lateral pass with which it beat Illinois the week before, had an airing, as well as a delayed buck through centre which was just as handsome and effective when Yale and Princeton used it on each other, back in the thirties. . . . Baltimore is full of broken-down grandstand quarterbacks, most of whom were out for the game on Saturday and all of whom were wrong about everything. —J. W. L.

•

I am confident that the SS Addie Daniels will have a distinguished service. I for one will follow her gracefully down the ways into the smooth waters of the Savannah River.—*Raleigh (N. C.) News & Observer.*

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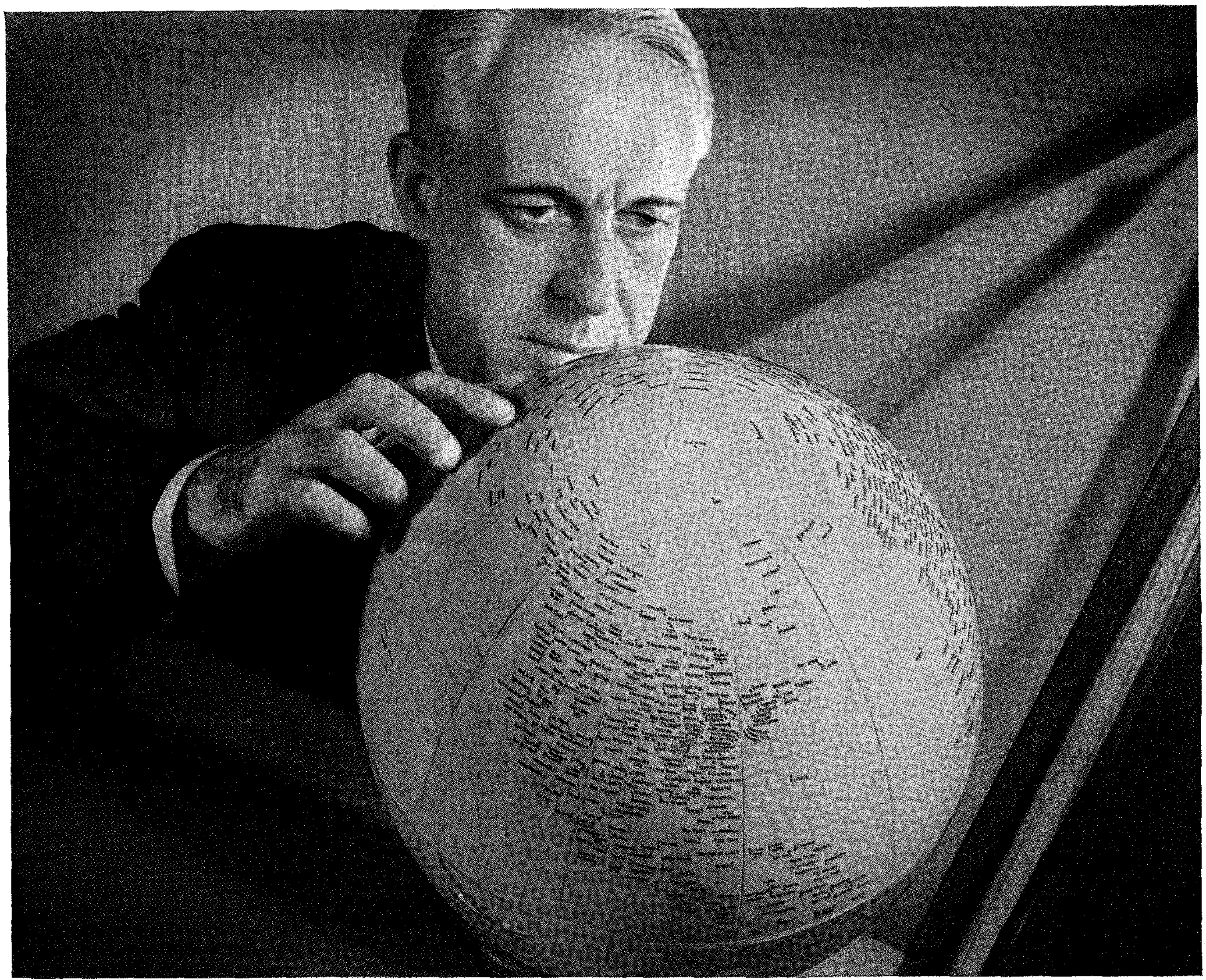

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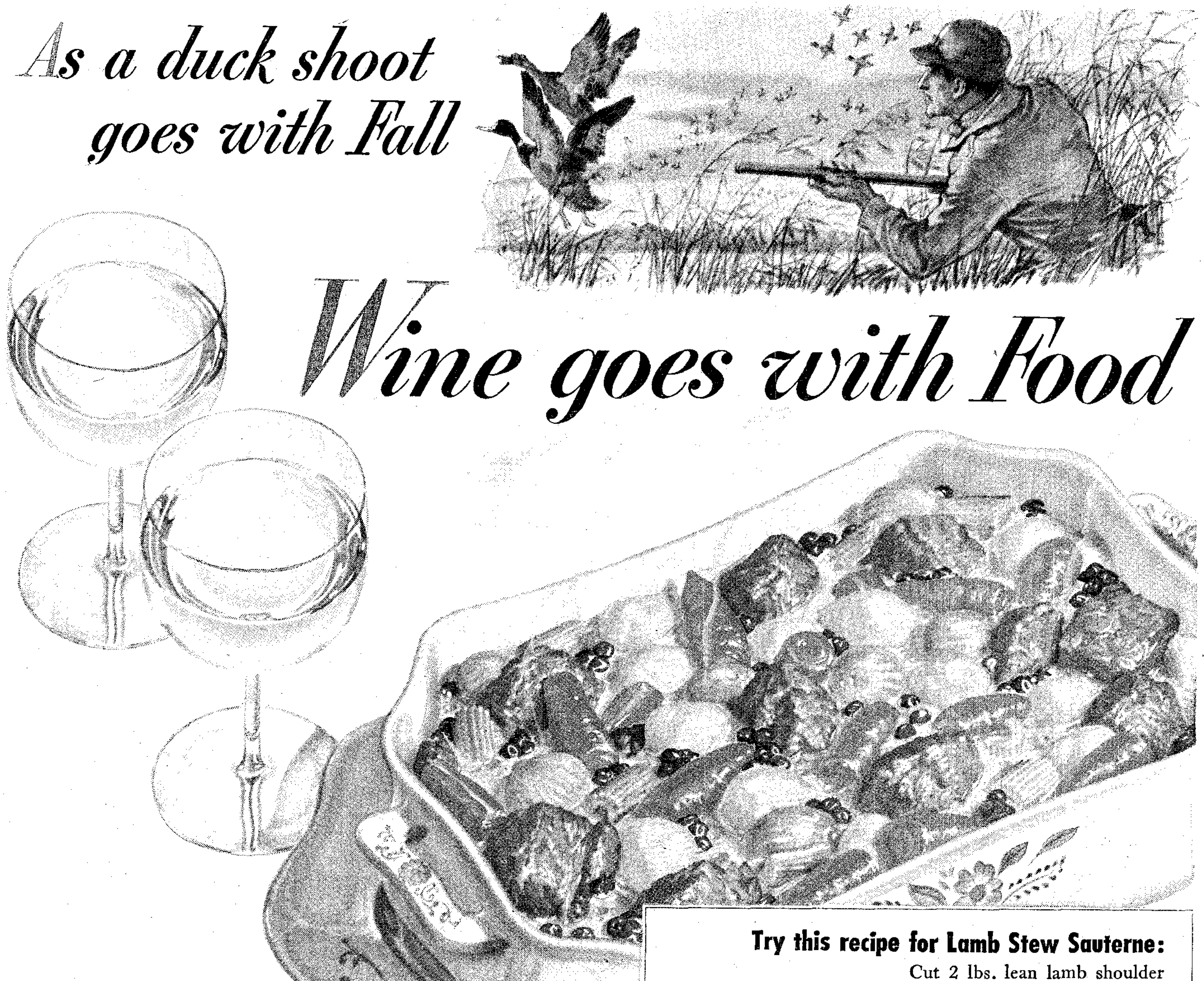

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Try this recipe for Lamb Stew Sauterne:

Cut 2 lbs. lean lamb shoulder into 2-inch cubes and place in deep bowl with 2 sliced onions and 1 or 2 peeled cloves of garlic. Add 1½ cups California Sauterne or Rhine Wine, cover, and let stand in refrigerator 2 or 3 hours. Discard garlic. Take out meat, roll in seasoned flour, brown in 4 tbsps. hot oil in kettle. Add wine and onion and 3 cups water; cover and simmer until tender (about 1½ hours). Add vegetables—carrots, potatoes, celery, small whole onions and peas, as desired; season well, and cook until tender, about 20 minutes. Thicken the gravy if desired. This dish serves 4 to 6

Port-baked apples are no trick at all!

Wash and core 4 apples, peel upper ⅓ of each. Place in casserole. Dissolve ⅓ cup sugar in ½ cup boiling water, pour over apples, cover, and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 30 to 40 minutes. Remove apples to serving dishes, pour 2 tbsps. California Port wine into each. Boil down remaining syrup until fairly thick and pour over apples to glaze them. Serves 4

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Ballet, Batonist, and Book

THE opening of Ballet International at the International Theatre, on Columbus Circle, last week, was designated officially as "gala," and all the signs of a gala evening were there—a celebrity-hungry crowd outside the house, an illustrious assembly inside, bushels of flowers for the ballerinas, ovations for almost everything and everyone, and effusive sociability among the audience. Ballet International, a new organization, got off to a big hand but not exactly on its best foot. The first performance was likable but hardly impressive, and it wasn't until the second night that the talents and accomplishments of the company became fully apparent. Ballet International covers a lot of territory for a young ensemble. Its repertory includes such standards as "Les Sylphides" and "Swan Lake," which are seemingly mandatory equipment for a ballet company, as well as a flock of recent creations. The best of the new items, I thought, was "Sebastian," composed by Gian-Carlo Menotti to an effective, melodramatic plot that concerned such matters as a seventeenth-century courtesan, a prince, a lovelorn servant, magic, and self-sacrifice. There was a bit too much, but the story was direct and easy to follow, and the music, aside from some curiously modernistic tootling in the early minutes, was excellent and melodious theatre writing. Edward Caton's choreography, the scenery of Oliver Smith, the costumes of Milena, and the orchestral playing under the direction of Alexander Smallens were, as an earlier generation of balletomanes used to say, up to snuff, and special dancing credits should go to Viola Essen and Francisco Moncion.

Another new ballet was "Memories," based on a story by Winthrop Palmer and made over into a ballet by Simon Semenoff with a string of Brahms waltzes preceded and followed by musical quotations from the Brahms song "Von ewiger Liebe." It was not entirely plain what the story was, and some episodes seemed to have been constructed on the notion that length is strength, but on the whole it was an attractive, well-danced presentation that ought to be-

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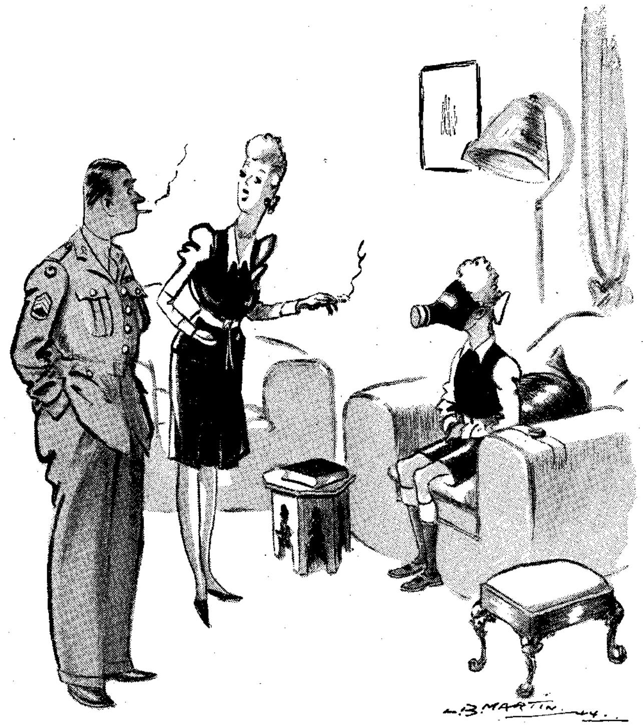

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come something that most audiences will enjoy as much as the audience for the première did. More Brahms appeared in "Brahms Variations," which was choreographed by Bronislava Nijinska to something like forty Brahms variations on one theme by Paganini and another by Handel. It was perfect for people who like variations in quantity. "Sentimental Colloquy," another first-timer, had a charming and sensitive score by Paul Bowles and an amusing set, which consisted mainly of bearded bike riders, designed by Salvador Dali. Just how the scenery, the generally uneventful choreography, and the music were related was a fascinating enigma to many of us.

THERE may have been ballet memories for some Philharmonic-Symphony patrons last week when Pierre Monteux conducted the orchestra, because this eminent director made his American début in 1916 as maestro for the Russian Ballet. Since then, Mr. Monteux has become one of the favorite orchestral conductors in this country. He turned in smooth, finely balanced performances with the Philharmonic-Symphony, but Debussy's "Images" did not sound as consistently persuasive as one might have expected. Anyway, it was a pleasure to have Mr. Monteux here again for a spell. Some of the Carnegie Hall visitors even greeted him with delighted whistling, an unconventional accolade at symphonic events.

IF you have ever played piano accompaniments for anybody or are at all interested in the art, which demands diplomacy as well as musicianship, you will enjoy "The Unashamed Accompanist," a diverting book by Gerald Moore, who is an excellent accompanist himself. It is entertaining and thoughtful shop talk, and proves, among other things, that just being a piano player does not qualify you to be an accompanist, unashamed or otherwise.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

W—— C—— ... was arrested yesterday on a federal warrant charging him with violating the May Act by aiding and abetting in prostitution. It was charged that he rented a room to a soldier and a woman, who were not man and wife. The warrant was sworn out before United States Commissioner Lee Brock by the FBI. The arrest was made by United States Deputy Marshal O. D. Johnson.

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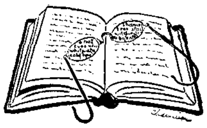
—*Nashville Tennessean.*

You're a little late.

BOOKS

A Novel by Dawn Powell—Monsignor Knox's New Testament

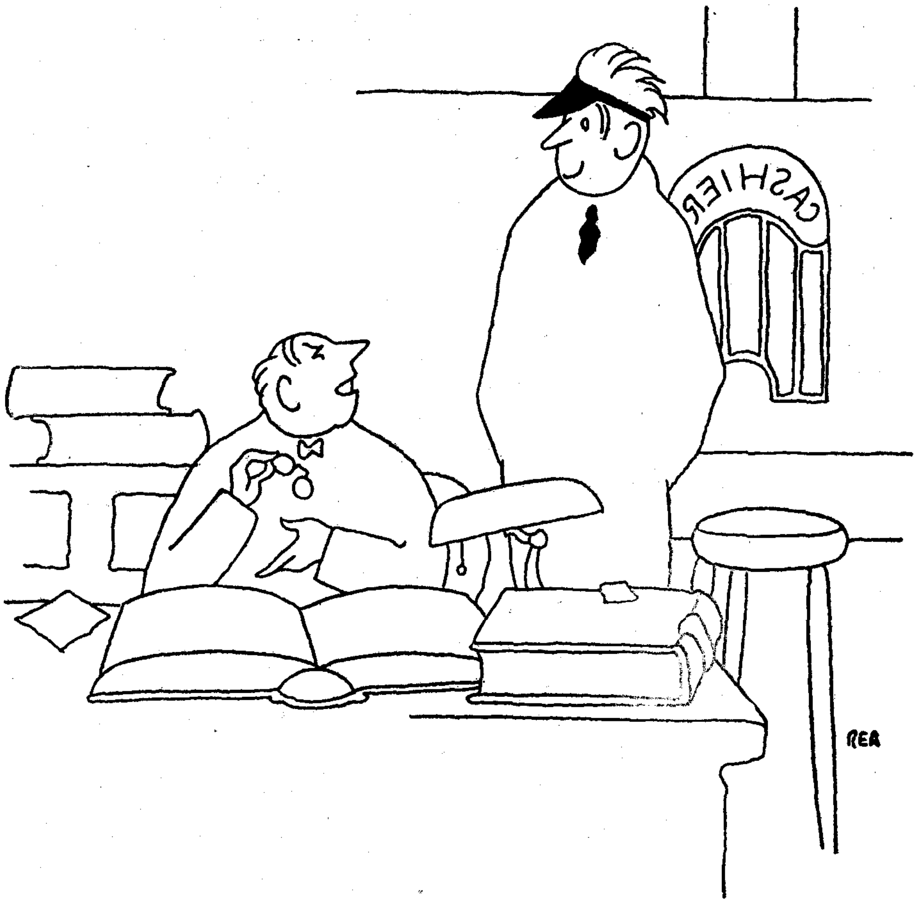


Dawn Powell's new novel, "My Home Is Far Away" (Scribner), sounds like something between fiction and a memoir. It is the story of three little girls, the children of a travelling salesman in Ohio. Their father is a great fellow when out with the boys and brings home wonderful presents, but spends most of his time on the road, seriously neglects his family, and is always having to look for a new job. The mother dies of tuberculosis and the girls spend some miserable years, during which they are passed around from one relation to another and have a period of living more or less on their own in a room in one of those Western hotels that are part of the railroad station. At last, their father marries again, becomes manager of a furniture store, and, using his wife's money, establishes the family in an ample house and plays the rôle of solid citizen. Now the girls have respectability, but find themselves imprisoned and persecuted by a hateful, neurotic stepmother, who makes their lives more wretched than ever. When the town builds a new high school and it is decided to charge tuition, they find that they will not be allowed to finish their education, and the two oldest girls run away. The second daughter, Marcia, is bright—she has always been so good at her lessons that her teacher thought she was cheating, and she has done so much reading and writing that her relatives say she is "loony." She makes friends with a Chautauqua lecturer, scrapes together a little money, and, relying on his help in the city, slips off to Cleveland alone.

That is all there is to the story, but Dawn Powell has made out of it a chronicle of small-town Middle Western life that is touching without sentimentality and amusing with only rare lapses into caricature and farce. One of the best things that Miss Powell does is her sordid or shabby interiors, such as the railroad hotel and the rooming house which the girls' grandmother keeps in Cleveland—and one remembers the small, intimate New York hotel, with its cocktail-drinking old ladies, which figures in her "Angels on Toast." She gets out of these unpromising backgrounds a humor and a fairy-tale poetry that have something in common with Dickens. The contemporary she most resembles is probably Sinclair Lewis, but she takes human life more calmly, more genially, and less melodramatically. Her quality, however, is all her own: an odd blend of sharp sophistication with something childlike, surprised, and droll—a point of view, in fact, very much like that of the alert, dispossessed little girls in this book.

Miss Powell has so much talent and of a kind that is so uncommon that one is always left rather disgruntled at her not making more of her work than she does. Three of her recent novels—"Angels on Toast" and "A Time to be Born," as well as this latest one—have all been in some ways excellent, but they sound like advanced drafts of books rather than finished productions. It is not only that they are marred by inaccuracies, inconsistencies, and other kinds of careless writing; Miss Powell, in the space of one page, gets her heroine's great-grandmother mixed up with her great-great-grandmother; she uses "phenomena" as if it were singular, she mistakes the meaning of "perquisites;" and she is addicted to such usages as "imbecilic" and "normalcy." These errors might not be important; Scott Fitzgerald in his best work sometimes misused words even more seriously. But her carelessness extends also to the organic life of the story. Miss Powell has a way of resorting, in the latter parts of her novels, to violent and sudden incidents which she needs for the machinery of the action but has not taken the trouble to make plausible; and in the case of this latest novel, these incidents —the death of the grandfather from walking into a third rail and the killing off of another of the characters by an abortion—are particularly unconvincing, owing to the fact that the rest of the narrative seems to run pretty close to experience. Miss Powell has simply not allowed herself time to smooth these gashes and hummocks out. And the whole book, as I say, gives the impression of being merely an all-but-final draft which represents the stage at which the writer has got all his material down but has not yet done the sculptural rehandling which is to bring out its self-consistent contours and set it in a permanent pose.

If we compare "My Home Is Far Away" with the stories of a childhood in Texas in Katherine Anne Porter's "The Leaning Tower," we see the difference between fiction that is interesting because of its implications and sat-



"May I inquire, Mr. Phillips, just what these recurring debit items are that you have entered simply as 'the ponies'?"

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Carl

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isfying because of its art, and fiction which—though Miss Powell is more lively and can fill in her picture more densely—leaves us feeling that we do not quite know and that the author herself does not know what moral she wants to point with her story or what emotion she wants to convey. This is a genuine disappointment, because Miss Powell, like Marcia in her novel, is a born literary temperament, with an independent point of view that does not lend itself to clichés of feeling, and a life of the imagination that makes writing, for her, an end in itself. She will never be a popular purveyor of the daydreams of feminine fiction. She does not hold up the public for laughter, excitement, or sobs. But, as a writer, she has never yet quite grown up. She appeals to the intelligent reader, but she appeals, again, like the perceptive little girl, who entertains you with breathless dashes of talking but whose vivid improvisations betray, by their falterings and their occasional whoppers, that her imaginative world has not yet been developed to include all of adult experience.

MONSIGNOR RONALD A. KNOX is mainly known to the general public as the author of detective stories and of some limericks that turn up in anthologies. He has, however, been engaged for four years in making a fresh translation of the New Testament, which has just been published by Sheed & Ward: "The New Testament in English." Such modern translations are needed. There was already one excellent one, "The New Testament: An American Translation," by Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed of the University of Chicago. Monsignor Knox's translation is equipped with more scholarly apparatus than Professor Goodspeed's. He has worked from the Latin Vulgate, since this is the official version of the Roman Catholic Church, but he has checked it with the Greek original and discusses the problems of the Greek in notes. His translation also gives the impression of being more intellectualized and more self-conscious than Professor Goodspeed's. In the latter the style is quite simple, and the preachments and conversations have a natural rhythm and a positive ring; whereas Knox is sometimes colloquial to the point of suggesting quaint humor: "We are of Abraham's breed, nobody ever enslaved us yet;" sometimes so prosaically reasoned that it is a moment before we can recognize some perfectly well-known passage: "At present, we are looking at a confused reflection in a mirror; then, we shall see face to face; now, I have only glimpses of knowledge; then, I shall recognize God as he has recognized me." That is what Monsignor Knox makes of Corinthians I, 13: "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." There is a gain in intelligibility but a great loss in poetry and dramatic tone. "Through a glass, darkly" was originally, in the Greek, "into the riddle of a mirror," and Goodspeed has preserved for Paul a slightly more elevated style as well as kept to contemporary language by making it, "For now we are looking at a dim reflection in a mirror."

The tone of Monsignor Knox's translation suggests a constant well-bred anxiety not to sound too exalted or dogmatic, like the superior mock-modest British stutter; and is in this respect probably the product—Monsignor Knox was long chaplain at Oxford—of the modern English university. But his version is in any case well worth having. To read it may clear up for us the obscurities of passages which have become part of our consciousness without our ever having properly understood them, and, by wiping the old lens of the language, revive our interest in the story of the Gospels by enabling us to see it in a more limpid light.—EDMUND WILSON

VERSE

MARIANNE MOORE'S fifth book of poetry, "Nevertheless" (Macmillan), is her best. It contains six poems of no great length. The small format is delightful—a proof that a commercial publisher need not badger a poet to pad a volume with second-rate material in order that some outmoded publishing tradition be kept up. This little, firm, profoundly beautiful set of poems is an event for which a country more conscious of the importance of the good artist would crown Miss Moore with official laurels. As it is, officialdom has never seen fit to give her the Pulitzer Prize.

Many of the facts about Miss Moore's quality and importance have already been set forth in T. S. Eliot's preface to her "Selected Poems" (1935). Eliot speaks of her service to the living language (I quote) in maintaining its strength and subtlety and preserving its quality of feeling; of her appreciation of the individual word; of her success in startling us into an unusual awareness of visual patterns with something like the fascination of a high-powered microscope; of her elegance and form. Eliot

"Definitely a home front must."
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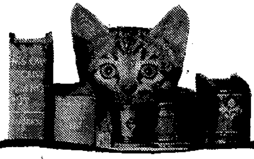

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also speaks of two characteristics of Miss Moore's earlier work which have baffled many readers in the past—her lack of out-and-out poetic "music" (her rhythm is basically that of good prose) and her intellectual detachment, which sometimes seemed to stiffen into actual coldness. During the nine years which have passed since Eliot's preface, Miss Moore has become both "musical" and more openly warm-hearted. The warmth was always there, but it is more noticeable because it is now more personal, tender, and even playful. It is a humane, humorous, imaginative warmth that satisfies the heart and mind equally. Neither wistfulness nor that self-pity which often attacks women writers when they let down their guard has invaded these self-possessed poems.

In this book, Miss Moore's love of animals, fruit, flowers, and beautiful artifacts, once shown rather obliquely, touches her subjects with a subdued but penetrating light. The poems are like fables, giving new point and meaning to certain necessary virtues of mankind. The fortitude bred by mutilation or deprivation ("Nevertheless"), the tragic bases of equanimity ("Elephants"), the beauties of stalwartness and skill ("A Carriage from Sweden"), the need for every man to search out, in time of war, the arrogance and division in his own heart ("In Distrust of Merits"), these are the things Miss Moore brings before us—few, but of terrible importance. Added to these is her charming poem on the ordinarily comic skunk ("The Wood-Weasel"). This little animal, suddenly detached from cheap jokes, is restored to its dignified place in Nature by a few words from the imaginative and kind heart and by a merciful look from the just eyes of Miss Moore. Scholar, moralist, and poet, Marianne Moore acts according to the rule she herself has demanded in art—that it should be "lit with piercing glances into the life of things . . . and acknowledge the spiritual forces which have made it."

Marianne Moore is now our most distinguished contemporary American poet. Her talents should be guarded and encouraged, so that we can expect from her a long career, rich with the superb poetry she is able to compose.

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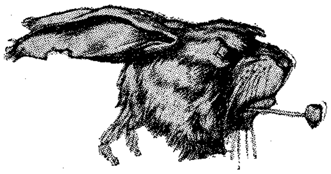

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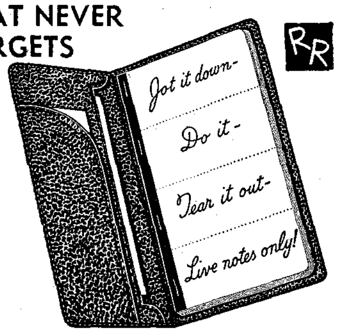

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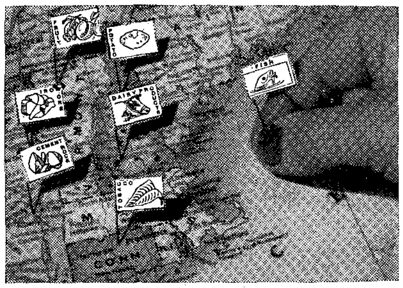

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going off to war, here is a book about the more subtle tragedy of returning from it. In an intentionally muted narrative, the author manages to present a bitter and effective picture of five Marines who, after nearly two years of heroic fighting in the Solomons, return home and try to pick up their old lives. Little by little their self-confidence and self-esteem are sapped by the well-meaning stupidity of a preoccupied society to which they are unable to assimilate themselves. An almost unbearably pitiful story, but with an ending which offers some relief from the misery and muddle of these bewildered men.

OF SMILING PEACE, by Stefan Heym (Little, Brown). A story set against a background of the battle for North Africa. It is, however, less a novel of action than an inquiry into the validity of the ideals which the Americans bring with them in their first effort to replace a Nazi regime. Through a handful of characters the author successfully dramatizes the difficulties presented by ex-collaborationists, informers, and professional patriots with which the liberating army must come to terms. The hazards that follow in the wake of victory are reflected in a personal duel between a rather soft-boiled American Intelligence lieutenant and an extremely able major of the German General Staff. Unfortunately, the Nazi is so much more effectively presented than the American that the forces of democracy don't come off as creditably as Mr. Heym obviously intends. Altogether, Mr. Heym's second try is not anything like as good as his "Hostages," either as straight narrative or as political reporting.

CRYING AT THE LOCK, by Adeline Rumsey (Simon & Schuster). A carefully planned psychological novel involving a man who, married to a woman of neither character nor brains, keeps remembering his nymphomaniac first wife and eventually finds release in the love of a direct and wholly natural young girl. Miss Rumsey has an interesting situation—a man, fettered by his own neuroses, who had been happier married to an abnormal woman than he is married to an entirely conventional one. The author studies her situation too hard and arranges the plot too neatly around it, so the book does not add up to much more than a sharply contrived tour de force. It is only when Miss Rumsey is exploring the very credible character of the second wife that she shows she can be a sound novelist when she tries.

DEAR BABY, by William Saroyan (Harcourt, Brace). Twenty lengths of mill-end Saroyan material—stories, memories, self-revelations, and exhortations. They are for the most part in the author's more solemn beautiful-mystery-of-life manner and lack his lighthearted and crazy humor. "If I can keep from trying to say everything at once," he remarks while musing on the problem of How It Is To Be, "I'll tell you how it is, or at least give you an idea." The trouble is that he hasn't kept from trying to say everything at once, so you really don't get much of an idea.

BRIDGE TO BROOKLYN, by Albert E. Idell (Holt). A sequel to "Centennial Summer" which will undoubtedly warm the hearts of thousands of readers who love a novel that combines gentle nostalgia with a lively chronicle of family life and at the same time offers no strain on the mind. In this installment, the Rogers family moves from a middle-class suburb of Philadelphia to Brooklyn, but life goes on very much as it did in the first volume—the lovable old priest smoothing out domestic rows, the mother preoccupied with getting husbands for the girls, numerous cheerful family celebrations and occasional disappointments. If it were not for the background, which includes the Beecher scandal, the new bridge, and Oscar Wilde, you might never notice that Mr. Idell had moved his Rogers family from one town to another.

GENERAL

LOST IN THE HORSE LATITUDES, by H. Allen Smith (Doubleday, Doran). Mr. Smith has now put together a book about his adventures in Hollywood. The land of the false eyelash and the flying custard pie struck him as being very, very funny, and he tries hard—desperately hard—to match its funniness with his own. The performance is embarrassing as well as depressing, for Mr. Smith seems to share the belief of five-year-olds that it is hilariously daring to talk bathroom talk in front of company. The illustrations, by Leo Hershfield, do not help at all.

COMBUSTION ON WHEELS, by David L. Cohn (Houghton Mifflin). A slice of American social history told in terms of the automobile. The subject is a fertile one, for what the automobile has done to the pattern of American life is something special, but Mr. Cohn, whose book gives the impression of having been assembled with a shovel, never strikes pay dirt. He has uncovered considerable information about the automobile, however, from the days of the first horseless buggies and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont to those of the last Chevrolet, manufactured on January 30, 1942, and it is regrettable that he did not organize it more carefully instead of using it as a springboard for his random observations. The information, for the most part, is interesting; the observations, for the most part, are not. Illustrated.

GREAT SOLDIERS OF WORLD WAR II, by Major H. A. DeWeerd (Norton). Major DeWeerd, a professional historian who is now an associate editor of the *Infantry Journal*, presents the lives and times of eleven military leaders whose names, during recent years, have often been in print—Gamelin, de Gaulle, Wavell, Rommel, Montgomery, Timoshenko, MacArthur, Eisenhower, Hitler, Churchill, and Chiang Kai-shek. The absence of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin from a list that includes Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek seems rather curious, particularly in view of the importance of the statesman soldier in modern war, an importance which the author stresses in his foreword. Major DeWeerd does well enough by his subjects, considering that all the official records of the war are still military secrets, but he comes up with little that any careful reader of the newspapers and magazines doesn't already know about. Maps and illustrations.

WINGED PEACE, by Air Marshal William A. Bishop (Viking). Is there anybody in the house who hasn't yet heard about air power and the age of flight? If there is, this book, by one of the ranking members of the Royal Canadian Air Force, ought to come in handy. The age of flight, the author says, is not in the future; it's here, right in the skies overhead, and if we don't take it into consideration, especially at the peace table, we'll all be in for lots more trouble. Air Marshal Bishop, who shot down seventy-two German aircraft in the first World War and became the leading Allied ace, tells the story of aviation from the Wrights at Kitty Hawk to the crews of the Superfor-

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CHINA TAKES HER PLACE, by Carl Crow (Harper). A chatty and informal survey of recent Chinese history by the author of "The Chinese Are Like That" and "400 Million Customers." Mr. Crow appears to be better informed than many people who pretend that they know all about the Chinese question. He sounds convincing without talking like a pundit, and that is no small blessing. Well worth the attention of anyone (except specialists) interested in China and the Chinese people.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

AFFAIRS OF DESTINY, by Georges Simenon (Harcourt, Brace). Two more short novels by an author who is noted for his dispassionate studies of French criminal psychology. In "Newhaven-Dieppe," a not too bright railwayman is disastrously involved in the aftermath of a crime which he has observed from his signal tower in Dieppe. "The Woman of the Gray House" presents some fine, repulsive aspects of murder in a farmhouse in the west of France. Both novels no doubt will be very successful in curdling the blood of M. Simenon's admirers.

THE CAT'S WHISKER, by H. C. Bailey (Doubleday, Doran). Reggie Fortune, his tolerant friend Lomas, and men from the British and American Intelligence services collaborate on a case involving two murders, arson, and Fifth Column activity in a strategically situated English town. Fortune naturally comes up with the solution, which he presents in his curious and elliptical style, by now almost entirely devoid of pronouns. An intricate story, expertly worked out but overburdened with recapitulations.

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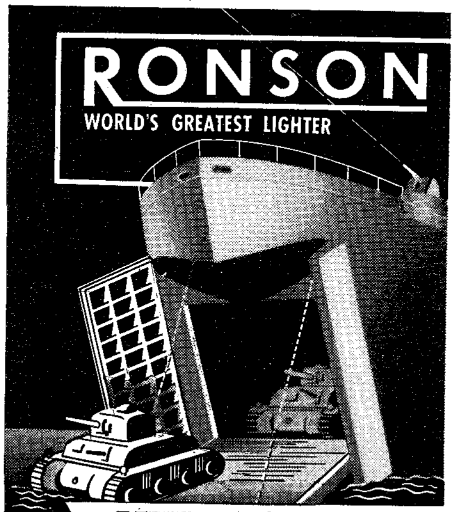

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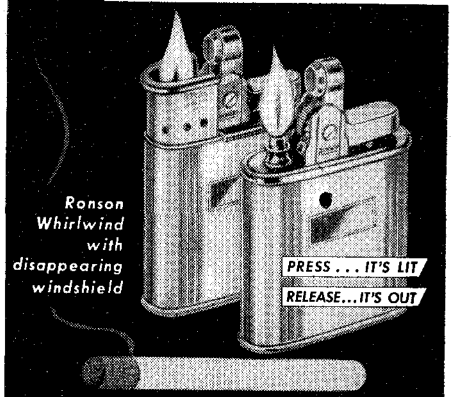
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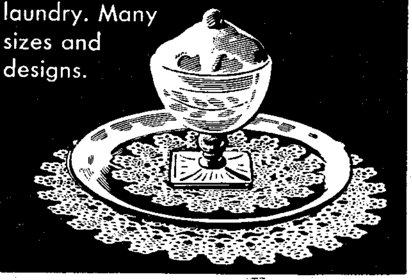

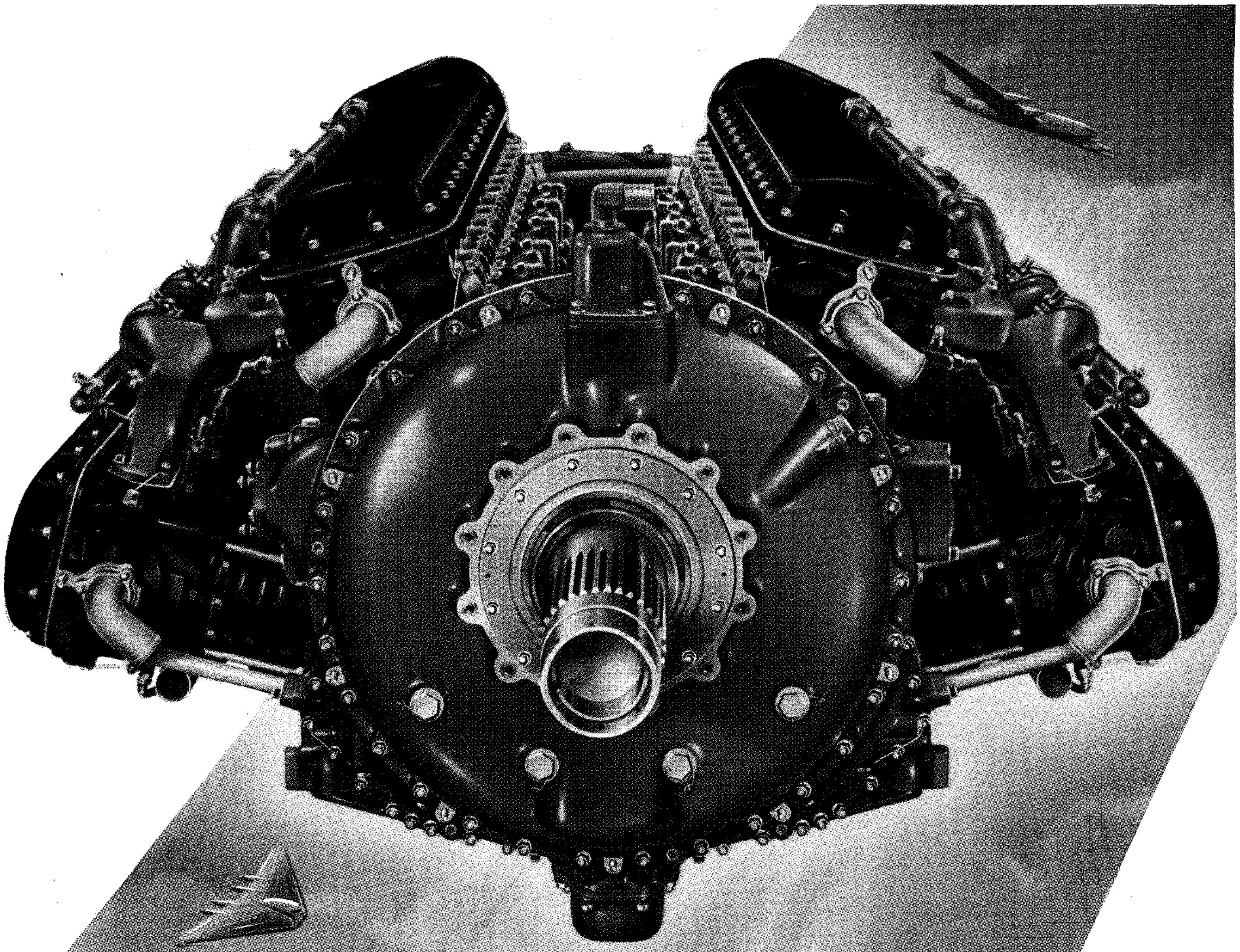

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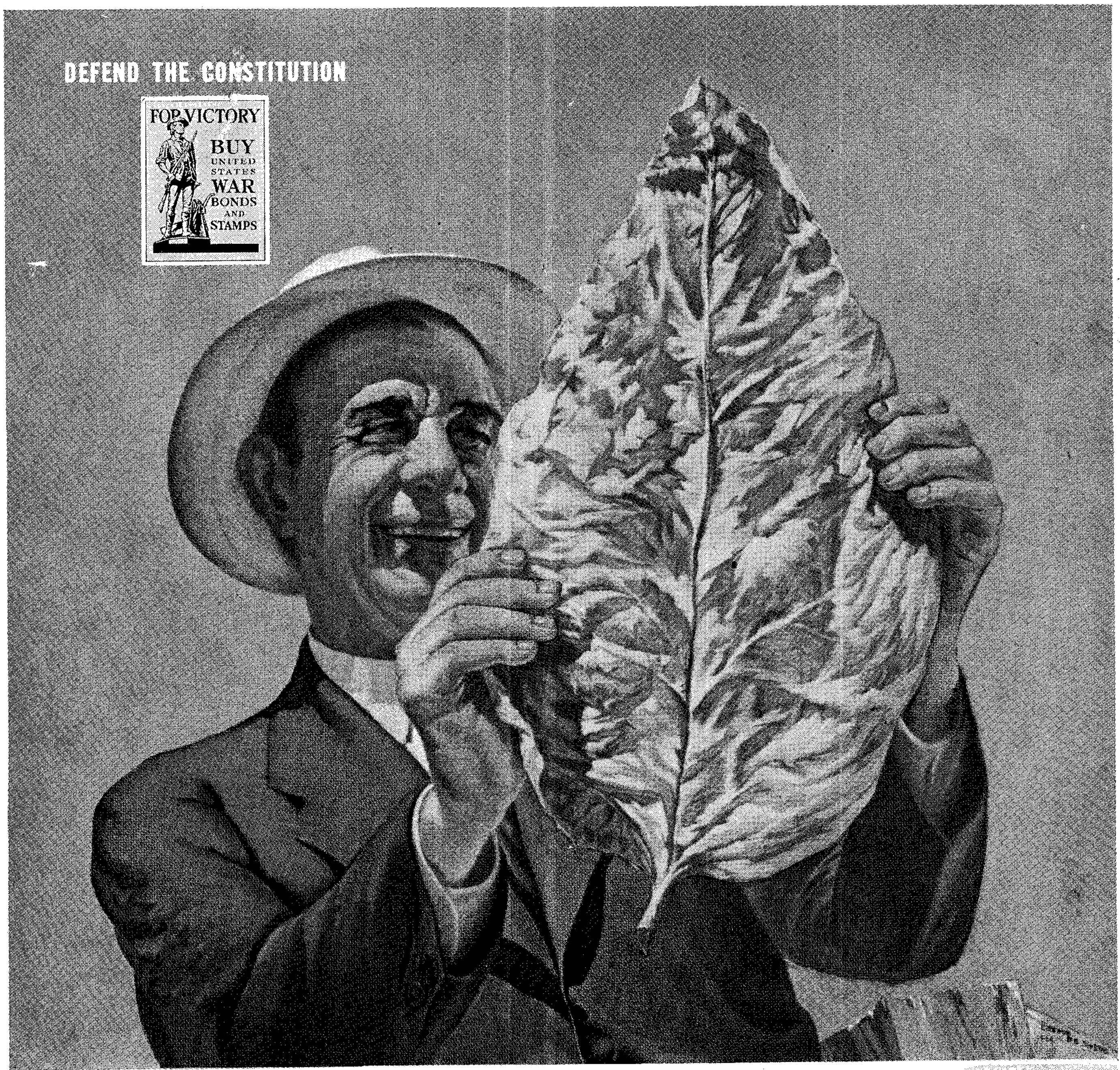
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